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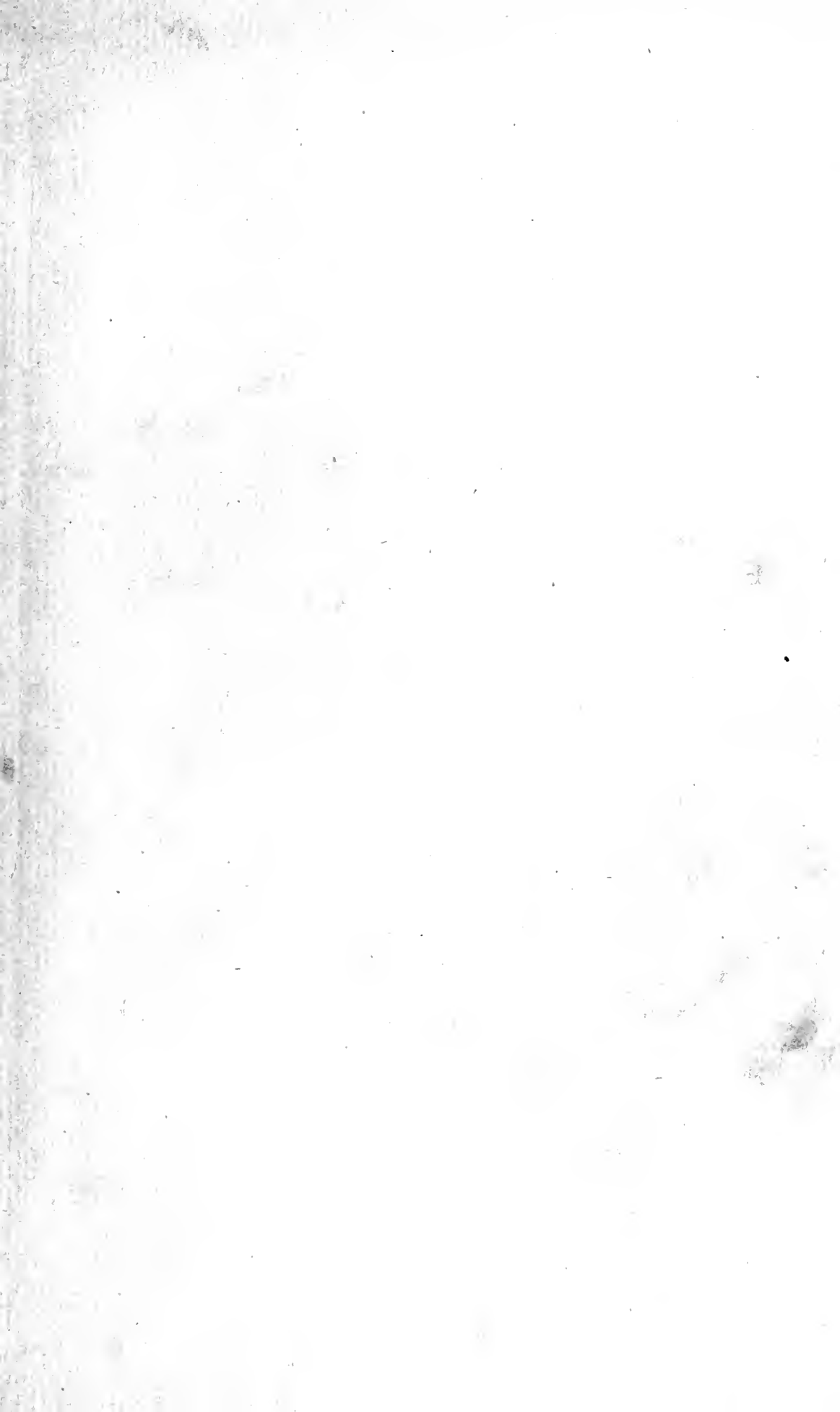
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SER GIOVANNI.

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THE PECORONE

OF

SER GIOVANNI

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY

W. G. WATERS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. R. HUGHES, R.W.S.



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Introduction.



XCEPT in the case of Boccaccio the personal history of the Italian novelists is exceedingly fragmentary, meagre, and obscure. Oblivion has fallen thickly over all of them. A few scattered notices in the pages of his contemporaries, and allusions to himself in the prologues and epilogues of his stories, mark the limits of our knowledge of Masuccio. Of Straparola even less is known. If Sacchetti is less *nominis umbra* it is because the work he left is the product of a very versatile mind, and furnishes us with glimpses of his personality and character from divers and divergent points of view. The image of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, the author of the "Pecorone," has been found so elusive and unsubstantial that some there are who maintain that the writer in question was not the industrious plagiarist of the historian Giovanni Villani, but Giovanni Villani himself.¹

When all the biographical details relating to a particular person are limited to a few isolated facts, these facts will surely be uttered or written down whenever the name of the person in question may be presented for consideration. Under such circumstances a certain monotony is inevitable. Time has left the record of Ser Giovanni's life a blank. The phrases descriptive of the few facts extant concerning him must of necessity be set down here, as they have been given already in other places, and as they will be set down hereafter by any writer who may concern himself with the same subject. Wherefore, since they must be familiar to all those who have ever heard his name, they shall be dealt with in due brevity.

¹ Villani died in 1348. This view was suggested by Manni in his "Illustrazione del Boccaccio," but is scarcely a possible one.

Practically all the known references to the writer or compiler of the "Pecorone" are those contained in the sonnet which stands on the first page and in the short Proem in which the scheme of the work is set forth. In the sonnet it is declared that the book was begun in the year 1378, and that the author, Ser Giovanni, had written other books as well. But a cursory examination of the sonnet, and a comparison of it with the lyrics in the other parts of the "Pecorone" will rouse a suspicion that it belongs to a much later period, and could hardly have been written by the author of the rest of the book, whether he wrote as early as 1378 or not. It has all the buffo character of those verses which writers of the fifteenth century were accustomed to place on the opening pages of their books.¹ The very use of the term "Il Pecorone" suggests that the work dates from the era of the Italian academies rather than from that given in the sonnet. To call a book "Il Pecorone," the big sheep or the simpleton, is exactly what would have been done by a writer who wanted to follow the style of academies like the "Insensati," the "Storditi," or of any other of the kindred societies which sprang up at the beginning of the sixteenth century, such as the coterie "I Vignaiuoli" at Rome, the members of which called themselves Il Mosto, L'Agresto, Il Cotogno, and so forth. The proem goes on to tell how the writer, happening to find himself at Dovadola, sore stricken by misfortune and driven hither and thither by evil fate, took up the work of story-telling in the hope of finding therein some consolation and refreshment after all the troubles and calamities he had recently undergone. The era in question was a momentous one in the history of Florence. The popular and aristocratic parties were about to meet for their final struggle. Seventy years earlier the banishment of Giano della Bella had brought about an increased exacerbation of factious spirit in Florence; and, although victory remained apparently with the popular party, each section thereof bore within itself the seed of weakness and decay. No man could trust his leader or colleague, and while the action and policy of the Priori delle Arti were thus weakened and distracted by jealousy, the alliance between the noble families and the *popolani grassi*, as the rich citizens were called, was being quietly consolidated. In 1330 the democratic cause in Northern Italy was greatly discredited by the flout put upon it by the submission of many of the Lombard cities to the rule of John, the knight-errant King of Bohemia.

¹ If the Sonnet be rejected as spurious, there is no warrant for the use of the name "Ser Giovanni," but custom, to say nothing of convenience, will allow its repetition.

Florence stood almost alone as a champion of democracy, and the spectacle of this extension of despotic rule, however benignant the despot, provoked the wrath and distrust of the turbulent Florentine demagogues. To avert the danger which seemed to threaten free institutions, Florence was moved to forget her ancient resentments and to join a league of the Lombard Ghibellines against King John, but this alliance proved a short-lived one, and the several parties thereto were soon fighting amongst themselves. The ill-conduct of this war, and the heavy burden of the consequent taxes, caused great disaffection; even in Florence doubts arose as to the universal excellence and perfection of democratic rule, and the crisis came to an end by the temporary subjection of the state to the tyranny of the Duke of Athens in 1342. Liberty was recovered by the familiar method of a street battle; but, though she managed to get rid of her tyrant, Florence was greatly weakened and impoverished by the struggle, and, after the further excesses and misrule which prevailed during the Ciompi tumults, the final triumph of the *nobili popolani* was easily achieved. In 1378, the very same year in which the "Pecorone" is said to have been written, the last struggle took place, and the name of Salvestro dei Medici, who was then elected Gonfalonier, foreshadowed the final extinction of Florentine liberty.

In times so unsettled as these, and amongst the cross-divisions of Guelf and Ghibelline, Bianchi and Neri, political proscription and exile were the frequent fate of the Florentine citizen; wherefore it seems highly probable that the troubles alluded to in the Proem may have been of this nature. The presence of the writer at Dovadola may have been forced, the result of a sentence of exile pronounced against him, or he may have withdrawn there voluntarily out of pique at some turn of affairs in Florentine politics offensive to his Guelf leanings.¹ Dovadola is a village of Romagna near to Forli, lying between Rocca San Casciano and Castrocaro. The village is a mean one, and the adjacent country is barren. It did not come under the sway of Florence till 1440; therefore as an independent commune it was in 1378 exactly the place which a Florentine citizen, exiled or disaffected, would have chosen as a place of refuge and residence.

Landau, in his "Beiträge zur Geschichte der Italienischen Novelle," employs this incident in support of a theory that the author of the

¹ "*Sfolgorato e cacciato dalla fortuna, come nel presente libro leggerao potrete vedere.*"—Proem. The promise made in the concluding words is not kept, as no reference to any calamity which befell the writer occurs in the "Pecorone."

“Pecorone” was a certain Giovanni Cambi. This man had been one of the Gonfaloniers, but was disgraced and deprived of his office for neglect of his duties after the suppression of the Ciompi riots in 1348. Thus, in this particular year, history makes mention of one Giovanni, degraded and most likely banished the city, and the proem of the “Pecorone” tells of another, “*sfolgorato e cacciato dalla fortuna*,” who had taken refuge at Dovadola. The evidence that they were one and the same person is not conclusive, but Landau’s suggestion is at least worth notice. From the fact that he writes himself down as “Ser” Giovanni it has been assumed that he followed the calling of a notary, for the reason that in Florence the prefix aforesaid was one generally used by members of this profession. Brunetto Latini, who was a notary, always adopted it, and Don Placido Puccinelli, in his work, “*Della Fede e Nobiltà del Notaro*,” says that this style was allowed to all notaries, forasmuch as this profession was one chiefly practised by men of good family. But no investigator has yet been able to identify the writer of the “Pecorone” with any particular man of law.

Just at this period men of letters, in a transient fit of modesty, seem to have abstained from setting down any record concerning themselves, and the professional annalists ignored them entirely. The state was convulsed by wars and revolutions, and men in these troublesome days would have found little leisure to read Ser Giovanni’s stories, and even less to spend in making any record of his doings for the benefit of posterity. But later on certain writers found diversion in trying to settle definitely his place in the world. The Canonico Bisconi, in his appendix to Cinelli’s “*History of Florentine Authors*,” makes the startling assertion that the author of the “Pecorone” was, in his belief, the first general of the Franciscan order, following the blessed Francis himself.¹ He bases this strange contention on a remark made by Antonio Magliabecchi in a letter written to the Canonico Panciatichi. Magliabecchi, who is speaking of legists in general, goes on to tell of a certain Ser Giovanni who at one time had occupied the position of judge at Città di Castellana. This man on account of some strange accident which befell him—no details are given—resolved to forsake the world and to join the Franciscan order, of which he ultimately became general. Signor Gaetano Poggiali, in his introduction to the edition of the “Pecorone” published at Leghorn in 1793, makes mention of this legend, and in

¹ Saint Francis died in 1226, and his successor was called Elias, and not Giovanni. It was upon the apostasy of this Elias in 1240 that some of the earliest satiric verses in the popular tongue were written.

addition alludes to a poem written by a Messer Giovanni Fiorentino in *ottavarima*, called "L'Istoria del Mondo fallace," which poem he describes as forming a part of the library of religious poetry collected by Gian Donati. Chronologically it seems to have been some years later than Dante, and it was certainly one of the earliest of Italian printed books. Poggiali suggests the theory that this work might have been written by the author of the "Pecorone;" but, as he had never seen it—he declares it to be exceedingly scarce—he refrains judiciously from any more definite assertion, and likewise refuses to admit that its religious character goes in any way to prove that its author—whether he wrote the "Pecorone" or not—took charge of the Franciscan order on the founder's death.

Recent criticism, however, has taken a more destructive line. Professor de Gubernatis¹ has written with great ingenuity to demonstrate that the personality of Ser Giovanni is purely mythical; that the "Pecorone," from certain idiosyncrasies of style, could not have been written in the *trecento*; and that its proper place is with the other recognized forgeries of literature, the Macpherson of this Ossian being Ludovico Domenichi, the editor of the first edition published in 1558.²

The utterances of so illustrious a critic deserve the most respectful consideration. Signor de Gubernatis makes what seems to be his most weighty point in his opening paragraphs, to wit, in his examination of the prefatory sonnet of the work, "*sonetto burchiellesco proemiale che gli sta innanzi e si referisce all' anno 1378, sonetto che a me parve sempre manipolazione e compilazione più recente, non pur del quattrocento ma del cinquecento.*" The incongruity of the sonnet with the rest of the work has already been noticed, and the adjective given to it by Professor de Gubernatis admirably marks its origin. Burchiello was a popular writer of satires and burlesques in the *argot* of Florence in the first half of the fifteenth century. The sonnet in question has all the spirit of his work, and bears every sign of having been written by someone familiar therewith. Even without the weight of Professor de Gubernatis' adverse judgment the case against the sonnet's authenticity is a very strong one. In combatting the view that the residue of the book, the Proem and the Novels, were written or put together by any other than Domenichi, the professor is satisfied that certain expressions found in the dedication of the first edition to Lucia Bertana stamp the body of the work as a farrago of his own, and that in the Proem itself there are many turns of style,

¹ "Lezioni sui Novellieri Italiani."

² Poggiali, in his introduction to the edition of 1793, speaks of a forged edition published at Milan with the date of 1554.

such as "*scintilla di refrigerio*," "*portare il giuoco¹ dello sfavillante amore*," which suggest a date far later than 1378. He maintains that the mention of the reigning emperor as well as the reigning pope—an attempt to flatter both at the same breath—is much more characteristic of a courtly pedant of the *cinquecento* than of a Guelf exile in 1378. The awkwardness and tenuity of the bond by which the stories are held together is exactly the sort of work which a man with Domenichi's antecedents would execute.² But the most telling bit of internal evidence against the early date of the "Pecorone" that he can produce is a citation from Day IX., Novel II., in which the style of duke and count is given to the ruler of Savoy. The dignity of duke was not—according to Professor de Gubernatis—assumed till the year 1391, and he holds that this anticipation proves the story in question to have been written after, and not before, this date. It may be remarked that this prince is twice referred to in the novel, once as "*conte*" and once as "*conte e duca*."

Another charge of anachronism does not seem to hold good. Professor de Gubernatis, quoting as an authority Professor Errea, maintains that Day XII., Novel II., must have been written after 1406, as it contains an allusion to the capture of Pisa by the Florentines in that year. This comment is scarcely correct. The Novel is made up of three chapters of Giovanni Villani's "Chronicles," iv. 30, vi. 2 and 3, and describes the Pisan expedition to Majorca in 1117, and the trick played upon the Florentines in the matter of the porphyry columns which still stand on the walls of the Baptistery; the quarrel of the envoys of Pisa and Florence at the coronation of Frederic II., and the consequent war, which came to an end by the battle of Castel del Bosco in 1222. The compiler of the novel says in conclusion that the pride of the Pisans was *for this time* brought low,³ but makes no mention of the final subjugation by Florence. Every word might have been written in 1378.

With regard to the ascription of the book to Domenichi as a collector and embellisher rather than as a creator the arguments of Signor de Gubernatis, though largely conjectural, are ingenious and not wanting

¹ This is manifestly a *lapsus calami*. All editions have "*giogo*."

² Domenichi was of Piacenza. He is best known in letters by his quarrel with Doni, who pursued him with great virulence and caused him to be imprisoned at Florence. He translated Boethius, and collected a book of "*Facetie Motti e Burle, o Detti e Fatti di diversi Signori*." He also brought out a slovenly *rifacimento* of the "*Orlando Innamorato*."

³ "*E così fu attuato per quella volta il rigoglio de' Pisani*."

in cogency. There are extant three MSS. of the "Pecorone," the Trivulzian, the Magliabecchian,¹ and the Laurentian. Of these the first-named is Milanese and the others Florentine. Signor de Gubernatis has never collated these MSS., but he is evidently of the opinion that examination would show them all to be the work of one and the same hand; that of Ludovico Domenichi. Here, he says, in speaking of the "Pecorone," is a collection of novels; a few original, a few taken from Boccaccio and the Fabliaux, and the residue made up of borrowings from Villani, Livy, and Apuleius. It is given to the world by a man bearing a bad reputation even in those days, the companion of Doni and Pietro Aretino and a member of the nefarious Accademia Ortolana of Piacenza. As a translator of Boethius he would have become familiar with Latin, and that he had loose notions as to *meum* and *tuum* in his labour of the pen is shown by an extract from Tiraboschi, who asserts that Domenichi published as his own a tragedy called "Progne," which was nothing but a translation from the Latin of Gregorio Corraro. Moreover, his quarrel with Doni arose over charges and counter-charges of literary theft, his dialogue *Della Stampa* being copied closely from the *De' Marmi* of Doni. His work has all gone down to deserved oblivion, but what success he did reap was gained as a *raffazonatore*, a collector and shaper of other men's work. His own collections are ill-digested, ill-set, and incongruous, and in this respect do not differ widely from the "Pecorone." In one place he speaks of himself as a man stricken by severe misfortune,² one to whom the words used in the Proem, "*sfolgorato e cacciato*" would specially apply.

In 1548 Domenichi published a book, "Della nobiltà delle donne," and in the preface of the same he writes, "As I have not digestion strong enough to assimilate the food I have taken, I carry within me a mass of crude matter. This arises, however, not from any fault of the food I have just swallowed, but from my own ill-regulated stomach. Furthermore, I have mingled therewith something of my own, and by so doing may perchance have spoilt what would otherwise have proved to be good and wholesome." Here, in Domenichi's own words, Professor de Gubernatis finds a close description of his method of writing—a method

¹ Poggiali declares that this MS. is almost illegible. He speaks also of a MS. fragment of the "Pecorone" bound up with the "Ninfale Fiesolano" of Boccaccio in his own collection of Codici di Lingua. This he affirms to be in the handwriting of the *trecento*.

² "Prima io ho difficoltà quanto alcun altro del nostro tempo, e non altrimenti che s'io fossi stato sbandito e scacciato fuor della patria mia."—*Dialogo con La Fortuna*.

which assuredly resembles strongly that of the author or compiler of the "Pecorone," to wit, the admixture of a small quantity of original matter with a large mass of undigested borrowings.

The date given as the birthday of the "Pecorone" falls upon a point of time when the spirit and tradition of Provençal literature, which had penetrated Italy some century and a half before, were still perceptible. That form of feudalism which had fostered the growth of this quaintly curious exotic was peculiar to the lands lying beyond the Alps. The traditions of loyal service prevalent in France, Spain, and the Empire formed a *milieu* in which the literature of romance burgeoned with rank luxuriance. A growth of this character could scarcely have struggled into being amidst the easy unrestrained civic life and the democratic *ethos* of contemporary Italy, where the pride of feudal aristocracy and the pomp of chivalry were almost entirely wanting; it would never even have taken root as a transplanted flower in Sicily had it not been for the infusion of French and German sentiment, introduced and nurtured by the courtiers of the Norman and Swabian rulers of the island, and encouraged by the patronage and participation of the monarchs themselves. As early as 1166 the Norman King of Sicily, William II., gathered round him at Palermo a band of Provençal troubadours, and the taste for letters thus initiated grew rapidly, and became the central interest in the court of Frederic II. In Piedmont and Lombardy feudal customs gained a stronger hold because of the close neighbourhood of the transalpine kingdoms, and as a result troubadour literature raised its head there above all other, and rivalled the excellencies of Provence itself.¹ Thus, while in the north poetic literature assumed a form sympathetic with feudal environment, feudalism itself, neither in Lombardy nor in Italy generally, ever became the potent factor in social life it was in other parts of Europe. In its flight from Provence to Naples, and from Naples to Tuscany, romantic poetry preserved something of its original form, but the life of the flower flagged and declined after the wrench which separated it from its native soil. The sap rose feebly; it languished in the unfamiliar air of the Sicilian court—albeit congenial surroundings were not wanting—and it suffered complete

¹ In a celebrated passage in the "Purgatorio" Dante alludes to this characteristic—

*"In sul paese ch' Adige e Po riga,
Solea valore e cortesia trovarsi
Prima che Federigo avesse briga."*

Purg., xvi.

transformation as soon as it was brought into contact with the rough national life of the free city of Florence.¹

In the middle of the thirteenth century Tuscany produced Guido Guinicelli and Guittone d'Arezzo, the earliest writers in the *lingua materna* whose verses are worthy of notice, but as yet the tongue of Northern France, rather than the Langue d'oc, was affected by men of letters. Brunetto Latini wrote the "Tesoro" in French, and Saint Francis used the same tongue for his early hymns. Guido Guinicelli² and Guittone d'Arezzo wrote with a depth of feeling quite alien to the lightness and animation of the troubadours, and with a perfection of form which allows their work to be placed alongside that of Petrarch himself. It bears traces of those sterner surroundings amidst which the national life of Italy was being moulded. The rise of the great schools of Bologna and Salerno, and of the commercial states, led men to think of other matters than jousting and gallantry. Italy became the land of jurists, scholars, and philosophers. Poets there were, no doubt,³ but when they sang of love, they were wont to treat it as a principle, a Platonic abstraction, rather than as a passion living and real—as an influence on human character rather than as an ecstasy. These scholarly singers fashioned themselves on classical models, and favoured a style which was quite unfit to deal with the undisciplined extravagance of Provençal themes. The attributes of chivalrous love, when they had passed through the mind of the Tuscan master, were presented afresh in the form of philosophical doctrine. The body and soul of the worshipped object were sublimated into the most exalted expression of beauty and spiritual excellence; the classic instances of such a process were the personalities of Beatrice and Laura, and the fainter and belated figure of the fair Geraldine, the object of Surrey's pathetic love. But the gay science did not long survive its northward flight to Tuscany, and by the middle of the fourteenth century it had practically ceased to be.

Still, the ghost of this dead and gone Provençal culture must have

¹ The loss of civic rights consequent on ennoblement is an evidence of the low esteem the Florentines had for chivalry.

² Dante honours him as his father in letters—

*"Quando i' udì' nomar sè stesso il padre
Mio, e degli altri miei miglior, che mai
Rime d'amore usâr dolci e leggiadre."*

Purg., xxvi.

³ Guido Guinicelli's poem of "The Gentle Heart" is one of the best examples. It is translated in Rossetti's "Early Italian Poets."

been walking in the days with which the poem of the "Pecorone" proposes to treat, and furthermore the writer of the same, whoever he may have been, must at some time or other have come across some story—peradventure that of Geffroi Rudel and Melisande of Tripoli—telling how the true lover was wont to worship the lady of his heart for no other reason than from having heard the report of her graces and perfections. The memory of some legend of this kind must have been haunting him when he first conceived the idea of his poem and of the quaintly frigid setting which he gave to his stories. Aurette, the youth who plays the lover's part in this duologue—amorous indeed, but ruled by a punctilio rigid enough to light up with additional glow of humour the occasional lapses of the lovers into the natural speech and action of human beings—had become enamoured of the beautiful nun Saturnina, not by the sight of her charms, but by the glowing report of her various excellencies which had come to his ears by chance rumour. By losing his heart in this fashion Aurette was following strictly the rule of troubadour etiquette, and in the "Pecorone" itself the author lets certain sensitive youths fall under the same spell. Cases in point will be found in the story of Prince Arrighetto, who becomes enamoured with the daughter of the King of Aragon merely by hearing of her surpassing beauty;¹ and of the son of the Florentine captain quartered at Pisa, whose passion for a damsel of the city whom he had never seen brought him to a cruel death.²

In adopting so naturally this method of treating the passion of love Ser Giovanni shows that there must have beaten in his nature some vein fully in sympathy with the quasi-superannuated romance of the Troubadours. Supposing him to have been a busy notary, it is fair to assume that he spared some time from the study of the Code to spend in novel reading, although a leaning after trifling of this sort would show him to be out of sympathy with the prevailing drift of Florentine taste. Florence as a whole had been dominated by a practical realistic habit of mind, and had been insensible to the fascinations of Romance. A story to please a Florentine citizen must tell of something he knew of by everyday experience. In the "Decameron" there is very little to show that Boccaccio was even conscious that Provençal romance had ever crossed the confines of Italy. As a man of letters, and a sojourner in the court of Naples, he must have been acquainted with the romances of chivalry, and with Provençal literature and its Italian offshoots, but he was nevertheless quite insensible to its charms. These touched him not; he let them pass unnoticed, and devoted himself to the delineation, in his own

¹ Day IX., Novel II.

² Day XII., Novel II.

inimitable fashion, of the living men and women who walked the streets of Florence in his day. Sacchetti again, who was certainly the contemporary of Ser Giovanni, is another instance in point. He has left behind him a collection of novels tinged even less than Boccaccio's with the hues of romance. But it must not be assumed that Italian fiction had from the beginning suffered from the absence of the Romantic spirit. It was certainly not wanting in the earliest known collection of stories, the "Cento Novelle Antiche," a book strongly charged with Mediævalism, but with the mediæval spirit regulated and refined by contact with the culture and learning prevalent in the Italian cities. It is fashioned on the contemporary Italian model, and with regard to form it is quite unlike the crude presentments of the undisciplined fancies of Minnesinger and Troubadour. Likewise, in spirit it takes less from these than from such collections as the "Gesta Romanorum," the "Disciplina Clericalis," and the "Seven Wise Masters." It bears stronger traces of northern than of southern French influences. Several of the novels are borrowed from the Arthurian cycle, to wit, the story of the Lady of Scalot who died for love of Lancelot, of the passion of Yseult, and of Tristan's madness, but the larger part of them are variants of the tales in the "Gesta Romanorum" and of current classical fables. A few are of the *buffo* type affected by the later novelists, but far less offensive in style. The book was put together at the end of the thirteenth century, and after a lapse of some fifty years the "Decameron" followed it, lifting the curtain upon another world, and bridging completely the gulf lying between the Middle Ages and the dawn of the Renaissance.

In spite of the check given by the popularity of the "Decameron" to the spread of romantic ideas, there must have been a temporary recrudescence of the spirit of chivalry in the days when the "Pecorone" was put together. The scheme of the Proem might have been taken direct from some volume of Troubadour romance. There is no crafty intrigue, no mining and countermining, no outwitting of husband or father. Aurette being mastered by his passion for the lovely Saturnina, and having spent all his substance in *cortesia*, attains his object simply by putting on a priest's frock, and getting by the favour of a friend the post of convent chaplain. The fates are benignant to the lovers from the beginning, and not once in the course of the five-and-twenty days of consecutive story-telling was their *tête-à-tête* in the convent parlour interrupted. Saturnina shows herself duly appreciative of Aurette's devotion, and without delay gives him her heart in return. Every day each of the lovers tells a tale, and either one or the other sings a canzonet. Some of the stories suggest

that the lover, and the lady as well, must at some prior time have been in touch with wider and more tempestuous experiences than those which now limit their tranquil life. In some of the earlier stories it is no slight tribute to Ser Giovanni's skill as an artist that he never lets the reader feel that the situation is in the least degree strained or incongruous, albeit the *dramatis personæ* consist merely of a priest and a nun enamoured of one another, and that they occasionally tell stories which have their parallels in the freer novels of the "Decameron" and the "Piacevoli Notti."¹ When each lover has told a story, the inevitable canzonet is sung, and then the pair go their several ways after gracious words of farewell.

Ser Giovanni is certainly much more successful in the construction of his stories than in the setting which he devised for them. The introduction of the canzonets is evidently an imitation of the "Decameron," where they fill their due space and do not disturb the symmetry of the work, but in the "Pecorone," where the days only contain two stories instead of ten, the songs occur too frequently, and, through the sameness of the theme dealt with, become somewhat monotonous. The openings and closings of the narratives themselves show little variety all through the fifty novels. The greetings and farewells of the lovers are thoroughly proper and conventional; a pressure of hands being the customary form of endearment, but occasionally Aurette kisses the hand of the lady, and once or twice salutes her on the lips. She, perhaps, is the less prudish of the two. Some of the more broadly humorous of the stories are told by her, and in certain of her comments on incidents in Aurette's tales she displays a charming *naïveté*, notably at the opening of the second novel of the first day, where she speculates as to what she herself would have done had she been in Galgano's place with his mistress by his side.

To pass on to the Novels themselves, it will be found that the first portion of the "Pecorone" is composed of novels of a character not unlike that of the tales of the "Decameron," but even in the freest of these the details are never licentious, nor the forms of expression indecent; but Ser Giovanni did not long continue his story-telling in this strain. In one of the openings² he makes Aurette declare that, in his opinion, they have discoursed enough of love, and that it behoves them

¹ It may be noted that in the "Decameron," and in Straparola's "Nights," and in "Le Cene" of Il Lasca, the company of narrators and listeners bear themselves with scrupulous propriety, however indecent the stories may be.

² "Io voglio che noi lasciamo il ragionare d'amore, e cominciamo un poco a parlare più morale e più istoricamente."—Day V., Novel I.

now to tell stories dealing with history and manners. For a time we are treated to historical romance combined with intrigue, but in the end he settles down to present as novels adaptations, or in some cases actual transcriptions of certain chapters of Giovanni Villani's chronicles, sometimes laying Livy under contribution as well. There is no shred of evidence, external or internal, available to furnish a reason for this change of style. The writer may have felt himself overshadowed and dwarfed by the fame of his illustrious predecessor, or even outdone in popularity by the more racy and telling work of his contemporary, Franco Sacchetti, and on this account he may have been induced to make a fresh departure. Perhaps he determined to change his line by reason of distaste for the gross and lascivious subjects which were at that time the stock material in the world of fiction. Judged by the standard of the age, Ser Giovanni's stories are pure both in form and spirit. He keeps clear of the coarse jokes and tricks which fill so large a portion of the pages of Boccaccio, Sacchetti, and *Il Lasca*, and also of those revolting stories of exaggerated lust and savage vengeance which deform the pages of too many of the novelists, and are too gross in essence to be made tolerable even by the touch of the most consummate art.

Some of his tales appear under slightly different form in the collections of the other Novellieri, and the story, as he tells it, always gains in decency if not in dramatic force. A man with tastes for this kind of treatment would, in those days, soon find himself short of subjects which he would consider legitimate themes for elaboration, unless he should lay history under contribution, as the unknown compiler of the "Cento Novelle Antiche" had done. Ser Giovanni's was not the brain to weave fresh plots for a volume of fifty novels. Good story-teller as he was, and original in his treatment, his fancy was not fertile of new subjects. Some nineteen of the fifty tales are of the type of the conventional Novella, and of these there are not more than half-a-dozen which may not be found in some different guise in one or other of the storehouses from which the Novellieri drew their materials. Therefore, hedged in between his poverty of invention and his disinclination to go on knitting together in fresh combination the anecdotes of lust, revenge, murder, and buffoonery which best satisfied the public taste, it is not wonderful that he should have seized upon the more romantic of the episodes of Italian history in order to let the story-telling in the convent parlour run its placid course.

The tales of wonder and faerie, the special contribution made to

fiction by the prolific East, had not become widely popular in Italy at the time when Ser Giovanni wrote, though the Latin version of the "Hitopadesa," made by John of Capua in the thirteenth century, and the "Disciplina Clericalis" of Petrus Alphonsus, must already have found their way into many libraries. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he may have read these collections, but whether he read them or not he certainly laid them under light contribution for his own work.¹ Whatever of the supernatural or the marvellous appears in the "Pecorone" is given as an extract, and is taken from monkish legend and not from Eastern fairy tale. In two cases where he and Straparola deal with the same motive the versions of the two writers may be compared to show how widely different was their method. One is Day IX., Novel II., of the "Pecorone," and Night III., Fable IV., of the "Piacevoli Notti." In Straparola's rendering Fortunio gains admission to his lady's chamber by his magic power of transformation. He becomes an eagle, and flies up to her balcony, where he once more resumes his shape. Ser Giovanni introduces the eagle indeed, but in severely practical fashion. His bird is of gold, made hollow within so that Prince Arrighetto may use the same as a vehicle. There is also a parallel—less close indeed—between Day X., Novel I., of the "Pecorone," and Night I., Fable IV., of the "Piacevoli Notti." Here Ser Giovanni works out his tale without the incident of the magic draught, which in Straparola's the princess takes in order to support life during her imprisonment in the chest; but, on the other hand, he brings into his version the episode of the monstrous offspring, which is common to the story of the Princess Parizade in the "Thousand and One Nights," the group of romantic stories from which Chaucer took his "Man of Lawe's Tale," and the third Fable of the fourth Night of Straparola. In the best known parallels to the famous story of Giannotto—one in Dolopathos² and one in the Harleian MSS.³—a magic feather and a magic letter are used by the lady in compassing her design, but Ser Giovanni puts aside all supernatural aids and finds the conventional drowsy potion sufficient for his purpose.

¹ The episode of the bond, Day IV., Novel I., is of Eastern origin, being found in the "Persian Moonshee" (ed. Gladwin, No. 13). Signor de Gubernatis is of opinion that this novel was taken by the author of the "Pecorone" from a version of the story told by some Venetian, as the words "*santolo*" and "*fondaco*" are local, and would scarcely have been current in Tuscany.

² L. Deslongchamps, "Essai sur les Fables indiennes," p. 127.

³ Douce, "Illustrations of Shakespeare," vol. i., p. 281.

In his attitude towards religion Ser Giovanni shows himself an orthodox believer, and his book is one of the few collections of Novelle which escaped the Index. The strokes which he gives here and there to the priesthood are very mild compared with the whip of Boccaccio, and are as nothing at all to the scorpions which Masuccio let fall upon the *finti religiosi* of his day. Both in temporals and in spirituals Ser Giovanni was a warm adherent to the papal party in Italy, although now and then he lays his hand on the same in judicious chastisement. In the story of Messer Alano¹ he shows scant respect for the papal consistory, seeing that he exhibits the collective wisdom and learning of the Church on the brink of defeat and confusion at the hands of one specious rhetorician, whom Alano subsequently puts to silence with the utmost ease. In the novel where he describes the renunciation of the papacy by Celestine V.,² he adds to Giovanni Villani's version of the event the legendary episode as to how Cardinal Gaietani (afterwards Boniface VIII.) is said to have hidden himself in the pope's bedchamber in order to counterfeit the angel of God by blowing a trumpet. In other places Ser Giovanni finds much to say in praise of Boniface, and it is possible that he saw nothing of fraud or impiety in this trick, but simply a display of that astuteness with which the Italian mind is ever in sympathy.

But when he comes to deal with the Church in captivity at Avignon, he gives a freer vein to his satire, and treats the Babylonish prelates and cardinals with a freedom borrowed from Boccaccio. Ser Giovanni, though he was a Guelf, was first of all an Italian, and he, like Italians of every faction, had no good word to say for the papacy sitting in contented degradation over the Alps, after having been lured thither by fraud to become the tool of that French king who was the suspected assassin of the virtuous Italian pope who had stood in the way of his scheming. In the story of Don Placido³ he gives a sketch of clerical manners which, it may be assumed, he would have left unnoticed had the cardinal in question lived at Viterbo instead of Avignon. This particular story is worthy of remark for another reason. It is certainly one of the most telling and characteristic pictures which could possibly be drawn of abnegation of what we have learnt to call duty, of the joy of life contrasted with renunciation. Here is no trace of mediævalism, with its

¹ Day VI., Novel I. Writing of the blessed San Maurizio, he says, "*E debbi sapere che a quel tempo i vescovi non erano fatti come quelli di oggi, ma santi e buoni.*"—Day XI., Novel II.

² Day XIII., Novel II.

³ Day III., Novel I.

conception of this world at the ante-chamber of heaven or hell, but the frank abandonment of themselves to the pleasure of the hour by this strangely assorted pair of lovers, light-hearted and undisciplined as two children of the golden age. As soon as the priest finds out that his comrade in travel is no friar, but the fair and lovesome mistress of the cardinal in Avignon, the two prepare to make the best of the golden minutes before them. "*Ora voi sapete chi io sono, e dove io vo; e però attendiamo a darci buon tempo per questo camino senza nessuno pensiero che sia al mondo: e così fu fatto; che per tutto quel camino non fecero mai se non godere a tavola e nel letto, sempre cantando e piacevolmente, e facendo le giornate picciole, col darsi vita e buon tempo.*" No recognition more frankly pagan of the joys of sense as the dearest object of desire is to be found in the whole range of the Novellieri, and this instance is all the more remarkable from the fact that it stands alone on Ser Giovanni's pages.

Ser Giovanni seems to have been a keen politician; and, although he was an ardent Guelf, he shows a toleration towards his opponents which is not too common in any age, and whenever he felt that the leaders of his own party had been in the wrong he did not spare his censure. He has little else but praise for Frederic Barbarossa and appreciation of his talents and magnanimity, and at the same time he does not hesitate to condemn the avarice and brutality of that true son of the Church, Charles of Anjou. In writing of the quarrel between Barbarossa and Alexander III. he draws the pope in his hour of triumph as a noble and majestic figure, and here he is nearer to historic truth than is Masuccio, who, in dealing with the same theme,¹ rakes up an old wife's fable as to a plot devised by the pope to procure the emperor's murder during his pilgrimage to the Holy Land—a plot frustrated by the magnanimity of the Soldan Saladin.

The "Pecorone" has never been done in its entirety into any other language, nor is there any trace of an early translation into English of the famous story of Giannotto which Shakespeare must have read before he wrote the "Merchant of Venice." Painter gives Day I., Novel I., Day XX., Novel II. (in a form quite unlike Ser Giovanni's), and Day IX., Novel I. Roscoe has paraphrased Day I., Novels I. and II., Day IV., Novel II., Day VIII., Novel I., and Day XIII., Novel I., in his "Italian Novelists." The first edition of the work is that of Domenichi, published at Milan in 1558 by Antonio degli Antonii; the second and third appeared in 1560 and 1565 from the press of Domenico Farri at Venice. Two other issues, both imperfect, were published at Treviso

¹ "Il Novellino," Novel XLIX.

by Deuchino in 1601 and 1630. In 1740 one came out at Lucca with the false date of a forged edition purporting to have been published at Milan in 1554, and in 1793 at Leghorn was published the edition with Gaetano Poggiali's valuable introduction. In the reissue of this edition in 1804 the three extra novels were first added to the "Pecorone." They were taken from a MS. apparently of the end of the fourteenth century, formerly the property of Signor Bastian de' Rossi, and later of Giuseppe Gradenigo, secretary to the Venetian Council, and they had already seen the light in a collection called "Novelle di alcuni Autori Fiorentini," published in 1795. The first two—alternate readings for Day XX., Novel II., and Day XXI., Novel II.—are mere transcriptions of Villani; but the last is more original. In referring to this story Signor de Gubernatis suggests that when Domenichi was revising his materials for his edition of 1558 he perceived that this novel resembled too strongly the Proem and the setting of the work, wherefore he replaced it by the story of Democrate. If the strange passage at the close of Day XXV., Novel II. (p. 301), is to be treated as autobiographic in any sense, the writer of the book—whether Domenichi or another—seems to have had amorous conversation with a double of Suor Saturnina. He let this experience serve as the pretext and framework of his book, which he finished up with a novel having for its subject the same experience—a novel stained by the one passage of positive indecency which is to be found in the collection, and not unlikely, therefore, to have come from the hand of the associate of Doni and Aretino. The redundancy of this particular motive seems to have struck him, wherefore he left out the story dealing specially with this episode.

The edition used for the present translation is that of Turin, 1853. Beyond calling attention to a few of the more prominent inaccuracies copied by the author from Villani's pages, nothing has been attempted by way of correction, a task which in some cases would have swelled the footnotes to a bulk equalling that of the text. The question of notes has been a difficult one throughout. With historic characters and incidents bristling on every page anything like complete annotation would have produced a result incongruous with the character of a work of fiction, so notes have only been given when they have seemed necessary for the purpose of elucidation. The translator cannot bring his work to an end without offering to Professor de Gubernatis his sincere thanks for the courtesy and kindness which prompted him to offer the result of his laborious research to help reveal to English readers a more complete notion of the shadowy personality of the author of the "Pecorone."

THIRTEEN hundred and seventy-eight the year
When I, one Ser Giovanni, wrote this book,
As all may see who list therein to look,
Wrote it, and set in order, neat and clear.
To give a name thereto I took small care,
Since a good friend of mine its title found,
IL PECORON, for that it doth abound
With owlsh loons, who make within their lair.
A loon myself, I over these preside,
And like a bleating calf my way pursue,
Book-making, and I know not what beside,
Granted the times be ripe, and that my due
Of fame and honour with me may abide,
For praise will greet me from the loutish crew.
Then marvel not, O reader, if you find
The book and writer of the self-same kind.



Proem.



IN order to let fall some sparkling ray of refreshing light and consolation upon him who may be in that mood, which in times gone by has weighed on me, I am moved by charitable and loving zeal to make beginning of this book of mine, in which we will treat of a young man and a maid who—as you will understand in reading this narrative—were most fervently enamoured one of another. And for the reason that they knew so well how to keep secret their meetings and to bear the yoke of bright-eyed love, they have supplied me with matter wherewith to build up the book which follows, especially when I came to hear of their graceful inventions, their seemly bearing, and of the amorous conversation they held with one another in order to mitigate the burning flame of love which consumed them. Wherefore, finding myself at Dovadola, with my fortunes blasted, and hunted by ill luck, as you will be able to understand while you read this book, and having at hand material and invention sufficient to let me tell my story, I began this work in the year of Christ MCCCCLXXVIII., the year when, by Divine grace, Urban VI., my fellow-countryman, was elected to the supreme pontificate, the most serene Charles IV. being, by the grace of God, King of Bohemia and Emperor of the Romans.

In the city of Forli, in Romagna, there was a certain monastery where dwelt a prioress and several sisters, all women of holy, upright, and perfect lives, and amongst them was one called Sister Saturnina, who was in the flower of her youth, and as well-mannered, prudent, and fair to look upon as nature could have made her. Moreover, on account of her honest and heavenly way of life, the prioress and the other sisters held her in the highest affection and reverence. The fame of her loveliness and virtue shone abroad through the whole country, so richly had she been dowered by nature; and on this account a young man of

Florence, named Aurette, a prudent, clever, and well-mannered youth, one well versed in the ways of the world, and one who had spent the greater part of his possessions in his liberal courtesy, became enamoured forthwith of the lovely Saturnina through the fame of her beauty, without having ever looked upon her face. Wherefore he determined to enter the brotherhood, and to betake himself to Forli, and to offer himself as chaplain to the prioress, so that he might have conveniency to see Saturnina, so ardently did he burn with love of her. Having settled to do this thing, he put in order all his affairs, and became a friar, and went to Forli. There he contrived, by enlisting with much skill the assistance of some personage of weight, to become chaplain to the monastery. He bore himself with so much prudence and wisdom that, in a short time, he gained the goodwill of the prioress and of all the other sisters, but chiefly he won the favour of Saturnina, whom he loved more than his life.

Now it happened that while the said Brother Aurette gazed in honest love at Sister Saturnina, and she at him, Love, whose lesson is soon learnt by gentle hearts,¹ bound these two together in such wise that at first they would greet each other from a distance with smiles. Then, following the course of love, they frequently took one another by the hand, and spake together, and wrote numerous letters, their love waxing so rapidly that they planned to meet each other at a certain hour in the convent parlour, a place which was secluded and little frequented. When they had once met and held converse there, they settled to come thither once every day, so that they might talk there at their ease. And they made a rule that each one should tell a new story every day for recreation and delight, which thing was duly brought to pass.

¹ *Amor, che a cor gentil ratto s'apprende.* Cf. Dante, "Inferno," V.





The First Day.

NOVEL I.

Galgano is enamoured of Madonna Minoccia, wife of Messer Stricca. She is not minded to listen to him ; but, having heard her husband speak great praise of Galgano, she resolves to be cruel to him no longer. The story of the virtuous resolution taken by Galgano, at the moment when he was about to enjoy her.



WHEN the two lovers aforesaid had duly planned how they might meet for converse, as it has already been recorded, and when the appointed hour had come, they found themselves face to face, and sat down together with the utmost joy and delight. Then Frate Aurette began to speak in this wise, "My Saturnina, I am fain to tell you a story of something which came to pass in the city of Siena, concerning a certain lady and a gentleman who was enamoured of her.

In Siena there lived a youth named Galgano, wealthy, nobly born, sprightly, and well skilled in all fitting exercises, valiant, brave, high-minded and ever courteously disposed towards people of all sorts. Now this Galgano fell in love with a lady of Siena whose name was Madonna Minoccia, the wife of a certain Messer Stricca, and on this account he was wont always to go clad in his lady's colours, and to carry her device, arming himself, and jousting, and giving rich banquets for love of her ; but for all this Madonna Minoccia would not listen to him, and Galgano was brought to such a pass that he knew not what to say or do, seeing how cruel was the humour which ruled the heart of this lady, whose welfare he held dearer than his own. He sought her at every merrymaking and wedding in the city, and he was ill pleased with any day which might pass without letting him behold her. Many a time he sent to her messages and

gifts, but she took no heed of these, and became more and more cruel every time he addressed her.

Thus the lover remained some time inflamed with the love and devotion he had for her, and often he would cry out in passionate torments, and say, 'Ah, Love my Lord, canst thou let me love in this wise without winning aught in return? Canst thou not see that this is contrary to all thy laws?' And thus many and many a time, as he considered how great was the cruelty of the lady, he was fain to despair. But like a discreet wooer he resolved to submit to this yoke as long as Love should will, always hoping the while to find grace in his lady's sight, and striving, both by word and deed, to let ensue all such things as might best please her, but she remained quite inflexible. Now one day it happened that Messer Stricca and his fair lady were at their country house near to Siena, when by chance Galgano went by with a sparrowhawk upon his fist, making believe to be going fowling. But he was in sooth bent on naught else than to get sight of the lady, wherefore he passed close by the house where she abode. Messer Stricca beheld him, and straightway knew who he was, and, having gone to meet him, grasped him by the hand in familiar wise, and begged him to be pleased to take his supper with Madonna Minoccia and himself. But Galgano after thanking him said, 'I am exceedingly grateful, but I must beg you to hold me excused, forasmuch as I am going to a certain place on business of great weight.' Then said Stricca, 'Take at least a draught with us,' whereto the young man replied, 'I thank you much, and God be with you, but I am in haste.' Then Messer Stricca, seeing what mood he was in, let him pass on and went back into the house.

Galgano, as soon as he had parted from Messer Stricca, said to himself, 'Ah, woe is me! why did I not do his bidding? then at least I should have seen her who has my good will beyond any other in all the world.' And while he thus pondered, a magpie rose near him, whereupon he let go his hawk, which pursued the pie into Messer Stricca's garden, and there seized it. Messer Stricca and his wife, when they beheld the hawk, ran to the window, and the lady, remarking the fierceness with which the hawk attacked the pie, asked her husband to whom it belonged. Messer Stricca answered, 'This hawk is fortunate in resembling its owner, for he is the most valiant young gentleman in all Siena, and the most accomplished.' The lady asked what his name might be, and her husband answered, 'This hawk belongs to Galgano, who went by lately. I was fain he should stop and sup with us, but he would not. He is in sooth the most gracious and worthy young man I

have ever seen.' Then they went to their supper, and Galgano, having lured back his hawk, departed. The lady meantime took note of all that had been said, and kept it in mind.

It happened that a few days later Messer Stricca was sent by the commune of Siena on a mission to Perugia, and left his lady alone. She, as soon as her husband had ridden off, sent a maid who was in her confidence to Galgano, with a message begging him to come to her, forasmuch as she was fain to have speech with him ; and, as soon as the message was delivered, Galgano replied that he would assuredly do her bidding. He, knowing that Messer Stricca had gone to Perugia, set forth at a befitting hour in the evening towards the dwelling of her whom he loved as he loved his own eyes. When he was come into the lady's presence, he greeted her with deep reverence ; whereupon she took him by the hand in sportive guise, and embraced him, saying, ' In sooth, my Galgano is a hundred times welcome,' and without farther discourse they gave one another loving greeting, over and over again. Then the lady bade them bring wine and sweetmeats ; and, after they had partaken of the same in company, she took him by the hand and said, ' My Galgano, it is time to go to rest, wherefore let us to bed.' To this Galgano answered and said, ' Madonna, I am altogether at your service.' And when they had entered the bedchamber, after much and delightful conversation, the lady undressed herself and got into bed, and said to Galgano, ' It seems to me that you are somewhat abashed and fearful. What is the reason of this ? am I not to your liking ? are you displeased with aught ? have you not got all you desire ? ' Galgano answered, ' Ah yes, madonna. Indeed, God could give me no greater boon than to let me find myself in your arms.' And as they went on talking over this happy event, he undressed himself, and got into the bed beside her for whom he had longed so ardently these many months.

Now, as he lay down by her, he said, ' Madonna, there is one favour I have to beg of you, with your good pleasure.' The lady made answer, ' Ask what you will, my Galgano, but I would that you should first embrace me ; ' and this Galgano did, and went on to say, ' Madonna, I wonder greatly what led you to send for me this evening, rather than at any other time during all the months I have desired and followed you, you meantime having denied me both words and glances. What has moved you at last ? ' The lady said, ' I will tell you. You know that a few days ago you passed hereby with your hawk, and when my husband saw you he was fain that you should sup with us, but you refused. Then your hawk flew at a magpie, and I, seeing how bravely

it clutched its quarry, asked my husband as to whom it belonged. He replied that its owner was the most worthy gentleman in Siena, and that his hawk was well matched with him; saying likewise that he had never beheld anyone so accomplished as you are. He praised you to me so highly that I, hearing you lauded thus, and knowing what kind feeling you had towards me, determined to send for you, and to be no longer cruel to you. This is the reason for what I have done.' Galgano inquired if this were really the truth, and the lady replied that it was. 'But was there no other reason?' he said; whereto she answered that there was indeed no other. Then said Galgano, 'It cannot be God's pleasure or will that, after your husband has used so great courtesy to me, I should put such disgrace upon him.' Whereupon he sprang out of bed at once, and, having dressed himself, bade farewell to the lady and went his way, nor did he ever again cast eyes upon her with such intent, and always bore himself towards Messer Stricca with peculiar love and reverence."

NOVEL II.

Bucciolo and Pietro Paolo go to study at Bologna. Bucciolo, having been licensed to practise the law, resolves to return to Rome without his friend, but afterwards settles to wait for him. Meantime he asks the master who has taught him what is the right way to make love. The good fortune which befell him thereanent, and the evil case of the master.



WHEN the novel was finished Saturnina began and said, "This tale indeed pleased me greatly when I learned the constancy of this gentleman at the moment when he held in his arms her whom he had desired for so long a time. If I had been in his place, I know not what I should have done. And now I will tell you a story which I believe you will find diverting," and she began in these words:

"In the family of the Savelli at Rome there were at a certain time two young men who were close friends and companions, one of whom was called Bucciolo and the other Pietro Paolo. They were well-born and plentifully supplied with the world's goods, and it chanced that they were both of them seized with the desire to go and study at Bologna, the one intending to study civil and the other statutory law. Wherefore, having

bidden their kinsfolk farewell; they took their way to Bologna; and, when they arrived there, they set themselves to study the laws as they had settled, and kept diligently at their learning for some time. Now it must be well known to you that the statute law is far less in volume than the other branch, and on this account Bucciolo, who had engaged himself with the first named, mastered his work much more rapidly than did Pietro Paolo, and, as soon as he had graduated, he made up his mind to go back to Rome. One day he said to Pietro Paolo, 'Comrade, since I have now graduated I have resolved to return home.' Whereupon Pietro Paolo answered him and said, 'I beg you that you will not leave me here alone, but that you make it your pleasure to tarry with me here during the winter, and when the spring shall have come we will return home together. You might occupy yourself meanwhile by studying some new science, so as not to waste your time.'

Bucciolo was content to follow his friend's suggestion, and promised to wait for him, and it came to pass that to avoid loss of time he went to his master and said, 'I have made up my mind to await here until my friend and kinsman shall be ready to depart; wherefore I beg you that you will vouchsafe to teach me meanwhile some seemly science or other.' To him the master replied that he would do this with pleasure, and added, 'And now you must make choice of whatever science you wish to learn, and I will willingly teach you the same.' Then said Bucciolo, 'My master, I would fain learn how to make love, and how to set about such work.' The master could scarce keep from laughing as he listened, and said, 'In sooth your choice pleases me well, for you could not possibly have fixed upon any other science which would have given me so much delight. Now on Sunday morning I would have you go to the church of the Friars Minor, where you will be sure to find all the ladies of the city gathered together, and then consider well in your mind whether you may not espy there some one or other who pleases your fancy. When you have found such an one, follow her up, and do not lose sight of her till you shall have discovered where she lives. Then come back to me. This is the first part of the science that I would have you learn.'

Whereupon Bucciolo went his way, and on the following Sunday morning he betook himself, as his master had directed him, to the church of the Friars; and, having cast his eyes round upon the assembled ladies, of whom there were a great number, he espied amongst them one who pleased him mightily, forasmuch as she was exceedingly fair and graceful. When the women went out of the church, Bucciolo followed after this

lady, and saw and noted the house where she lived. She, when she observed his doings, was well advised that this scholar was beginning to be enamoured of her. Then Bucciolo went back to the master and said, 'I have not failed to do the thing you directed me to do, and indeed I have seen a lady who pleases my taste exactly.' When he heard this the master was hugely delighted, and fell to bantering Bucciolo somewhat with regard to the particular science he was so full of desire to learn, and spake to him thus: 'Now see that you fail not to pass by her house twice or thrice every day with modest and seemly carriage, and be sure to keep your eyes well within bounds, and do not let it appear as if you were looking at her; but take as much pleasure as you can from the sight of her, so that she, observing this, may be fully assured that you are her well-wisher. When you have done this, come back to me, for this is the second part of your lesson.'

Bucciolo went at once from the master's presence and forthwith began to walk up and down in front of the lady's house in discreet fashion, so that she doubted not that he had come thither for her sake. On this account, after a short time had passed, she would cast now and then a glance at him; whereupon Bucciolo gave her a modest salute, a courtesy which she returned again and again. Thus Bucciolo deemed that the lady was indeed enamoured of him. He took an account of all that had passed back to the master, who answered and said to him, 'What you have done pleases me much, and I am quite contented. You have learned your lesson well up to this point, but now it will be necessary for you to find some means of getting one or other of those women who are wont to go about Bologna selling veils and satchels and such things, to speak to her, and then you must send word to the lady, and tell her that you are her servant, and that there is no one in all the world who possesses your goodwill so completely as she does, and that you are ready to do anything to give her pleasure which she may demand. Then you will see whether she may have aught to say to you, and whatever her answer may be, you must come and give me information thereof, and according to its terms I will let you know what it behoves you to do next.'

Bucciolo took his leave, and managed to find a pedlar-woman who was well fitted to discharge an office of this sort, and said to her, 'I desire greatly that you should do me a most pressing service, one for which I will pay you liberally, so that you shall be well satisfied.' The woman made answer, 'I will do for you whatever you may ask of me, for I come here for no other reason than to earn an honest penny.' Thereupon Bucciolo gave her two florins, and said to her, 'I wish you

to go this day into a street which is called La Mascarella, where there lives a young gentlewoman whose name is Madonna Giovanna, a lady whom I love more than any other in the world. I want you to commend me to her, and furthermore to tell her that I am ready to do anything that may be her pleasure. Be sure to tell her all this in those soft words which you assuredly know so well how to use.' Then said the old woman, 'Leave all this business to me, and I will find a fitting time for the discharge thereof.' Bucciolo replied, 'Go about it at once, and I will await you here.'

The pedlar-woman straightway departed, taking with her a basket of her wares; and, having gone to the house of the lady aforesaid, she found her seated in her doorway. After she had given the lady salutation, she said, 'Madonna, is there amongst these wares of mine anything which it would please you to possess? Should there be any, take it without hesitation, if so be it will give you pleasure.' And with these words she sat down by the lady's side and began to show her the veils, and the satchels, and the ribbons, and the mirrors, and all the other things she had to sell. When she had looked at many of the old woman's wares, she came upon a satchel there which pleased her greatly; whereupon she said, 'In sooth, if I had money therefor, I would willingly buy from you this satchel.' The woman said, 'Madonna, there is no need for you to trouble yourself on that score. If there should be anything here which pleases you, take it at once, for all these wares are paid for already.' The lady was mightily astonished when she heard these words, and at seeing how great were the blandishments which the old woman used upon her, so she said, 'My good woman, what do you mean by speaking such words as these to me?' Whereupon the pedlar-woman, almost ready to shed tears, said, 'I will tell you all about the matter. The truth is, that there is a young gentleman whose name is Bucciolo, and he it is who has sent me to you. He loves you well, and nourishes for you greater kindness than for anyone else in the world; nay, there is not anything lying within his powers which he would not do for your sake. He protested to me indeed that God could show him no greater favour than to make you command him to do some service on your behalf. In truth, it seems to me that he is wasting away, so great is his desire to have speech with you, and, besides this, I do not think that I ever saw a more worthy and upright youth than he is.' The lady, when she heard these words, blushed the colour of scarlet, and, turning to the pedlar-woman, spake thus, 'If it were not that I feel obliged to spare you for the sake of my honour, I would

handle you in a fashion that would make you lament the day you ventured to address me in such wise. How, indeed! are you not ashamed, profligate old wretch as you are, to come with such discourse to an honest woman? May God vex you therefor!' And with these words the young lady caught up the crossbar of the door, in the mind to lay it over the old woman's back, crying out the while, 'If you ever dare to come back here, I will belabour you in such fashion that you will never be able to show yourself again.'

Upon this the old woman gathered together her wares with all possible speed and hurried away as fast as she could go, for she was in great dread lest she should be made to feel the weight of that crossbar, and she felt herself in no way safe until she had returned to the place where she had left Bucciolo. As soon as Bucciolo saw her he asked her what news she had to tell him, and how the affair was progressing; whereupon she answered and said, 'It is going on very badly, for indeed I never felt so great fear in all my life, and the upshot of the matter is that the young woman will neither see you nor listen to your messages. And if I had not chanced to get me quickly out of her reach, I should surely have been made to taste the quality of a heavy crossbar which she had in her hand. As far as I am concerned, I am in no mind to go back to her, and I will advise you also to entangle yourself no farther with her.' Bucciolo was greatly perturbed and grieved at what the old woman had to tell him, and went straightway to the master, and let him know all that had come to pass.

But the master gave him encouragement and said, 'Do not despair, Bucciolo, for the tree does not fall at the first stroke. But be sure that you fail not to pass by her house this evening, and then you can note what sort of glance she gives you, and see whether she appears angered with you or not. Then come back here to me and report what you have seen.' Thereupon Bucciolo betook himself towards the house where his lady dwelt, and she, as soon as she beheld him approaching, called to one of her maids and said to her, 'Follow that young man and tell him from me that he is to come to my house to-night and speak to me, and on no account to fail.' The maid set out forthwith, and went to Messer Bucciolo and said to him, 'Messere, Madonna Giovanna has bidden me to ask you to come to her to-night, as she wishes to speak to you.' Bucciolo was much astonished when he heard this, and answered her saying, 'Take word back to her from me and tell her that I will gladly do her bidding.' And he went straightway to the master to let him know how the business was going on.

The master was greatly astonished at what he heard from Bucciolo, and now indeed he began to suspect that this lady might perchance prove to be his own wife, as indeed she really was. Wherefore he said to Bucciolo, 'Well, and will you go to her as she asks?' and the young man answered that he would assuredly go to meet the lady. Then the master went on and said, 'When you go on your errand, see that you pass by here on your way,' and Bucciolo assured him that he would not fail to do this, and departed. Now, as it has already been noted, this young woman was the master's wife, but of this Bucciolo had no knowledge. Moreover, the master had more than once been seized with jealousy on her account; for during the winter it was his wont to sleep at the schools, in order that he might give instruction to the scholars during the evening, while his wife was left alone in the house with the maid.

Now the master said to himself, 'It is not at all to my taste that this youth should become proficient in the science of love-making at my cost; therefore I must find out how the matter stands.' When Bucciolo came to him in the evening, and told him that he was now on the way to his appointment, the master said to him, 'Good, and be sure that you bear yourself discreetly.' Bucciolo answered that the master might well leave this to him, and took his departure.

Bucciolo had been careful to put a stout cuirass upon his back, and to take with him likewise a good knife and a sword of proof, so he did not enter upon this adventure like a fool. After a few minutes had passed the master followed upon the track of his pupil, who, all unwitting that he was being thus dogged, went up to the door of the lady's house and knocked thereat. She at once opened it to him, and he went in. When the master saw that it was indeed his wife who was engaged in this business, he almost swooned, and cried out, 'Now I see that this fellow has learnt his lesson at my expense.' Then he began to cast about in his mind how he might take his vengeance by killing Bucciolo; and, having hastily gone back to the schools, he borrowed a sword and a dagger, and then returned, raging with anger, to his house with the intention of working some injury to Bucciolo. When he had come to the door he began to knock at it like one in great haste, and the lady, who was seated at the fireside with her lover, was at once seized with the fear that this must be the master; wherefore she took Bucciolo and concealed him straightway under a heap of linen, recently washed and not yet dry, which she had piled up on a table under the window. Having done this, she went to the door and demanded who was there;

whereupon the master called out, 'Open the door and I will soon let you know, wicked woman that you are.' Whereupon his wife opened the door to him at once; and, marking that he had a sword in his hand, cried out, 'Alas! my lord, what is the meaning of this?' The master said, 'You know well enough what man it is you have in the house.' His wife replied, 'Woe is me! What is this you are saying? Are you out of your mind? Search everywhere for what you are seeking, and if you find any man here, cut me in pieces. Why should I begin now-a-days to do what I have never thought of doing hitherto? Take care, my good sir, lest the great enemy should make you see certain things which may cause you to lose your wits.' In spite of these words the master made them kindle for him a torch, and then he began to hunt about amongst the casks in the cellar. After this he went upstairs again and searched every corner of the bedchamber, and looked under the bed, thrusting his sword through the straw mattress and piercing it with holes in every part. In short, he searched every hole and corner of the house without having the wit to find what he was seeking.

In the meantime his wife always kept close to his side with the torch in her hand, crying out from time to time, 'Good master, see that you cross yourself, for of a surety the enemy of mankind must be tempting you, and stirring up your imagination to perceive certain things which could not possibly have any existence; for, if there was a single hair on my body which thought to do the things you speak of, I would kill myself outright. Therefore I pray you, for God's sake, not to suffer yourself to be thus tempted.' On this account the master, when he saw that there was no one in the house, and listened to what his wife had to say, was fain to believe that he had been deceived. Then, after tarrying a short time longer, he put out the torch and went back to the schools. As soon as he was out of the way Madonna Giovanna locked the door, and made Bucciolo come forth from under the heap of linen. After they had kindled a big fire they made a good supper off a fine fat capon, and drank therewith wine of various sorts, and thus they feasted most excellently well. Many times the lady said to the youth, 'See now, my husband has no notion of what we are doing.' And after they had feasted with much jollity to their hearts' content, the lady took Bucciolo by the hand, and led him into the bedchamber, where with merry sporting they went to bed together, and all through that night they took their fill of that pleasure which they both desired, giving one another the greatest delight over and over again.

When the night, for which they had longed so ardently, came to an



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end, the day broke, and Bucciolo having got up from the bed said to the lady, 'Madonna, I must needs now take my leave; have you any commands to lay upon me?' Then the lady replied, 'Yes, I desire that you should come to me again to-night.' Bucciolo assured her that he would not fail her in this, and when he had taken leave of her he left the house and made his way back to the schools, and said to the master, 'I have somewhat to tell you which will make you laugh.' The master demanded to know what this might be; whereupon Bucciolo said to him, 'Last night, when I was in the house of the lady I told you of, lo and behold! her husband came all unexpectedly and searched the house from top to bottom, but he could not find me, forasmuch as his wife had hidden me away beneath a pile of linen which had been washed and was not yet dry. And to make a short story of it, the lady knew so well how to cajole her husband that she induced him to go away. After this we took our supper off a fat capon, and drank the most delicate wines, and altogether spent the night in the greatest feasting and jollity you ever heard of, and thus we took our diversion till the day broke. And because I slept scarcely at all last night, I must now go and take a little rest, seeing that I have given her my promise to go back to her this evening.' The master said to him, 'See that you let me know when you are about to return to her.' Bucciolo said that he would willingly do this, and went away, leaving the master so greatly inflamed with rage that he could find no rest for his grief, and was quite unable to do his teaching in the schools, so sharply was his heart vexed with indignation; but, having made a plan how he might catch Bucciolo when evening should have come, he provided himself with a cuirass and a helmet for the adventure.

When it was drawing towards evening Bucciolo, who knew naught of these preparations, went innocently to the master, and said to him, 'I am now going to the lady's house.' The master answered him, 'Go, and come back here to-morrow morning, and let me know how you have fared.' Bucciolo said that he would not fail to do this, and then went forthwith to the house of Madonna Giovanna. As soon as he was gone the master caught up his arms and followed close behind him, almost step for step, having planned to come up with him on the threshold. But the lady, who was on the alert, opened the door very quickly, and, having let in her lover, she closed it again and turned the key. The master followed the next moment, and began to knock and make a great uproar; whereupon the lady immediately put out the light and made Bucciolo get behind her as she stood in the passage. Then

she opened the door, and, embracing the master with one arm, with the other she thrust Bucciolo forth from the house in such wise that her husband caught not a glimpse of him. Then she began to scream aloud, 'Help, help! for the master has gone mad,' holding him tight in her arms meanwhile. The neighbours, when they heard the noise and uproar she made, ran together to the house, and, seeing the master there fully armed, and hearing the outcry of the lady, who went on exclaiming, 'Hold him tight, for he has lost his wits through too much study,' they understood what was the matter, and believed that he was, indeed, out of his mind, and began to say to him, 'Now, good master, what is the meaning of this? Go to bed and rest, and do not struggle any more.' Whereupon the master cried out, 'How should I go to bed and rest myself when I know that this wicked woman has a man in the house? I myself saw him enter.' Madonna Giovanna, when she heard this, cried out, 'Ah, what a wretched life I have to lead! Ask every one of our neighbours here whether anybody has ever heard of misconduct of mine.' Then all the men and women there assembled exclaimed, 'Master, you must not harbour such thoughts, for there was never born into the world a woman of better nature, or manners, or reputation, than your good wife here.' The master said, 'How can this be, when I myself saw a man enter the house, and know quite well that he is still hiding there?'

In the meantime the two brothers of the lady had joined the gathering; and she, when she saw them, burst into tears immediately and said, 'My brothers, this husband of mine has gone mad, and has dared to say that I have a man concealed in this house. Moreover, he is fain to kill me. Now you will know well enough whether I have ever been the sort of woman of whom such slanderous words might be spoken.' The brothers cried out, 'We are indeed amazed that you should call our sister a lewd woman. Why should you hold her to be one now, more than heretofore, seeing that you have lived a long time with her?' The master replied, 'I can tell you naught else than that there is a man in the house, and that I have seen him with my own eyes.' Then said the brothers, 'Well, come and let us search for him, and if he is indeed here we will advance this fact against her, and cause her to be punished to your full satisfaction.' Then one of the brothers called to his sister and said, 'Tell me all the truth. Have you anyone hidden here in the house?' whereto the lady answered, 'Alas! what are you saying? Christ defend me from this, and let me die sooner than that a single hair of me should think of doing such wicked-

ness. Alas, alas! is it likely that I should now set myself to do a thing of which no one of our family was ever accused? Are you not ashamed even to speak to me thereof?’

The brothers were well content with what their sister said, and they, together with the master, went forthwith to search the house. The master flew straight to the pile of linen, and began to run it through and through with his sword, fighting with it as if it had been Bucciolo himself, for he was well assured in his mind that Bucciolo was hidden thereunder. Wherefore Madonna Giovanna cried out: ‘Did I not tell you that he was out of his mind? You fool, to go and spoil all this good linen. It is easy to see that you never span it.’ When they saw this the brothers were well assured that the master had gone mad, and after they had searched every place closely without finding anyone, one of them said, ‘This man is indeed mad,’ and the other cried out, ‘By my faith, O master, you are guilty of a foul wrong when you try to make out that this sister of ours is a lewd woman.’ Whereupon the master, who was mightily incensed, and was quite well assured in his own mind as to what had really happened, now broke out into a terrible passion against the brothers, and threatened them with the naked sword he held in his hand; whereupon each of the brothers caught up a stout stick and gave the master so sound a drubbing therewith that both of the sticks were broken over his back. Next they tied him up as a madman, saying that he had lost his wits through overmuch study, and all that night they remained in their sister’s house.

On the following morning they sent for a doctor, who caused a bed to be prepared for the master close to the fire, and gave orders that he should not be suffered to hold converse with anyone; that, when he should speak, no answer should be returned to him, and that he should be kept on very strict diet until his wits should be sharpened once more. And all these directions were carried out to the full.

The news how the master had gone mad was soon spread all through Bologna; whereupon all those who heard it grieved amain, saying one to the other, ‘Of a certainty I suspected something of this sort yesterday, for the reason that he was quite unable to deliver his lecture.’ And another one said, ‘I too remarked that he was mightily changed.’ So that on this account men went about saying that the master had gone mad, and divers of his acquaintance went in company to pay him a visit. Bucciolo, who knew naught of what had happened, went to the schools brimful with delight to tell the master how he had fared last night, but when he arrived there he was told how the master had

suddenly lost his wits. Bucciolo was greatly astonished at this, and found it almost incredible, and he went with the others to visit the sick man.

But when he came to the master's house he was seized with the greatest astonishment, and was ready to faint when he perceived how the case really stood; still, in order to let no suspicions get abroad, he went in with the rest, and when he entered the room he saw the master, all battered and bound with a rope, lying on the bed near the fire. All the scholars who were there went and condoled with him, saying how much grieved they were for what had happened. And Bucciolo felt that he must needs go and speak a word also; wherefore he drew near to him and said, 'My master, I am as sorely grieved for you as if you were my own father, and, if there be aught that I can do on your behalf, do not fail to regard me as your own son.' The master answered and said, 'Bucciolo, Bucciolo, go your way in God's name, for you have learnt your task only too well, and learnt it, moreover, at my expense.' Madonna Giovanna, when she heard this, cried out, 'Take no heed of his words, for he raves and knows not what he is talking of.' Then Bucciolo took his leave and returned to Pietro Paolo, and said to him, 'My brother, I would have you stay here in Bologna, and finish your studies alone, in God's name. I, in sooth, have learnt so much that I am not minded to learn anything more.' And thus he went his way and returned to Rome, good luck attending him."

As soon as the novel was finished, Frate Aurette said, "My Saturnina, I have assuredly never listened to a better tale than this. Bucciolo certainly got his learning finely at the cost of his master. Now I am going to sing you a canzonet which a youth once upon a time made in honour of his mistress, whom he loved better than his own life, when he chanced to see her clad in a tunic, with a bow in her hand." And thus he sang :

Lifting my eyes a maiden fair I spied,
 With bow in hand and arrows by her side,
 While meseemed her dainty weed,
 Angel's colour white and fine.
 Face and bosom, flowers indeed,
 Bright as roses newborn shine.
 I picture thus this lovesome damsel mine,
 Whose clear and lucent eyes the golden stars outvied.
 With Love's aid her bow she bent,
 And those arms so soft and white
 To my heart an arrow sent;
 Faint I lay in woeful plight.

Of her my fancy tires not, and my sight
To gaze upon this radiant star is satisfied.

When first I saw her beauteous face
Whose slave I am by Love's decree,
With her divine and merry grace
She smiled and greeted courteously ;
I gave her back her smile forthwith, and she
Caught up her bow and lodged an arrow in my side.

Her laughing eyes are like a bow,
Wherefrom those gilded darts are sped
More keen than those her hand doth throw.
Bear witness ye whose hearts have bled,
Ye upon whom her darts of proof are shed,
Which deepest in the life their barbs malignant hide.

Then with a sweet and amorous sign
My angel took farewell of me,
And gazing on this flower divine,
I cried, " Now go, and happy be,
For in thyself that sweet of love I see,
Excelling all, with thine own courtesy beautified."

As soon as the song was finished the two lovers clasped each other by the hand in joy and gladness, expressing mutual gratitude for the pleasure and delight they had experienced in their conversation, and after some further discourse together they said farewell and departed.





The Second Day.

NOVEL I.

Madonna Corsina of Naples sends her son to study at Bologna, where he falls sick and dies. Of a device of his contrived so that his mother may not be over-grieved at his death.



WHEN the two lovers met in the parlour on the second day they greeted each other with eager longing, and then the fair Saturnina began to address Aurette in these words, and thus told her story :

“ I am minded to tell you a tale of what happened at Naples to a widow lady and to her son, whom she had sent to study at Bologna. This lady lived in Naples, and was called by name Madonna Corsina. She was a native of Capua, and was the wife of a goodly gentleman, one Messer Ramondo del Balzo, who, by the will of God, died and left her a widow and the mother of one son. This boy was named Carlo, and in his speech and actions he greatly resembled Messer Ramondo his father ; wherefore his mother, who desired naught but his welfare, bethought her to send him to study at Bologna, in order that he might grow up a man of parts, which plan she duly carried out. She engaged for him a tutor, and provided him with books and with all that he needed, and, having commended him to God, sent him to Bologna, where she let him abide several years, and gave him whatsoever he might require.

The young man made the best use of his time at Bologna, and in a very short time became a capable scholar, so much so that he won the goodwill of all the students of the place on account of the excellent qualities he possessed and of the seemly and magnanimous life he lived. Now it came to pass, when this youth had grown to man's estate, and

had graduated in the law, and had got in order all his affairs for his return to Naples, he fell ill and like to die, whereupon all the physicians of Bologna came to him to try to cure him and save his life, but this they could not compass. Whereupon Carlo, when he perceived that he was beyond cure, spake in this wise to himself: 'I am not perturbed, nor do I make this plaint so much for my own sake, as for the sake of my disconsolate mother, who has no other child but me, and has expended all that she has in the world in the expectation that I should be the solace of her life; nay, indeed, she may have dreamt of forming some powerful family connection through my marriage, and have hoped that I should be the one to restore the fortunes of our house. And when she shall hear that I am dead, and that she may never see me more, of a truth she will die a thousand deaths.' Thus he grieved more for his mother than for himself; and, as he let these thoughts pass through his mind, he pondered over what he should do in order to lessen his mother's grief; wherefore he wrote to her in these words: 'My dearest mother, I beg that you will send me a shirt sewn by the hand of that Neapolitan lady who is the merriest and the fairest and the least molested by care.' This letter came duly to the mother's hand; and, as soon as she had read it, she set forth to search and inquire for some lady who was unvexed by care—a difficult task in sooth, but one which she was anxious to compass so as to serve her son. At last, after seeking diligently, she found a certain lady who seemed to her more beautiful and merry than any other in the city; moreover, she bore herself like one unvexed by any care or trouble whatsoever. Whereupon Madonna Corsina betook herself in friendly wise to the house of this young lady, who graciously bade her enter, and told her that she was a thousand times welcome. Then Madonna Corsina spake and said, 'I wonder if perchance you can divine wherefore I have come to you; it is, forsooth, because I think of you as the merriest woman in Naples, and the one least vexed with care and trouble. On this account I want you to do me a great service, to wit, that you will sew for me with your own hands a shirt which I may send to my son, who has begged me for a gift of the same.' Then said the young woman, 'You say that you have taken note of me, and esteemed me to be the happiest woman in Naples?' To this Madonna Corsina assented; whereupon the young woman went on, 'I will now show you that it is quite otherwise with me, and that a more unhappy woman, or one with more sorrows and troubles, does not live on the face of the earth. To be assured that what I say is the truth, come with me now.' And having thus spoken, she took

Madonna Corsina and led her into an outward chamber, where she pointed out the body of a young man hung up by the neck from the cross-beam. Madonna Corsina, as soon as she beheld this, cried out, 'Alas ! what means this ?' and the young woman, sighing deeply, said, 'Madonna, this was a young man of great worth who was enamoured of me, but one day he was discovered by my husband, who straightway hanged him up here, as you now see him ; and, in order to render me the more wretched, he makes me look upon this corpse every morn and every eve. I needs must see him, and you may judge how sharp a grief it is to be thus forced to behold him every morning and every evening. But if, in spite of all this, you are still minded that I should sew a shirt for you, I will willingly do the same, but I cannot do it as the happiest of women ; nay, rather I am the most wretched woman there is or ever was in the world.'

Madonna Corsina, when she heard this, was greatly astonished, and said, 'Of a truth, I see there is no one who is free from toil and tribulation, and those who are merriest in seeming are often in the most evil case.' Then she took leave of the young woman and returned home, and wrote word to her son that he must hold her excused, forasmuch as she could not send him such a shirt as he desired, because she could find no woman who was not afflicted with care and trouble as much as she could bear. A few days later a letter came to her, telling her that her son was dead ; whereupon, being a wise woman, she took thought and said, 'I see there is no one in the world who is free from sorrow. Even the Virgin Mary, who was in sooth the woman of women, had her share ; wherefore I will have patience, seeing that I am not alone. May God rest his soul, and not forget me !' In this wise she recovered her peace of mind, and spent her life in prosperity and good fortune."



NOVEL II.

Buondelmonte falls in love with Nicolosa, who had married one of the family of Acciaiuoli, foes of the Buondelmonti, and by the help of a serving-woman contrives to gain admission to her bed. The narrative of what the lady did thereupon; how peace was restored between the two families, and how the young man compassed his vengeance.



WHEN Saturnina had brought her novel to an end, Frate Aurette began and spake thus: "My Saturnina, I have found your story to be a masterly piece of work, and have got much pleasure therefrom in reflecting over the prudence of this young man, who, by means of his letter, kept his mother from dying of grief. However, I will now go on and tell you a tale which I think will please you.

One time there lived in Florence (where they live still) two noble families, one called Buondelmonti and the other Acciaiuoli, who dwelt opposite to one another in a street called Borgo Santo Apostolo, each family being very illustrious and ancient. It happened that by a certain disagreement between them they became mortal enemies, and each party always went armed about the streets, keeping sharp watch the one on the other, and each one taking care to be on guard. One of the Acciaiuoli was married to a lady who was the proudest beauty in all Florence, and was named Nicolosa; and a certain youth of the Buondelmonti fell deeply in love with her. The lady could not move about her bed-chamber without being seen by him from his own window, which was opposite, and many a time he had sight of her during the summer when she rose naked from her bed. Now Buondelmonte, being inflamed with love of her and conscious of the enmity of her husband, knew not what he should do, but one day he determined to speak to the lady's waiting-woman; and, observing this woman going to market in the morning, he called to her, and begged her to do him a service. Then he took from his purse six grossi, and said to her, 'Go and buy with this money whatsoever you will.' The maid, who was mightily pleased with the money, took it and replied, 'What would you have me do?' Buondelmonte answered, 'I would that you speak well of me to Madonna Nicolosa, and tell her from me that she is the sole joy of my life, and that it behoves her to take pity upon me.' The maid said, 'How can I ever

tell her such a thing? You know that her husband is your enemy.' Buondelmonte went on, 'Trouble not yourself on this score; only tell her what I have told to you, and let me know what answer she gives you.' Then the maid answered she would do as he desired.

One day it chanced that the lady and the waiting-woman were together at the window, when the last-named let forth a deep sigh; whereupon her mistress asked her what ailed her. The maid answered that it was naught; but the lady went on and said, 'I desire you to tell me at once what is the matter with you, for people do not sigh so deeply without some cause.' The woman answered, 'Madonna, you must pardon me, for I can never tell you.' 'I must assuredly know,' said the lady, 'otherwise I shall be wroth with you.' Then said the woman, 'Since you are so keenly set to know, I will tell you. The truth is, that the young Buondelmonte who lives opposite has begged me, over and over again, to carry a message to you, but I have never found the courage to do this thing.' The lady said, 'Well, and what did this wretch say to you?' The maid replied, 'He bade me tell you that there is no one in the world he holds in such kindly regard as yourself, and that there is nothing he would not do for your sake, so great is the love he has for you. He begs, too, to be suffered to become your faithful servant, for he will be under your command alone, and declares that he shall hold himself as most highly favoured if he may only do somewhat to give you pleasure.' To this the lady answered, 'The next time he holds any such discourse with you, see that you give him a slap on the face, and come no more to me with tales like this, for you know well that he is my husband's enemy.' The maid waited a little; then she went out and called Buondelmonte, and said to him, 'She will not hear of you or of your doings.' Buondelmonte answered, 'Be not amazed at this. It is what ladies always do the first time; but take care, the next chance that comes, and when she is in good humour, that you tell her this once more, and that I am mad with love of her. Then I promise you that you shall have a smarter gown than the one you are now wearing.' The maid answered, 'Let me alone to do this.'

One day, when Madonna Nicolosa was about to go to a merry-making, and her maid was helping her dress, it came to pass that they began to converse on the same matter, and the lady said, 'Has this wretch had any more to say to you?' The maid straightway fell to weeping, and answered, 'I would that I had died the hour and the day I came to abide in this house.' The lady asked her why, and the woman replied, 'Because Buondelmonte has laid siege to me, and I can

neither stay at home or go abroad without finding him hovering about me, standing with his arms crossed, and begging me to tell you how he is pining and wasting away for your sake, and how he is blessed indeed whenever he hears you, or sees you, or listens to others talking about you. In sooth, I have never seen devotion greater than his, and I, for my own part, know not what more to say to you, except to pray you in God's name to relieve me of this trouble and grief; or to give me leave to depart and disappear from the world, or to kill myself, so as to be rid of him; forasmuch as he knows so well how to supplicate me, and speaks so delightfully that I cannot think how anyone can say him no. I wish greatly that it might have been consistent with your honour to have listened to him just once, so that you might see whether I tell the truth or no.' The lady asked, 'Is he really so mad with love of me as you say?' Whereto the maid answered that he was lovesick a hundredfold more than she had said. Then the lady went on, 'The next time you see him, tell him, from me, to send me a gown of cloth like that which his sister wore this morning in church.' And to this the maid answered that she would do what the lady desired.

Now, when Madonna Nicolosa had gone out, the maid went to Buondelmonte and told him all her mistress had said. 'Wherefore,' she added, 'you must keep your wits about you, and consider what you have to do.' Buondelmonte answered, 'Leave this for me to do, and good luck go with you.' He at once got him a fine gown of the stuff the lady had asked for, and caused it to be steeped and dressed; and, when it seemed to him due time, he gave a sign to the maid and said, 'Carry this to the lady whose servant I am, and tell her that this cloth, and my soul and body, are ever at her disposal.' The maid made haste and bore it quickly to the lady, saying, 'Buondelmonte declares that this cloth, and his soul and body, are ever at your commands.' The lady took the cloth, and, having looked at it, said, 'Now go and tell my Buondelmonte I thank him hugely, and bid him be in readiness to come to me whenever I may send for him.' The woman hastened to Buondelmonte and gave him the message, whereto he answered, 'Tell her that I am always ready to do her pleasure.'

It happened that the lady—the better to carry out the design she had formed—feigned to be ill, wherefore the physician was quickly fetched to see her. She declared that she would fain have a room on the ground floor, and her husband at once made them get ready a couch in a room there, which was furnished with everything she required. When this was done, she went to rest therein, together with a chamber-

maid and her own waiting-woman. Her husband every evening when he came home would ask his wife how she fared, and, after tarrying with her for a short time, would retire to his own room. Every morning and evening the doctor paid his visit, and everything necessary was always at hand. Now, when the lady deemed that the time was fitting, she sent word to Buondelmonte bidding him come to her the following night at nine o'clock; and to him it seemed that this hour was a thousand years in coming. When it was time, he went in careful wise and well prepared to the door of the lady's house, and when he knocked thereat they opened to him, and he went in. Thereupon the lady took him by the hand and led him into the room, and, having made him sit down beside her, asked him how he fared. Buondelmonte replied, 'Madonna, I fare well enough now that I have won your goodwill.' The lady went on: 'My Buondelmonte, I have kept my bed for the past eight days, solely so that we might the more privily come together. Now I have let prepare a bath of sweet-smelling herbs, in which I am minded that we should bathe together; and this done, we will go to bed.' Buondelmonte, when he heard this, declared he was ready to do anything which the lady might desire.

She next bade him undress himself and get into the bath, which was in a corner of the room; that he should lie down and cover himself within with a linen sheet, and throw a serge cloth over the whole, in order that no heat might escape. When he had undressed and got into the bath, the lady said, 'Now I will undress also and come to you.' Then she took all Buondelmonte's clothes, even his shoes, and put them in a cupboard, and locked the door, and, having put out the light, she threw herself upon the bed, and began to cry aloud, 'Help, help!' and to raise a huge uproar. Buondelmonte jumped out of the bath straightway, and began to search for his clothes without finding them, and, because it was dark, he could not manage to knock at the door; wherefore, helpless and knowing that he had been befooled, he went back to the bath half dead. By this time the whole house was alarmed, and Acciaiuolo and his servants caught up their arms, so that all the household was ready prepared in an instant. The lady's chamber was filled with men and women, and wellnigh everyone in that quarter of the city armed himself on account of the feud between these two families. Now think what Buondelmonte must have felt when he found himself thus stark naked in his enemy's house, and knew that the room was full of his foes armed to the teeth! Wherefore he commended his soul to God, and, with his arms crossed, he awaited his death. The

husband asked Nicolosa what ailed her, and she answered, 'I was taken with a sudden illness and vertigo and faintness, so great that meseemed my heart had been turned round in my body.' The husband replied somewhat angrily, 'I feared I should at least find you dead, considering the noise you made.' Thereupon the women round about her began to rub her arms and her feet, while some brought hot cloths, and others rose water; the men having left the room. The husband said, 'This is a sudden illness which has seized my wife, though indeed she has been somewhat ailing for many days past.' Soon afterwards the crowd went away, the husband going up to his room above to get to bed, but several women remained to bear the lady company.

After a little time the lady feigned that her distemper had passed away; whereupon she bade the women around her good night, saying, 'I should be grieved if you were to pass a bad night on my account.' So they departed, leaving with her the chambermaid and the waiting-woman. As soon as they were gone she got up and bade them bring a pair of clean sheets and make the bed afresh; and, when she deemed the time had come, she dismissed the maids, and then, having locked the door and kindled a taper, she went to the bath, where she found Buondelmonte now little better than a dead man. She spoke to him, but he said nothing; and then she got into the bath beside him, embracing him and saying, 'My Buondelmonte, here am I, thy Nicolosa; hast thou not a word to say to me?' And with these words she took hold of him, and dragged him out of the bath, and put him in the bed, and warmed him, saying the while, 'I am thy Nicolosa, whom thou hast so ardently desired to have all this time; now thou hast me in thy power, and canst do with me as thou wilt.' But he, poor rogue, was so disabled with cold that he could not even speak. After a little, however, he recovered somewhat and said, 'Madonna, be kind enough to give me leave to depart.' Then the lady, seeing what mind he was in, arose, and, having opened the closet, brought forth all his clothes and accoutrements; and he, when he had dressed himself, bade her farewell and said, 'Madonna, may God be good to you, I have had enough this time.' And thus he departed to his home, where he lay for more than a month by reason of the fright he had gotten.

But before long, through the chattering of the women, this story began to be heard in the city without the names of the actors therein: it was simply the tale how a certain lady had put a flout upon a lover of hers, and this became the gossip of all Florence. When Buondelmonte heard it he many a time feigned that it in no way

concerned him, and kept silent awaiting his time. And it chanced after a while that peace was restored between the two houses, and they who were formerly foes became friends and brethren, especially Buondelmonte and Nicolosa's husband, for night and day they kept company. One morning Madonna Nicolosa called her maid and said, 'Go and tell Buondelmonte I marvel greatly that, now there be opportunities in plenty, he never sends a word to me.' The maid went and spake thus: 'My lady is greatly surprised that, now you have the chance, you have naught to say to her.' Buondelmonte answered, 'Tell Madonna Nicolosa that I was never so much her slave as I am now, and if she will come one evening and sleep with me, I shall hold myself highly favoured indeed.' The maid went back and bore this message to the lady, who replied, 'Tell him that I am ready to do as he desires, but that he must hit upon a scheme to make my husband sleep abroad some night. Then I will come to him.' The maid went back and told this to Buondelmonte, who was greatly pleased thereat, and said, 'Tell your lady to leave the settlement of all this to me, and that she had better not have any hand therein.'

Buondelmonte forthwith contrived that an invitation to supper should be sent to Acciaiuolo from Camerata, a place about a mile away from Florence, and furthermore arranged with the giver of the feast that the guest should be detained for the night at the inn, and this plan was duly carried out. Then, when the lady's husband had gone out to supper, she went to Buondelmonte's house, as it had been agreed, and he gave her very gracious welcome in a room on the ground floor. Next, after much chatting and diversion, Buondelmonte said to the lady, 'I pray you get to bed;' whereupon she straightway undressed herself and did as he directed. Buondelmonte took all her clothes, and, having opened a coffer, he put them therein, and said to her, 'I must go upstairs now, but I will return anon.' Whereupon the lady bade him go and return quickly. He then departed, and locked the door behind him, and, when he had taken off his clothes, he went to bed with his wife, and left Nicolosa by herself. The lady lay expecting Buondelmonte's return, and when he came not she began to be afeared, remembering the trick she had played him with the bath, and said to herself, 'Of a truth he is minded to take vengeance upon me.' In this plight she got up and searched for her clothes, and, as she could not find them, she became half dead with terror. Then she went back to bed, and in what a pass she found herself everyone may well imagine.

When it was about half-past nine Buondelmonte got up and went

out of the house, and as he issued from the door he beheld Acciaiuolo seated upon a nag, bearing a hawk upon his fist, and just coming back from Camerata. After they had saluted one another Acciaiuolo took Buondelmonte by the hand and said, 'I can tell you that we have had fine cheer with capons and roasted quails galore, and the best wine I ever drank. All the evening we had you in mind, and lamented that you could not come with us to this feast, which certes you would have enjoyed amain.' Buondelmonte answered, 'And this last evening I have had to sleep with me the fairest lady in all Florence; nay, I have her still in my room. Never before have I tasted such sweet delight.' Then said Acciaiuolo, 'I would fain see her;' and, taking Buondelmonte by the arm, he declared that he would not go away until he should have looked upon the lady. Buondelmonte said, 'I will let you see her willingly, but I desire that you speak not to her in my house. Nevertheless, I will see that, if you are so minded, you shall have her in your own house to-morrow night, when you may take with her whatsoever pleasure your list.' To this the other agreed, and then they went into the room where lay the lady, who, as soon as she perceived that her husband was there, almost fainted, saying to herself, 'I have verily fallen into a nice trap, but 'tis what I deserve,' and she gave herself up for dead. She meantime had thrown herself upon the bed without any great heed of decency, and Buondelmonte and her husband came anear with a lighted torch; but first of all Buondelmonte took hold of the bedclothes, and covered her face therewith, in order that her husband might not know who she was. Then he went to the foot of the bed and began to uncover her feet and legs, one standing on either side of the bed. Buondelmonte said, 'Did you ever see legs so round and pretty as these legs, which look as if they were of ivory?' Then they went on to uncover her bit by bit as far as her bosom, where were her two little breasts round and firm, the fairest sight ever seen. When they had seen everything there was to be seen up to her bosom, and had let their eyes have free course so as to assure themselves what sweet pleasure might be had with such a lady, Buondelmonte put out the light, and, taking hold of Acciaiuolo, led him forth from the room, having promised him that he should have the lady with him before night. Whereupon Acciaiuolo said, 'Of a surety I never espied a lovelier creature than this one, or one with a skin so fair and white. Where and how did you meet with her?' Buondelmonte answered, 'Trouble not your wits about how I got her;' and thus talking they came to the loggia, and joined a circle of other men who were there,



the talk being all about the business of the town council. When Buondelmonte saw that Acciaiuolo was engaged in an argument thereanent, he hurried back to his room, and, having opened the chest, he drew therefrom the lady's clothes, and bade her dress herself, and beckoned to the maid to come and accompany her home. He let her out by a back door into an alley, so that it might appear she was returning from church, and she went back into her house as if naught had happened. In this fashion Buondelmonte took vengeance upon Madonna Nicolosa for the trick she had played him, as I have already told you."

When she had finished her story, Saturnina said, "Which one of these two, think you, was in the sorest terror?" The friar replied, "I reckon it was Buondelmonte, for a double reason." But Saturnina said, "By my faith, I believe that the lady was in the greatest fear, because she came nearer than Buondelmonte to be seen and recognized; but, let it be how it may, we will judge thereanent some other time. Now I will sing you a canzonet which, methinks, you will find to your liking.

One morning greeted me a maiden bright,
Sweet as an angel, as the ermine white.

Her tresses mocked the lion's tawny sheen,
Her eyes like eyes of falcon peregrine,
Stately as Juno's bird her walk and mien,
And lovelier than an angel in my sight.

For never had mine eyes beheld a thing
So fresh and fragrant; like the birth of spring,
Like to the rose in splendour blossoming,
Richer than ruby, pearl, or chrysolite.

Like to a lily pure just gathered,
On cheek and breast such dainty grace is shed;
With golden tresses wound about her head,
Lovelier then than flower in garden of delight.

When first my loving eyes on her were bent,
An arrowy glance into my heart she sent;
Then she cried peace in wanton blandishment,
And I took leave with courtesy polite.

I listen to her words of kindly grace,
Upon her lips divine the charm I trace;
Then she reveals the radiance of her face,
Sweeter than bower with jasmine bloom bedight.

Go, little song, to this dear star of mine!
What other maid can match her charm divine?
And when my arms around her shall entwine,
Her lips shall give me hundredfold delight."

After the canzonet was duly sung, the two lovers took each other by the hand in modest fashion, and brought their delightful converse to an end, for that evening taking leave with words full of courtesy. Then they went their several ways, and retired to their lodging with great content.





The Third Day.

NOVEL I.

Don Placido, a Florentine, travelling to Avignon, finds companionship at Nice in Provence with a friar who is also bound to the Pope's court. But it transpires that the friar aforesaid is really a lady of Viterbo, who is going to join a certain cardinal. Of the good fortune which befell Don Placido on the road until he came to Avignon.



WHEN on the third day the two lovers went back to their accustomed meeting-place, wherein they found such dear delight, they were glad and gay beyond measure, and Frate Aurette began and spake thus : " My Saturnina, I am fain to tell you a novel which I doubt not will please you greatly, and this it is.

In the Val di Pesa, a country district of Florence, there lived in days past a priest named Don Placido, who, on account of certain troubles which befell him, determined to go to Avignon. He betook himself in the first place to Pisa, where he embarked and sailed as far as Nice in Provence, and, having landed, he took lodging in an inn kept by one Bartolomeo da Siena. After he had gone to bed, a worthy fellow, a servant of the host, entered the room and said to the priest, ' Messere, two friars have come here to lodge, and one of them is sorely ill ; wherefore, as there is a great scarcity of priests in these parts owing to the recent plague, I beg you to come to him and see how he fares.' The priest answered that he would go willingly, and straightway donned his habit and went to the friar's chamber. One of the friars said to him, ' Messere, I commend to your good offices this father, my companion.' Whereupon the priest sat down upon the bed and began to confess the sick friar, and to remind him of his soul's health, telling him and urging him that it behoved him to make his peace with God. But the good

friar seemed indisposed to listen to this counsel, and in a short time died like one in despair.

The other friar, who was the younger of the two, when he saw that his companion was dead, began to weep aloud. The priest consoled him, begging him to take comfort forasmuch as all men were mortal; and after a short time the priest took his leave, and prepared to return to his own chamber. The friar said to him, 'Messere, I beseech you in God's name not to forsake me, but to find means to give burial to this dead man, paying him all due honour,' and with these words he took from his side a purse in which were some thirty florins, and went on, 'Take this; spend what is needful, and pay all charges.' The priest took the purse, and, having called the men and maidservants of the inn and given drink money to each, he despatched them to get in order all things necessary for the burial, so that in the morning everything was in readiness to bury the friar in seemly fashion. When the priest had paid all he went back to the other friar, and comforted him, and gave him back the purse with the residue of the money. But the friar, weeping the while, inquired of him whither he was bound, and the priest replied that he was going to Avignon. Then the friar said, 'I will gladly accompany you;' whereupon the priest agreed, saying, 'I am ready and willing to have your company, for it is better for each of us to travel together than alone.' At these words the friar raised his eyes and seemed in better heart, and the priest, when he had looked at his companion, thought he had never before seen eyes so beautiful.

To make matters clear I must tell you that this friar was indeed a certain gentlewoman of Viterbo, as you will hear later on; but the priest took her for a man, marvelling at the same time at those beautiful eyes and that delicate face. As soon as they had agreed to travel in company the friar gave to the priest fifty florins, and said to him, 'Defray all expenses and pay the host what is due;' which thing the priest did accordingly, and then, having mounted their horses, they rode towards Avignon. The friar, so as not to be recognized, concealed his face with his hat and his cowl, and spake little, and always rode behind; wherefore the priest, deeming that he did this out of grief for his dead comrade, would now and again sing a canzonet and say some jesting words, so as to drive away these melancholy humours; but the friar still remained silent and pensive, and hung his head. Now one evening they arrived at a town called Grasse, and dismounted at an inn kept by a certain widow, whose daughter a short time before had likewise lost her husband by death. This young woman was very gracious and fair

to look upon, and, when the travellers had dismounted, she cast many a glance upon the friar, and, marking how graceful and comely was his seeming, she fell in love with him and gazed upon him without ceasing. The friar said to his companion, 'Ask them for a room with two beds in it,' and the hostess at once did his bidding. The daughter of the hostess cooked the supper with her own hands, and did great honour to the guests, talking the while continually with the friar and offering him wine on divers pretences as he sat at table. The priest perceived what her fancy was, but he dissembled and said to himself, 'In sooth I do not wonder that she should have lost her wits over this youth, for I have not seen so pretty a fellow for many a long day.' When supper was finished the priest went out, so as to leave the others more at their ease, pondering whether this friar might not be the son of some rich man or other, and bound for Avignon to seek preferment, seeing that he had with him plenty of money.

When bedtime had come the priest returned to the inn and said, 'Messere, shall we go to bed?' and the friar agreed; and when they had gone into the chamber the daughter of the hostess sent by the hand of one of the servants a box of sweetmeats and some excellent wine. The priest laughed and said, 'Of a certainty you must have repeated the paternoster of San Giuliano this morning, for you could not have found a better lodging or a fairer or more gracious hostess;' and he began to jest with the friar, who laughed somewhat, and then they made merry over the wine. The priest went on, 'Certes, I will never again travel hereby without tarrying at this inn; but it will behove me always to have you with me, for all this honour is done to you and not to me.' The friar replied, 'In truth this young woman is pleasing enough;' and the priest cried out, 'Would that she were going to sleep between us two to-night!' 'Alack! what is it you say?' said the friar; whereupon the priest replied, 'Wait, and we shall see.'

Meantime the young woman had hidden herself, for she was minded to see in which bed the friar was going to sleep, and she partly saw and heard what went on between these two. With every word he spoke she was more and more pleased with the seemly manners of the friar, and what time he delayed getting into bed seemed to her a thousand years. Of her spying the friar knew nothing, and after further talk he got into one of the beds and the priest into the other. The young woman, when she perceived they were both asleep, lighted a candle and went softly to the friar's bed, and began to undress herself, and, this done, she lay down beside him. The friar, being aroused, raised

his head at once and saw it was the young woman; whereupon he quickly put out the light, and, having caught up his cloak so as not to be recognized, he got into the priest's bed and lay down on one side thereof. The hostess's daughter was covered with shame and stole out of the room; but the priest neither saw nor heard aught of what had passed, and, having had his first sleep, he felt a desire to turn over, and in doing this he touched his bedfellow with his arm. He was mightily astonished at this; and when he stretched out his hand and touched a bosom, he knew that it was a woman in bed with him, and made sure that it was the daughter of the hostess, saying to himself, 'This girl deems she has gone to bed with the friar, but she has come to me instead, and certes I will not fail to give her that which she has come a-seeking.' So he turned to her forthwith, and twice gave her full satisfaction. The friar did not move, and assuredly was well content, while the priest went to sleep again.

When it was near morning the priest awoke, and called his bedfellow, saying, 'Ho there! get up; it is almost day; get up, so that your mother may not know where you have been.' The girl, when she heard what the priest said, saw that he had not recognized her; wherefore she sat up in the bed, and broke out into the heartiest laughter, and then began to dress herself. Having drawn the cowl over her head, she stood before the priest, who at once saw it was the friar, and made the sign of the holy cross. He wellnigh lost his wits for joy when he beheld her twisting up her hair, for her tresses were so fair and bright that they shone like the sun; and, when they had dressed themselves, they let saddle their horses, and called the hostess and paid her what they owed. Then the daughter of the hostess said to the priest, 'Messere, this companion of yours is mightily unsociable.' The priest answered, 'Ah, madonna, you do not rightly know him. I for my part maintain that I never had a more friendly companion; but he is not used to travel.' The young woman replied, 'It indeed seems so.' And then they took their leave and set forth on their journey. The disguised lady rode in advance, and every time she turned round she perceived the priest to be as it were lost in thought, for he was ever thinking over what had happened, which seemed to him a strange thing indeed. Wherefore the friar waited for him, and said, 'Yesterday, Messere, it was I who went with a thoughtful face, to-day it is your turn. Now I desire that you think no more of this matter; and, to banish your troublous thoughts, I will tell you who I am, and whither I am bound. It is indeed true that I am no friar, but a woman, as you know full well.

My name is Petruccia, and I am the daughter of Vannicello da Viterbo, who in dying left me under the guardianship of my two brothers. It came to pass that when Pope Urban travelled through those parts, he tarried, as you may have heard, divers days at Viterbo, and during this visit a certain cardinal, whom you will see hereafter, came by God's will to lodge in our house, and became so greatly enamoured of me, and pressed me so hotly, that I yielded myself to him. When the court moved on into Provence, the cardinal took me with him, keeping me always by his side, and giving me very honourable treatment, and loving me better than himself. But when the pope went to Ponte di Sorga my lover accompanied him, and left me behind in Avignon with two waiting-women and an equerry. It was then that one of my brothers, on his return from San Jacopo, arrived in Avignon, and began to search for me; and one Saturday morning, when I had gone to hear mass in the church of Sant Asideri, this brother of mine went thither likewise, taking with him an intimate friend. When his eyes and mine met, he recognized me, and having seized me, bore me away forthwith down to the Rhone, where he had got ready a boat for his own voyage. I was taken on board this, and we did not halt until we reached Arles. Then we travelled by Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, and Corneto, my brother being minded many times during the voyage to cast me into the sea, and this, indeed, he would have done but for his friend, who held him back. While we were together on the boat this gentleman became enamoured of me, and asked me in marriage of my brother, who readily gave consent, and I was willing to take him as my husband. Having come to Viterbo he made me his wife with great rejoicing, and took me to his house, but by the will of Fortune he died a month later, and it is because of his death that I went away; for, he being dead, I was forced to go back to live with my brothers, and I abode with them until lately in great weariness and tribulation. My two sisters-in-law compelled me to be their servant, and for the slightest fault they reproved me, and called me a lewd woman, wherefore I suffered greatly. One day, however, I chanced to see pass a courier bound for Avignon, and to him I gave a letter addressed to Monsignore, in which I set forth all that had befallen me, and told him that if he wished to have me back he had better send for me by some person in whom I could trust. Whereupon he sent the same friar who died at Nice, a worthy man, to whom he promised to give the first bishopric which might fall vacant, if I should be brought safely to Avignon. The friar arrived at Viterbo, and found occasion to speak with me in the church of the





Augustinians, where he showed me a letter under the cardinal's signature and other testimonies, and then we determined what course we should follow. After our plans were set in order, my sisters-in-law and some other ladies and I myself went one day to the baths of Asinella, and when all my companions had gone into the water, I made pretence of going out for a little, and, this done, I withdrew quickly and went into a wood, where the friar was awaiting me. I stripped off my woman's garb, and donned a habit such as friars wear. Then we mounted our horses, which were ready for us, and in about three hours we came to Corneto, where the friar had let prepare a brigantine, upon which we embarked forthwith, and sent back our horses. The sailors put out to sea, and we sailed on till we came to Nice in Provence, the friar being afflicted so sorely with sea-sickness that he died, as you yourself saw—in sooth, he died out of despair that he was unable to take me to the lord cardinal. Now you know who I am, and whither I am bound; wherefore let us have a care to give ourselves a merry time on the road, and cast all trouble to the winds.' And so indeed it was, forasmuch as long as they fared together they took all the joy they were fain of, both at board and in bed, singing and jesting and making the long days seem short through the merriment of their life; indeed, the love between them waxed so mightily that it would be impossible to tell of all the sport they had together, nor was there ever known so genuine a comradeship as theirs. And it chanced, when they arrived at Avignon, that they dismounted at an inn which stood hard by the palace of the cardinal, and when night was come the so-called friar said to the priest, 'Say that you are my cousin, and that you have come hither in my company, and leave the rest to me;' and the priest did as he was directed. Then the lady sent to the cardinal's palace for one of the servants who was named Rubinetto, who, when he had come, straightway saw who the friar really was and rejoiced greatly. Then he ran over to the cardinal, saying, 'Monsignore, Petruccia has come back.' Whereupon the cardinal was hugely pleased, and said, 'See that she be here when I return from the court, and do not fail in this.' The servant brought her woman's attire, and the priest helped to dress her in the same, which indeed sat very jauntily upon her. And though the priest had fallen in love with her when he first beheld her in the friar's habit, he found her a thousandfold more lovable in woman's weeds, and that evening they exchanged a thousand kisses, shedding many tears the while. And in due time the servant came to fetch her, and led her away into the chamber of the cardinal, who, as

soon as he returned, asked the servant whether Petruccia was there, and when he heard that she had come, he ran straightway to the room, and kissed and embraced her a hundred times.

Then she told him the whole adventure, how her brother had taken her away by force, and said, 'For greater safety I brought with me a cousin of mine who is a priest, and he out of regard for you has never left me, but has brought me to you with no small trouble.' The next morning the cardinal sent for the priest and thanked him, and, having made him note down all he had to ask, the cardinal granted him every favour he could wish for; moreover, he gave the priest raiment, and did him the greatest honour what time he abode in Avignon. So great was the love Petruccia had for the priest, that she refrained not by night or by day from commending him to the cardinal, who came to hold him in such high esteem that he promoted him to a leading place in his house. Now it happened that after a time the priest got what he wanted from the court of Avignon, wherefore he determined to return to his home, which thing proved a cruel sorrow to Petruccia, but when she saw he was minded thereto she submitted. The day of his departure she led him to her chest, in which was a casket full of florins, and bade him take as many of these as he would. The priest replied, 'My Petruccia, it is enough for me that I bear away with me your goodwill; that is all I desire; gifts of other kind I have no mind for.' Petruccia, when she saw how warm was the love the priest bore her, drew from her finger a very fine ring, and gave it to him, saying, 'Take this, and wear it for the love of me, and never part with it till you shall find some woman fairer than I am.' The priest answered, 'These are mere words. You had better keep the ring, forasmuch as to my mind there was never yet born a woman more beautiful and lovesome than you.' Then the lady with many tears clasped him round the neck with her arms, and he clasped her, kissing each other often on the mouth and pressing each other's hands. So they said farewell, and the priest, when he had taken his leave of the cardinal, returned to his home, good luck attending him."



NOVEL II.

Ceccolo of Perugia, having wasted all his substance over Isabella, the wife of one Lapo, a Florentine, takes service with Lapo as a page. The craft of the lady in taking her pleasure with Ceccolo, and in making him beat her husband with a stick; and how it fell out that the husband held Ceccolo dearer than ever, notwithstanding.



HE novel being finished, the graceful Saturnina began and said, "My Auretto, what you have told me has pleased me greatly, and I will now tell you a story which, perchance, you may find as diverting as your own—one dealing with a merry device of a certain lover with a lady of Florence, which thing fell out as I will now tell.

There lived once in Florence a very fair lady named Madonna Isabella, the wife of one Lapo, a rich merchant. No other lady of the city was so much admired as Isabella, for she was by far the most beautiful, and the fame of her was spread all through Tuscany, by reason of her loveliness and courtesy and gracious carriage. It chanced that her fame reached the ears of a certain rich youth of Perugia, called Ceccolo di Cola Raspanti. It was moreover told to him how divers gallants jousted to gain her love; wherefore he bought him horses and implements for jousting, and, having clad himself in rich and honourable fashion, and put in his purse money enough, and betaken himself to Florence, he began to scatter his gold and to consort with the young gallants of the city. After a few days had passed, he was seized with desire to behold the lady, and as soon as he saw her he fell in love with her, saying to himself, 'Certes, she is still fairer than I had ever believed she could be.' And then he began to seek her presence, and to pass frequently by her house, and to play and sing to her, and to give banquets and suppers out of the love he had for her, besides frequenting all feasts and weddings where she would likely be present. He jousted and ran courses, and went on horseback, and clad his servants richly, and gave here a garment and there a horse, all for love of her. And thus, while his chattels and his money lasted, he was well looked upon and received everywhere with honour, but every day he sent word home to let sell or pledge some one or other of his goods in order to enable him to go on spending as he had begun. This went on for a time, but

having come to the end of his possessions, he found himself still unable to leave Florence, so great was the love he bore this lady.

Therefore one day he made up his mind, seeing that his means were now all gone, to offer himself to serve as page to the husband of the lady aforesaid. In this he met with the success he hoped for, inasmuch as he found means to engage himself to Lapo, the husband of Madonna Isabella, serving him at table, and accompanying him whithersoever he might go in town or country. And Lapo was well attended and served by him, and held him very dear when he saw how knowing and expert he was. Wherefore Ceccolo remained for some time in Messer Lapo's service.

But it fell out that Ceccolo continued to be still inflamed with love for his lady; wherefore, finding her one day alone, he said to her, 'Madonna, I commend myself to you, inasmuch as, of everything God has created, there is naught I have ever loved and revered so much as yourself, and as to the past you may determine whether this be true or no. For love of you I have spent all I had in the world, and I hold myself most highly favoured that I now stand here as your servant, for thus I can at least enjoy the sight of you.' The lady answered, 'Deem not that I forget all you have done for my sake, but I thought that you took no more thought of me, for of late you have never given me word or sign.' Ceccolo replied that he had done this by way of biding his time, and the lady said, 'Come to my bed this night, and see that you come to the further side thereof; and if I should chance to be sleeping, touch my hand gently, so that Lapo may not hear you. I will leave the door open, and put out the light; wherefore come to me without fear, and trust to me to do the rest.' And to this Ceccolo answered that he would do her bidding.

After nightfall, at the hour appointed by the lady, Ceccolo went and found the chamber door open, and the light extinguished; and, having crept up to the bed on the further side, took hold of the lady's hand. As soon as she was aroused, she took him gently by the arm and holding him tight, said to Lapo, 'Husband, I would fain talk to you of the fidelity of some of your house servants; for this very day Ceccolo came and sought to make dishonest love to me, and I, wishing that you might entrap him, told him that I would meet him to-night in the loggia. Therefore, if you wish to catch him, put on my raiment, and wrap a cloth round your head, and go down to the loggia. There you will certainly find him, for he will come in the hope of meeting me, and you will know that this story is true.' Thereupon Lapo got up and put

on his wife's clothes, and, having gone down to the loggia, lay in wait for Ceccolo. And as soon as he was gone the lady took Ceccolo in her arms, and he returned her embraces, and they took together that delight which he had desired so long, and she likewise, exchanging the sweetest kisses meanwhile. Then the lady said to him, 'You have heard what I told my husband; now go down and rate him soundly, and take a stick with you and thrash him as hard as you can.' Ceccolo answered that she might leave this to him, and then he got up, and, having taken a stick, he went down to the loggia, where he found the good man, who was waiting for him. Ceccolo then cried out, 'Ah! wicked woman that you are, why should you think that I would ever consent to put so foul a wrong upon my master? What I said to you yesterday was said to put you to the proof, and nothing else; but it seems that you are brazen enough to wish to befool your husband, who, forsooth, is the best and worthiest gentleman in the city.' Then he up with the stick which he carried in his hand, and belaboured Lapo over the arms and back, saying, 'If I should ever see you misconducting yourself with anyone, I will tell Lapo thereof, so that he may cut your throat; and if he shrink from such a task, I will do it myself.'

Wherefore the good man stole back into the house, feeling as if every bone in his body were broken; and when he returned to the bed-chamber, his wife asked him how he had fared, and he answered, 'Right badly, forasmuch as I am bruised all over.' Then said the lady, 'Alas, alas! that cheating loon, has he had the hardihood to lay hands on you? May God give him a bad Easter and a bad year!' The husband replied, 'Vex not yourself over this, for I am even better disposed to him than to myself.' The wife said, 'But how can you be so kindly disposed to one who has thrashed you black and blue?' Then she got up and lighted a candle, and had care for Lapo's shoulders and arms, which were all livid from the blows he had received; and the lady, when she beheld them, made believe to weep and lament; but her husband said, 'Be quiet, and let me hear no more of this, for even if he had killed me I should have died content, after hearing what he told me.' The lady went on, 'Certes, he shall stay no longer in this house.' But Lapo replied, 'Take care, as you love your life, that you say not a word of this to him. Furthermore, I bid you let him come into your room, by day and by night, whenever it may please him, for I am convinced that he holds me very dear, and of a surety I will never let him go away, for I believe that a more faithful servant was never born.' The next morning, Lapo, having bidden Ceccolo come to him, said, 'I am minded that this house should be as

your own, and that you enjoy the right to live and die here, and come and go according as you may desire, for I have never had a servant who was so dear to me as you are.' Ceccolo answered, ' You must attribute all that I have done, or may do, to the love I have for you ;' and Lapo said that he was well assured of that. Wherefore Ceccolo lived on in the house for a long time, and he and the lady enjoyed the sweetest delight together, Lapo suspecting naught amiss, and always committing his wife to Ceccolo's care what time he might be away from Florence. Thus these two found good occasion to fulfil all their desires; and, though a chambermaid told Lapo more than once that he was being put to shame by what went on in the house, he refused to believe her, and replied, saying, ' If I were to find him in the very act, I would not believe my eyes.' On this account, Ceccolo and the lady lived pleasantly all the time of their lives, enjoying all the goodly things and happiness of the world."

When Saturnina had made an end of her story, Aurette said, " Certes, I never listened to a more diverting tale than this one. These two lovers were indeed well advised and knew how to play their game. But, as it is now my turn to sing you a song, I will sing one of a lover who had just made peace with his lady." And he sang in this wise :

Blest be the day on which I read me clear
 Forgiveness in the eyes I hold so dear.

Long time had I been stranger to those eyes,
 Those truthful eyes, so sweet, so dearly loved.
 Estranged were we by a false traitor's lies,
 Who to deceive my passion pure was moved;
 Now when I find he hath a traitor proved,
 No heart a lighter load than mine doth bear.

My gentle lord, grant me this single boon :
 If I so long in angry mood have striven,
 That was the fault of this same traitor loon
 Whose slanderous tongue thy love from mine hath riven ;
 Wherefore, I pray thee, hold me now forgiven,
 So thou to me, and I to thee be near.

When in her presence I stood once again,
 Where lonely bloomed erewhile that flower divine,
 She greeted and she gave me roses twain ;
 With dainty vermeil lips she smiled benign.
 I gave her but one loving tender sign.
 We spake no word. I turned and left her there.

When my fair lady had my fault forgiven,
 I lay the faithful slave of her behest,

I loved her boundlessly, she was my heaven,
Where after toil and labour I might rest.
I ever keep her image in my breast;
Her love I prize, her constancy revere.

Go, little song, to this fair flower of nature,
That star above all other stars on high,
And make your prayer to this divinest creature,
That she will let all other swains go by;
She who superior shines in form and feature,
I am her slave, and I her slave will die.

As soon as the song was finished the two lovers took one another by the hand, and with great delight exchanged their words of gratitude, saying that they could have wished the novel might have gone on for ever, seeing that they found their greatest happiness when they were together. Then they said farewell and went their several ways.





The Fourth Day.

NOVEL I.

Giannetto after the death of his father goes to Venice, and is received as a son by Messer Ansaldo, a wealthy merchant. Being taken with desire to see the world, he embarks on a ship and sails to the port of Belmonte. What happened to him in his dealings with a certain widow lady of that place, who had promised to marry any man who should lie with her and have enjoyment of her.



WHEN the two lovers had come on the fourth day back to the convent parlour, their wonted meeting-place, they met with many gracious salutations, and when they had taken each other by the hand and had seated themselves, Saturnina said, "I will tell you a story which shall be the sovereign and queen of all the stories we have told one to the other; and I deem you will get great pleasure from hearing the same.

There was once in Florence, in the house of the Scali, a certain merchant called Bindo, who had sailed many times to Tana, near to Alexandria, and had likewise adventured in those other long voyages which are made for the sake of traffic. This Bindo, who was very rich, had three stalwart sons, and when he lay on his deathbed he bade come to him the eldest and the second born, and in their presence he made his will and left them heirs of all he possessed in the world. But to the youngest he left nothing. When the will was completed, the youngest son, who was called Giannetto, heard tell of the same, and went to his father's bedside and said, 'Father, I am greatly astounded at what you have done, in taking no thought of me in your testament.' The father answered, 'My Giannetto, there is no one living I hold dearer than you, therefore I am not minded that you should tarry here after my death,

but rather that you should betake yourself to Venice to your godfather, who is named Messer Ansaldo. He has no son of his own, and has written to me more than once to send you to him; moreover, I must tell you that he is the richest of all the Christian merchants. Wherefore I desire that you go to him after my death and give him this letter. If you manage your affairs with prudence, you will become a rich man.' The young man answered, 'My father, I am ready to do what you command.' Whereupon the sick man gave him his blessing, and in a few days' time breathed his last. All the sons lamented sorely, and buried their father with due honours.

When a few days had passed the two brothers called Giannetto, and said to him, 'Brother, it is true indeed that our father has made a will leaving us his heirs, and making no mention of you. Nevertheless, you are our brother, and from this time you shall have share in whatever may be left, equally with ourselves.' Giannetto answered, 'I thank you, my brothers, for what you offer, but I have made up my mind to seek my fortune in some other place. On this I am fully determined; wherefore you can take the heritage sanctified and assigned to you.' The brothers, when they saw what his will was, gave him a horse and money for his charges. Giannetto took leave of them, and having journeyed to Venice and gone to the warehouse of Messer Ansaldo, he delivered the letter which his father had handed to him on his deathbed; and Messer Ansaldo, when he had read the same, learned that the young man before him was the son of his dear friend Bindo. As soon as he had read it he straightway embraced Giannetto, saying, 'Welcome, dear godson, whom I have so greatly desired to see.' Then he asked news of Bindo, and Giannetto replied that he was dead; whereupon Ansaldo embraced and kissed him, weeping the while, and said, 'I am sorely grieved over Bindo's death, inasmuch as it was by his aid that I won the greater part of my wealth; but the joy I feel at your presence here is so great that it takes away the sting of my sorrow.' Then he led Giannetto to his house, and gave orders to his workpeople, and those about his person, as well as to his grooms and servants, that they should do service to Giannetto even more zealously than to himself. The first thing he did was to hand over to Giannetto the key of all his ready money, saying, 'My son, spend what you will; buy raiment and shoes to suit your taste; bid the townfolk to dine with you, and make yourself known; for I leave you free to do what you will, and the better you are liked by our citizens the better I shall love you.' So Giannetto began to keep company with the gentlefolk of Venice, to entertain, to give banquets

and presents, to keep servants in livery, and to buy fine horses; moreover, he would joust and tilt, because he was very expert, and magnanimous and courteous in everything he did. He never failed to give honour and respect where they might be due, and he revered Messer Ansaldo as if he had been a hundred times his father. So prudent was his carriage with men of all conditions that he won the goodwill of all the people of Venice, who regarded him as a youth of the greatest intelligence and most delightful manners, and courteous beyond measure; so that all the ladies, and the men as well, seemed in love with him. Messer Ansaldo had no eyes for any but him, so charmed was he with Giannetto's bearing and manners. Nor was any feast ever given to which he was not bidden.

It happened one day that two good friends of his determined to sail for Alexandria with some wares laden in two ships, as was their annual custom. They said to Giannetto, 'You ought to give yourself the pleasure of a voyage with us, in order to see the world, especially Damascus and the parts thereabout.' Giannetto answered, 'In faith I would go willingly, if only Messer Ansaldo would give me leave.' They replied, 'We will see that he does this, be sure of that.' They went forthwith to Messer Ansaldo and said to him, 'We beg you to let Giannetto go with us this spring to Alexandria, and to give him a bark or vessel so that he may see something of the world.' Messer Ansaldo replied that he was willing to let Giannetto do as he liked, and the others assured him that the young man would be well pleased to go. Then Messer Ansaldo let prepare a very fine ship, which he loaded with much merchandise, and supplied with banners and arms and all that was necessary. And when all was in readiness Messer Ansaldo gave orders to the captain and the crew of the ship that they should do whatever Giannetto might direct, and he committed him to their care. 'For,' said he, 'I am not sending him out for the sake of gain, but so that he may see the world as it best pleases him.' When Giannetto went to embark, all Venice came to see him, for it was long time since any ship so fine or so well furnished had left the port; and when he had taken leave of Messer Ansaldo and of his companions he put out to sea and hoisted sail, and steered the course for Alexandria in the name of God and of good fortune.

After these three friends in their three ships had sailed on several days it chanced that early one morning Giannetto caught sight of a certain gulf in which was a very fair port, whereupon he asked the captain what might be the name of the place. The captain replied that

it belonged to a certain lady, a widow, who had brought many to ruin. Giannetto inquired how they had been undone, and the captain replied, 'Messere, this lady is very beautiful, and she has made it a law that, if any stranger lands there, he must needs share her bed, and, if he should have his will of her, that he should have her to wife and be the lord of the town and of all the country round. But if he should fail in his venture, he must lose all he has.' Giannetto meditated for a moment, and then bade the captain land him at the port by some means or other, but the captain cried to him, 'Messere, take care what you do, for many gentlemen have landed there, and every one has been ruined.' But Giannetto said, 'Trouble not yourself about others; do what I tell you.' His command was obeyed; they put the ship about at once and made sail for the port, and those on board the other ships perceived not what was done.

In the harbour the next morning, when the news was spread that a fine ship had come into port, all the people flocked to see her, and it was told likewise to the lady, who forthwith sent for Giannetto. He went to her with all haste and made respectful obeisance; whereupon she took him by the hand and asked who he was, and whence he had come, and whether he knew the custom of the land. Giannetto answered that he did, and that he had come there by reason of this custom alone. The lady said, 'You are welcome a hundredfold,' and all that day she treated him with the greatest honour, and bid come divers counts and barons and knights who were under her rule to keep Giannetto company. All these were mightily pleased with Giannetto's manners and his polished and pleasant and affable presence. Almost everyone felt kindly towards him, and all that day they danced and sang and made merry at the court for the sake of Giannetto, and everyone would have been well content to own him as over-lord.

When evening was come the lady took him by the hand and led him into the bedchamber, and said, 'Meseems it is time for us to go to bed.' Whereto Giannetto made answer, 'Madonna, I am at your commands.' Then two damsels came, one bearing wine and the other sweetmeats, and the lady said, 'Surely you must be thirsty; drink of this wine.' Giannetto took some sweetmeats and drank of the wine, which was drugged to make him sleep, and he unwitting drank half a glass thereof, as it had the taste of good wine. Then he undressed and lay down on the bed, and fell asleep at once. The lady lay down beside him, but he woke not till it was past nine o'clock the next morning. As soon as it was day the lady arose, and made them begin unload the ship,

which was filled with rich and fine merchandise. When nine o'clock had struck the waiting-maid went to the bed where Giannetto lay, and bade him rise and go his way with God's help, forasmuch as he had forfeited his ship and all that was therein. He was greatly ashamed, and conscious that he had fared very ill in his adventure. The lady bade them give him a horse and money for the way; and he, after a sad and doleful journey, arrived at Venice, but he dared not for shame go home. He called by night at the house of one of his friends, who marvelled greatly at the sight of him, and said, 'Alas! Giannetto, what means this?' and Giannetto made answer, 'My ship struck one night upon a rock, and became a wreck, and everything was broken up. One was cast here and another there, and I caught hold of a piece of wood, on which I reached the shore. I returned hither by land, and here I am.'

Giannetto tarried some time in the house of his friend, who went one day to see Messer Ansaldo, and found him in very melancholy mood. Ansaldo said, 'I am so sorely afeared lest this son of mine should be dead, or that he have met some ill fortune at sea, that I can find nor peace nor happiness, so great is my love for him.' The young man answered, 'I can tell you news of him; he has been shipwrecked and has lost everything, but he has escaped with his life.' 'God be praised for this,' said Messer Ansaldo; 'so long as he has saved himself I am contented, and care naught for what he has lost. But where is he?' The young man replied that Giannetto was in his house; whereupon Messer Ansaldo arose forthwith and was fain to go thither, and when he saw Giannetto he ran towards him and embraced him, saying, 'My son, you need feel no shame for what has befallen you, inasmuch as it is no rare thing for a ship to be wrecked at sea. Be not cast down, for, since no hurt has come to you, I can rejoice.' Then he took Giannetto home and cheered him the best he could, and the news spread through Venice, everyone being grieved for the loss which had befallen him.

Before long Giannetto's companions returned from Alexandria, having won great profit from their venture, and as soon as they landed they asked for news of him. When they heard his story they went straightway to greet him, saying, 'How did you leave our company, and where did you go? When we lost sight of you, we turned back on our course for a whole day, but we could neither see aught of your ship nor learn where you had gone. Thus we fell into such grief that, for the whole of our voyage, we knew not what merriment was,



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deeming you to be dead.' Giannetto answered, 'An adverse wind arose in a certain inlet of the sea, which drove my ship on a rock near the shore, and caused her to sink. I barely escaped with my life, and everything I had was lost.' This was the excuse made by Giannetto to conceal his failure, and all his friends made merry with him, thanking God that his life had been spared, and saying, 'Next spring, with God's help, we will earn as much as you have lost this voyage; so let us now enjoy ourselves without giving way to sadness,' and they took their pleasure according to their wont. But Giannetto could not banish the thought of how he might return to that lady, pondering with himself and saying, 'Certes, I must make her my wife or die,' and he could not shake off his sadness. Wherefore Messer Ansaldo besought him often that he should not grieve; for that, with the great wealth he possessed, they could live very well, but Giannetto answered that he could know no rest until he should have once more made that voyage over seas.

When Messer Ansaldo saw what his longing was, he let furnish for him in due time another ship, laden with yet richer cargo than the first, spending in this venture the main portion of his possessions; and the crew, as soon as they had stored the vessel with all that was needful, put out to sea with Giannetto on board, and set sail on the voyage. Giannetto kept constant watch to espy the port where the lady dwelt, which was known as the port of the lady of Belmonte, and, having sailed one night up to the entrance thereof, which was in an arm of the sea, he suddenly recognized it, and bade them turn the sails and steer into it in such fashion that his friends on board the other ships might know naught of what he did. The lady, when she arose in the morning, looked towards the port, where she saw flying the flag of Giannetto's ship, and, having recognized it at once, she called one of her chambermaids and said to her, 'Know you what flag that is?' and the maid replied that it was the ship of the young man who had come there just a year ago, and who had left with them all his possessions to their great satisfaction. Then said the lady, 'It is true what you say, and certes he must be hugely enamoured of me, seeing that I have never known one of these to come back a second time.' The maid said, 'I indeed never saw a more courteous and gracious gentleman than he;' whereupon the lady sent out to Giannetto a troop of grooms and pages, who went joyfully on board the ship. He received them in like spirit, and then went up to the castle and presented himself to the lady.

She, when she met him, embraced him with joy and delight, and he returned her greeting with reverent devotion. All that day they made

merry, for the lady had bid come to her court divers ladies and gentlemen, and these entertained Giannetto joyfully for the love they bore him. The men grieved over the fate which was in store for him, for they would gladly have hailed him as their lord on account of his charm and courtesy, while the women were almost all in love with him when they saw with what dexterity he led the dance, and how he always wore a merry face as if he had been the son of some great lord. When it seemed to her time to retire, the lady took Giannetto by the hand and said, 'Let us go to bed,' and when they had gone into the chamber, and had disposed themselves to rest, two damsels came with wine and sweetmeats, whereof they ate and drank, and then went to bed. Giannetto fell asleep as soon as he lay down; whereupon the lady undressed and placed herself beside him, but he did not awake from sleep all night. As soon as it was day the lady arose and bade them quickly unload the vessel, and when it was nine o'clock Giannetto awoke, but on seeking for the lady he could not find her. Then he lifted up his head and perceived that it was broad day; so he got up, covered with disgrace, and once more they gave him a horse and money for the journey, and said 'Go your way,' and he departed full of shame and sorrow. He journeyed for many days without halt till he came to Venice, and there he went by night to the house of his friend, who, when he saw him, was hugely amazed and said, 'Alas! and what can this mean?' Giannetto replied, 'I am in evil case. Accursed be the fortune which led me into that land!' His friend replied, 'Certes, you may well miscall your fortune, since you have ruined Messer Ansaldo, the greatest and the richest of our Christian merchants; but still your shame is worse than his loss.'

Giannetto lay hid some days in his friend's house, knowing not what to say or do, and almost minded to return to Florence without speaking a word to Messer Ansaldo; but at last he determined to seek him, and when Ansaldo beheld him he arose and ran to him and embraced him, saying, 'Welcome to you, my son,' and Giannetto embraced him, weeping the while. Then, when he had learnt all, Messer Ansaldo said, 'Listen to me, Giannetto, and give over grieving; for, as long as I have you back again, I am contented. We still have enough to allow us to live in modest fashion. The sea is always wont to give to one and to take from another.' It was soon noised abroad in Venice what had happened, and all men were much grieved over the loss which Messer Ansaldo had suffered, for he was obliged to sell many of his chattels in order to pay the creditors who had supplied him with goods.

It happened that the adventurers who had set sail with Giannetto returned from Alexandria with great profit, and as soon as they landed they heard how Giannetto had come back broken in fortune; wherefore they were greatly amazed and said, 'This is the strangest matter that ever was.' Then they went with great laughter and merriment to Messer Ansaldo and Giannetto and said, 'Messere, be not cast down, for we have settled to go next year to trade on your account, seeing that we have been in a way the cause of your loss, in that we persuaded Giannetto to go with us. Fear nothing, for as long as we have anything you may treat it as your own.' On this account Messer Ansaldo thanked them, and said that he had as yet enough left to give him sustenance.

But it came to pass that Giannetto, pondering these matters day and night, could not shake off his sorrow; wherefore Messer Ansaldo demanded to know what ailed him, and Giannetto answered, 'I shall never know content till I have regained you what I have lost.' Messer Ansaldo answered, 'My son, I would not that you should leave me again, for it will be better for us to live modestly on what is left to us than for you to put aught else to hazard.' Giannetto said, 'I am determined to do all I can, forasmuch as I should hold myself to be in most shameful case were I to bide here in this fashion.' Then Messer Ansaldo, seeing that his mind was set thereon, made provision to sell all that he had left in the world, and to equip for him another vessel; and, after he had sold everything, so that he had naught left, he loaded a fine vessel with merchandise, and, because he wanted yet ten thousand ducats to complete his venture, he went to a certain Jew of Mestri, with whom he made an agreement that, if he should not repay the debt by Saint John's day in the June following, the Jew should have the right to take a pound of his flesh, and to cut the same from what place so ever he listed. Messer Ansaldo having duly agreed, and the Jew having drawn up a binding document with witnesses, using all the precautions and formalities which the occasion demanded, the ten thousand gold ducats were handed over, and with the same Messer Ansaldo supplied all that was wanting in the ship's cargo. In sooth, if the other two vessels had been fine and fair, this third was much richer and better furnished. In like manner Giannetto's friends fitted out their vessels, with the intention of giving to him whatever they might gain by traffic.

When the day of departure had come and they were about to sail, Messer Ansaldo said to Giannetto, 'My son, you are going away, and

you see with what bond I am bound. One favour I beg of you, which is, that if perchance you should again miscarry, you will return hither, so that I may see you again before I die; then I shall be content to depart;' and Giannetto answered that he would do all things which himseemed were agreeable to Messer Ansaldo's wishes. Then Ansaldo gave him his blessing, and, having taken leave, they set sail on their voyage. The two friends who sailed with Giannetto kept good watch over his ship, while he thought of nothing else than how he might again drop into the harbour of Belmonte. Indeed, he gained over to his interests one of the steersmen so completely that he caused the vessel to be brought one night into the port of the lady's city. When in the morning the light grew clear, his two friends in the other two ships conferred and deliberated, and, since they saw nothing of Giannetto's ship, they said one to the other, 'In sooth, this is an evil turn for him,' and then they kept on their course, wondering greatly the while. When the vessel entered the port all the people of the city ran to see her, and when they learned that it was Giannetto come once again they marvelled amain, saying, 'Certes, he must be the son of some great prince, seeing that he comes hither every year with such a fine ship and such great store of merchandise. Would to God that he were our ruler!' Then all the chief men and the barons and cavaliers of the land went to visit Giannetto, and word was carried to the lady how he was once more in the port. Whereupon she went to the window of the palace, and, as soon as she espied the fine vessel and the banner thereof, she made the sign of the holy cross and said, 'Of a surety this is a great day for me, for it is the same gentleman who has already brought such wealth into the land.' And she forthwith sent for Giannetto.

He repaired to her presence, and they embraced one another and exchanged greetings and reverence, and then the people set themselves to make merry all that day, and, for the love they had for Giannetto, they held a stately jousting, many barons and cavaliers running a course. Giannetto also was minded to show his skill, and indeed he wrought such marvellous deeds, and showed such great prowess both with his arms and his horse, and won so completely the favour of the barons, that they all desired to have him to rule over them. And when evening had come, and it was time to retire, the lady took Giannetto by the hand and said, 'Let us go to bed.' When they came to the chamber door one of the lady's waiting-women, who had pity for Giannetto, put her lips close to his ear and said in a whisper, 'Make a show of drinking the wine, but taste it not.' Giannetto caught the meaning of her

words, and entered the room with the lady, who said, 'I am sure you must be athirst; wherefore I will that you take a draught before you lie down to sleep.' Straightway came two damsels, who were as fair as angels, bearing wine and sweetmeats according to their wont, and making ready the draught. Then said Giannetto, 'Who could refuse to drink with cupbearers so lovely as these?' The lady laughed, and Giannetto took the cup and feigned to drink therefrom, but he poured the wine down into his breast. The lady however believed that he had indeed drunk of the same, and said to herself, 'Thou wilt sail here again with another ship, for thou hast lost the one in the port.'

Giannetto got into bed and found himself with his wits clear and full of desire, and the time that sped before the lady came to his side seemed a thousand years. He said to himself, 'Certes, I have caught her this time, and she shall no longer have reason to think of me as a glutton and a toper.' And, in order to let her come the quicker to bed, he began to snore and to feign to be sleeping. When the lady saw this she said, 'All is well,' and quickly undressed herself and lay down beside Giannetto, who lost no time, but, as soon as the lady was under the sheets, he turned to her and embraced her, saying, 'Now I have that which I have so long desired,' and with these words he gave her the greeting of holy matrimony, and all that night she lay in his arms; wherefore she was well content. The next morning she arose before dawn, and let summon all the barons and cavaliers and many of the citizens, and said to them, 'Giannetto is your lord; so let us make merry,' and at these words there went a shout through all the land, 'Long live 'our lord, Giannetto!' The bells and the musical instruments gave notice of the feast, and word was sent to divers barons and counts who dwelt far from the city bidding them come and see their ruler. There were merrymakings and feastings many and sumptuous, and when Giannetto came forth from the chamber they made him a cavalier and set him upon the throne, giving him a wand to hold in his hand, and proclaiming him lord with much state and rejoicing.

When all the barons and ladies of the land were come to court, Giannetto took to wife the lady with rejoicings and delights so great that they can neither be described nor imagined. For at this time all the barons and nobles of the country came to the feast, and there was no lack of merry jesting, and jousting, and sword-play, and dancing, and singing, and music, and all the other sports appertaining to jollity and rejoicing. Messer Giannetto, like a high-spirited gentleman, made presents of silken stuffs and of other rich wares which he had brought

with him. He was a strong ruler, and made himself respected by the equal justice he maintained towards men of all classes. Thus he lived his life in joy and gladness, and gave no thought to Messer Ansaldo, who, luckless wight as he was, remained a living pledge for the ten thousand ducats which he had borrowed from the Jew.

One day Messer Giannetto, standing with his wife at the window of the palace, saw, passing through the piazza, a band of men bearing lighted torches in their hands, as if they were going to make some offering. Giannetto inquired of her what this might mean; whereupon she replied that it was a company of craftsmen going to pay their vows at the church of San Giovanni on the festival of the saint. Messer Giannetto then remembered Messer Ansaldo, and, having gone away from the window, he sighed deeply and became grave of countenance, and walked up and down the hall thinking over what he had just seen. The lady asked what ailed him, and he replied that nothing was amiss; but she began to question him, saying, 'Certes, you are troubled with something you are loth to tell me,' and she spake so much on the matter that at last Messer Giannetto told her how Messer Ansaldo was held in pledge for ten thousand ducats, and that the time for repayment expired this very day. 'Wherefore,' he said, 'I am smitten with great sorrow that my father should have to die for me; for unless his debt shall be repaid to-day, he is bound to have cut from his body a pound of flesh.' The lady said, 'Messere, mount your horse quickly, and travel thither by land, for you can travel more speedily thus than by sea. Take what following you wish, and a hundred thousand ducats to boot, and halt not till you shall be come to Venice. Then, if your father be still living, bring him back here with you.' Whereupon Giannetto let the trumpets sound forthwith, and, having mounted with twenty companions and taken money enough, he set out for Venice.

When the time set forth in the bond had expired, the Jew caused Messer Ansaldo to be seized, and then he declared he meant to cut away from his debtor the pound of flesh. But Messer Ansaldo begged him to let him live a few days longer, so that, in case Giannetto should return, he might at least see his son once more. The Jew replied that he was willing to grant this favour, as far as the respite was concerned, but that he was determined to have his pound of flesh according to his agreement, though a hundred Giannettos should come; and Messer Ansaldo declared that he was content. All the people of Venice were talking of this matter, everyone being grieved thereanent, and divers traders made a partnership together to pay the money, but the Jew would not

take it, being minded rather to do this bloody deed, so that he might boast that he had slain the chief of the Christian merchants. Now it happened that, after Messer Giannetto set forth eagerly for Venice, his wife followed immediately behind him clad in legal garb and taking two servants with her.

When Messer Giannetto had come to Venice he went to the Jew's house, and, having joyfully embraced Messer Ansaldo, he next turned to the Jew, and said he was ready to pay the money that was due, and as much more as he cared to demand. But the Jew made answer that he wanted not the money, since it had not been paid in due time, but that he desired to cut his pound of flesh from Ansaldo. Over this matter there arose great debate, and everyone condemned the Jew; but, seeing that equitable law ruled in Venice, and that the Jew's contract was fully set forth and in customary legal form, no one could deny him his rights; all they could do was to entreat his mercy.

On this account all the Venetian merchants came there to entreat the Jew, but he grew harder than before, and then Messer Giannetto offered to give him twenty thousand, but he would not take them; then he advanced his offer to thirty, then to forty, then to fifty, and finally to a hundred thousand ducats. Then the Jew said, 'See how this thing stands! If you were to offer me more ducats than the whole city of Venice is worth, I would not take them. I would rather have what this bond says is my due.' And while this dispute was going on there arrived in Venice the lady of Belmonte, clad as a doctor of laws. She took lodging at an inn, the host of which inquired of one of her servants who this gentleman might be. The servant, who had been instructed by the lady as to what reply he should make to a question of this sort, replied that his master was a doctor of laws who was returning home after a course of study at Bologna. The host when he heard this did them great reverence, and while the doctor of laws sat at table he inquired of the host in what fashion the city of Venice was governed; whereupon the host replied, 'Messere, we make too much of justice here.' When the doctor inquired how this could be, the host went on to say, 'I will tell you how, Messere. Once there came hither from Florence a youth whose name was Giannetto. He came to reside with his godfather, who was called Messer Ansaldo, and so gracious and courteous did he show himself to everyone, that all the ladies of Venice, and the gentlemen as well, held him very dear. Never before had there come to our city so seemly a youth. Now this godfather of his fitted out for him, on three different occasions, three ships, all of great value, and

every time disaster befell his venture. But for the equipment of the last ship Messer Ansaldo had not money enough, so he had perforce to borrow ten thousand ducats of a certain Jew upon these terms, to wit, that if by the day of San Giovanni in the following June he should not have repaid the debt, the Jew aforesaid should be free to cut away, from whatever part of his body he would, a pound of flesh. Now this much-desired youth has returned from his last voyage, and, in lieu of the ten thousand ducats, has offered to give a hundred thousand, but this villainous Jew will not accept them ; so all our excellent citizens are come hither to entreat him, but all their prayers profit nothing.' The doctor said, 'This is an easy question to settle.' Then cried the host, 'If you will only take the trouble to bring it to an end, without letting this good man die, you will win the love and gratitude of the most worthy young man that ever was born, and besides this the goodwill of every citizen of our state.'

After hearing these words of the host the doctor let publish a notice through all the state of Venice, setting forth how all those with any question of law to settle should repair to him. The report having come to the ears of Messer Giannetto that there was come from Bologna a doctor of laws who was ready to settle the rights and wrongs of every dispute, he went to the Jew and suggested that they should go before the doctor aforesaid, and the Jew agreed, saying at the same time that, come what might, he would demand the right to do all that his bond allowed him. When they came before the doctor of laws, and gave him due salutation, he recognized Messer Giannetto, who meantime knew not the doctor to be his wife, because her face was stained with a certain herb. Messer Giannetto and the Jew spake their several pleas, and set the question fully in order before the doctor, who took up the bond and read it, and then said to the Jew, 'I desire that you now take these hundred thousand ducats, and let go free this good man, who will ever be bound to you by gratitude.' The Jew replied, 'I will do naught of this.' Whereupon the doctor persuaded him again thereto, saying it would be the better course for him, but the Jew would not consent. Then they agreed to go to the proper court for such affairs, and the doctor, speaking on behalf of Messer Ansaldo, said, 'Let the merchant be brought here,' and they fetched him forthwith, and the doctor said, 'Now take your pound of flesh where you will, and do your work.'

Then the Jew made Messer Ansaldo strip himself, and took in his hand a razor which he had brought for the purpose ; whereupon Messer Giannetto turned to the doctor and said, 'Messere, this is not the thing

I begged you to do.' But the doctor bade him take heart, for the Jew had not yet cut off his pound of flesh. As the Jew approached, the doctor said, 'Take care what you do; for, if you cut away more or less than a pound of flesh, you shall lose your own head; and I tell you, moreover, that if you let flow a single drop of blood, you shall die, for the reason that your bond says naught as to the shedding of blood. It simply gives you the right to take a pound of flesh, and says neither less nor more. Now, if you are a wise man, you will consider well which may be the best way to compass this task.' Then the doctor bade them summon the executioner, and fetch likewise the axe and the block; and he said to the Jew, 'As soon as I see the first drop of blood flow, I will have your head stricken off.' Hereupon the Jew began to be afeared, and Messer Giannetto to take heart; and, after much fresh argument, the Jew said, 'Messer doctor, you have greater wit in these affairs than I have; so now give me those hundred thousand ducats, and I will be satisfied.' But the doctor replied that he might take his pound of flesh, as his bond said, for he should not be allowed a single piece of money now; he should have taken it when it was offered to him. Then the Jew came to ninety, and then to eighty thousand, but the doctor stood firmer than ever to his word. Messer Giannetto spake to the doctor, saying, 'Give him what he asks, so that he lets Messer Ansaldo go free.' But the doctor replied that the settlement of the question had better be left to himself. The Jew now cried out that he would take fifty thousand; but the doctor answered, 'I would not give you the meanest coin you ever had in your pouch.' The Jew went on, 'Give me at least the ten thousand ducats that are my own, and cursed be heaven and earth!' Then said the doctor, 'Do you not understand that you will get nothing at all? If you are minded to take what is yours, take it; if not, I will protest, and cause your bond to be annulled.'

At these words all those who were assembled rejoiced exceedingly, and began to put flouts and jests upon the Jew, saying, 'This fellow thought to play a trick, and see he is tricked himself.' Then the Jew, seeing that he could not have his will, took his bonds and cut them in pieces in his rage; whereupon Messer Ansaldo was at once set free and led with the greatest rejoicing to Messer Giannetto's house. Next Giannetto took the hundred thousand ducats and went to the doctor, whom he found in his chamber making ready to depart, and said, 'Messere, you have done me the greatest service I have ever known, and for this reason I would that you take with you this money, which, certes, you have well earned.' The doctor replied, 'Messer Giannetto,

I thank you heartily ; but as I have no need of the money, keep it yourself, so that your wife may not charge you with wasting your substance.' Messer Giannetto answered, 'By my faith, she is so generous and kindly and good, that, even were I to lavish four times the money I have here, she would not complain ; in sooth, she was fain that I should take with me a much greater sum than this.' The doctor inquired whether Giannetto were contented with this wife of his, and Giannetto replied, 'There is no one God ever made who is so dear to me as she is ; she is so prudent and so fair that nature could not possibly excel her. Now, if you will do me the favour to come and visit me, and see her, I trow you will be amazed at the honourable reception she will give you, and you can see for yourself whether or not she is all that I now tell you.' The doctor of laws replied, 'I cannot visit you as you desire, seeing that I have other business in hand ; but, since you tell me that your wife is so virtuous a lady, salute her on my behalf when you see her.' Messer Giannetto declared that he would not fail to do this, but he still urged the doctor to accept the money as a gift.

While they were thus debating the doctor espied upon Messer Giannetto's hand a ring, and said, 'I would fain have that ring of yours, but money of any sort I will not take.' Messer Giannetto answered, 'It shall be as you wish, but I give you this ring somewhat unwillingly, for my wife gave me the same, saying that I must always keep it out of love for her. Now, were she to see me without the ring, she would deem that I had given it to some other woman, and would be wroth with me, and believe I had fallen in love elsewhere, but in sooth I love her better than I love myself.' The doctor replied, 'Certes, if she loves you as much as you say, she will believe you when you tell her that you gave it to me. But perchance you want to give it to some old sweetheart of yours here in Venice.' Messer Giannetto answered, 'So great are the love and the trust I have for her, that there is not a lady in the world for whom I would exchange her, so consummately fair is she in every sense,' and with these words he drew from his finger the ring, which he gave to the doctor, and they embraced each other, saluting with due respect. The doctor asked Messer Giannetto if he would grant him a favour, and being answered in the affirmative, he went on to say, 'I would that you tarry not here, but go straight-way home to your wife.' Messer Giannetto declared that the time yet to elapse before meeting her would be as long to him as a thousand years, and in this wise they took leave of one another.

The doctor embarked and went his way, while Messer Giannetto let

celebrate divers banquets, and gave horses and money to his companions, and the merrymaking went on for several days. He kept open house, and at last he bade farewell to the Venetians, and took Messer Ansaldo with him, many of his old friends accompanying them on their voyage. Well nigh all the gentlemen and the ladies shed tears over his departure, so gracious had been his carriage with everyone what time he had abode in Venice, and thus he departed and returned to Belmonte. It happened that his wife had come there some days before, having given out that she had been away at the baths, and had once more put on woman's garb. Now she prepared great feastings, and hung all the streets with silk, and bade divers companies of men-at-arms array themselves; so when Messer Giannetto and Messer Ansaldo arrived all the barons and the courtiers met them, crying out, 'Long live our lord!' When they had landed the lady ran to embrace Messer Ansaldo, but with Messer Giannetto she seemed somewhat angered, albeit she held him dearer than her own self. And they made high festival with jousting, and sword-play, and dancing, and singing, in which all the barons and ladies present at the court took part.

When Messer Giannetto perceived that his wife did not welcome him with that good humour which was her wont, he went into the chamber, and, having called her, asked her what was amiss, and offered to embrace her; but she said, 'I want no caresses of yours, for I am well assured that you have met some old sweetheart of yours at Venice.' Messer Giannetto began to protest; whereupon the lady cried, 'Where is the ring I gave you?' Messer Giannetto answered, 'That which I thought would happen has indeed come to pass, for I said you must needs think evil of what I did; but I swear to you, by the faith I have in God and in yourself, that I gave the ring to that doctor of laws who helped me win the suit against the Jew.' The lady said, 'And I swear to you, by the faith I have in God and in you, that you gave it to a woman. I am sure of this, and you are not ashamed to swear as you have sworn.' Messer Giannetto went on, 'I pray that God may strike me dead if I do not speak the truth; moreover, I spake as I told you to the doctor when he begged the ring of me.' The lady replied, 'You had better abide henceforth in Venice, and leave Messer Ansaldo here, while you take your pleasure with your wantons; in sooth, I hear they all wept when you left them.' Messer Giannetto burst into tears, and, greatly troubled, cried out, 'You swear to what is not and cannot be true;' whereupon the lady, perceiving from his tears that she had struck a knife into his heart, quickly ran to him and embraced him, laughing heartily the while. She showed

him the ring, and told him everything : what he had said to the doctor of laws ; how she herself was that same doctor, and in what wise he had given her the ring. Thereupon Messer Giannetto was mightily astonished; and, when he saw that it was all true, he made merry thereanent. When he went forth from the chamber he told the story to all the barons and to his friends about the court, and from this adventure the love between this pair became greater than ever. And afterwards Messer Giannetto let summon that same waiting-woman who had counselled him not to drink the wine, and gave her in marriage to Messer Ansaldo, and they all lived together in joy and feasting as long as their lives lasted."

NOVEL II.

Count Aldobrandino, a man advanced in years, in order to get to wife the daughter of Carsivalo, induces her father to proclaim a tournament, with the damsel as the first prize thereof. How he proved the victor in the same and won the lady.



WHEN Saturnina's novel had come to an end, Frate Aurette began and said, "Certes, your story is one of the finest I ever listened to, and it may well be adjudged the prize as the best that has yet been told. Nevertheless, I would fain tell you one of my own, which perchance may please you, albeit my power of invention and narrative falls greatly short of yours.

Not a great time ago there dwelt in Provence a gentleman who was lord of several villages, and called by name Carsivalo. He was worthy, and of good understanding, and held in much affection and honour by the other lords and barons of the country, for the reason that he was of old and noble lineage, being descended from the house of Balzo in Provence. He had one daughter, whose name was Lisetta, and she was the fairest and most excellent lady in the whole of Provence. Many lords and counts and barons sought to win her in marriage, all of whom were young and gallant and goodly in person; but Carsivalo said them all nay, and was not minded to give his daughter to any one of them. It happened that there dwelt in the country a certain count, who was the lord of Venisi and of all its towns and villages, named Count Aldobrandino. He was an old man, more than seventy years of age, blessed with neither wife nor child, and so rich withal that his purse

seemed to have no bottom. Now when Count Aldobrandino heard of the beauty of Carsivalo's daughter, he became enamoured of her, and desired greatly to have her to wife, but he was kept back by bashfulness from asking for her, because he was an old man, and because he knew that so many mettlesome youths had besought her without success. Nevertheless, he was consumed with the desire to possess her, but could find no method of compassing his end.

One day he let prepare an entertainment, and it happened by chance that Carsivalo, as his friend and loyal follower, went to the feast to pay his respects. The count received him with much honour, bestowing upon him horses and hawks and hounds, and many things beside, and likewise determined in friendly fashion to ask of him his daughter; and one day, when they were in a room together, the count began with very gracious speech and said, 'My Carsivalo, I will tell you what I have in my mind without any prelude, for I deem that to you I may speak whatsoever I will. Let it be understood that there is one matter over which I am somewhat abashed, and one only, what though I have often observed that the leek, which lives underground, waxes and decays as regards its outward stalk, and always keeps green itself. But, be this as it may, I now declare to you that, with your good pleasure, I am fain to have your daughter to wife.' Carsivalo answered, 'In good faith, my lord, I would willingly give her to you, but it might prove a source of great trouble to me, considering how many suitors have already sought her, all of them young men of eighteen or twenty, for all of these might become your enemies. And then her mother and her brothers and my other kinsfolk might be ill content, and perhaps the damsel herself might not approve of you, seeing that she has had her choice of others of fresher age.' The count answered, 'My Carsivalo, you speak truly, but you may tell her that she shall be the mistress of everything I have in the world, inasmuch as I desire that you and I together may find a way of success.' The other replied, 'I am well content; but let us think the matter over to-night, and to-morrow let us exchange our views.' And so it was settled.

The count slept not at all that night, but he devised a most excellent scheme for the furtherance of his design, and, when it was morning, he called his guest and said, 'I have hit upon a plan which will supply you with a capital pretext, and at the same time do you honour.' Carsivalo inquired what this plan might be, and the count replied, 'You must proclaim a tournament, and send word to all such as would have your daughter to wife, to come thither on a certain

day ; then he who may be adjudged conqueror shall win her hand. Leave all else to me, for I will contrive to be the winner by a method which will gain the approval of all men.' Carsivalo answered that he was satisfied, and then departed and went home ; and, when he came there, he called his wife and others of his friends and kinsfolk, and said, 'It would seem now to be full time to marry Lisetta. What plan would you adopt, taking due account of the many suitors who have come here, all of whom are our friends and neighbours ? If we do not give her to this or that, but to the other, the rejected ones will become our foes because of wrath, and will say "Are we not as good as he ?" So in lieu of gaining friends we should make enemies. Wherefore it seems fitting that we should proclaim this spring a tournament, at which whosoever shall be the conqueror shall win our daughter and good luck with her.' The mother and all the rest answered that they were well satisfied with this suggestion, which was duly carried out.

Carsivalo let notice of the tournament be published abroad, proclaiming that anyone who might wish to have his daughter to wife should repair on the calends of May to a jousting match to be holden at the city of Marseilles, and that the conqueror therein should win his daughter also. When he heard this the Count Aldobrandino sent to the King of France, begging the services of the boldest squire of arms in the country. The king, bearing in mind that the count had always been a faithful vassal of the crown, and was even akin to him, sent to him a certain squire whom he had trained from childhood, Ricciardo by name, and a scion of the family of Mont Albano, formerly a noble and a valiant house. Him the king commanded to do whatsoever the Count Aldobrandino might require. When this youth arrived the count gave him honourable reception, and then told him the whole story, and why he had sent for him. Ricciardo said, 'I received a command from the king to do whatsoever you might bid me ; wherefore give your orders, and I will carry them out in gallant fashion.' The count went on, 'I have let prepare in Marseilles a tournament in which I am minded that you should be the victor. Afterwards I will take the field and fight with you, when you must suffer me to overthrow you. Then I shall be adjudged the conqueror of the jousts.' Ricciardo replied that he was ready to assent to this ; wherefore the count kept him hidden until the day of the tournament, and then he told him to take what arms he liked and go to Marseilles, and make pretence of being a knight errant with money and horses to his taste, and a man of valour to boot. Ricciardo bade the count leave all this

to him, and, having gone to the stables, he beheld amongst the other horses a certain one which had not been ridden for several months past. This he mounted at once, and chose certain followers according to his liking, and then set out for Marseilles, where they were making mighty preparations for the tournament ensuing.

Many young gallants were assembled for the jousting, and fortunate was he who was able to make the most seemly and honourable appearance there. With the sound of trumpets and pipes, it seemed as if the whole world were full of music. A large space was enclosed with palisades to serve as the tilting-ground, with many balconies round about, where lords and ladies and damsels took their station to behold the spectacle. On the calends of May there came that gracious damsel, Lisetta by name, who shone amongst the others like a sun, so fair and seemly was her carriage in every way; and likewise all those who were fain to have her to wife came to the tournament with guise and devices of various kinds, and dealt one another the shrewdest blows. Ricciardo also was there, mounted on his charger, and he made every joust give way to him. The tournament lasted nearly all day, and in every course Ricciardo was the victor, seeing that he was better versed in the use of arms than any of the others, attacking with spirit, defending himself skilfully, and turning rapidly like one accustomed to such sport. Wherefore men asked each other who this might be, and the word went round that he was an outlander who had come to the jousting. Thus he remained the master of the field, for all the others were overthrown, and left the ground, some this way and some that, not being able to stand against his doughty blows.

But in a short time Count Aldobrandino entered the field fully armed, and sounded his challenge and fell upon Ricciardo, who returned his assault. After exchanging divers strokes Ricciardo, as he had agreed, suffered himself to be beaten down, and made no more fight, what though he was ill content with his part, seeing that he, too, had fallen in love with Lisetta; but he was forced to observe the bidding of the king, and bound likewise to do what Count Aldobrandino wished. After the count had gained the final victory, and had ridden round the lists sword in hand, all his squires and barons went to meet him with great rejoicing; and when he removed his helmet and disclosed his face, all present marvelled greatly, and the lady Lisetta especially. And in this wise he won to wife the daughter of Carsivalo, and took her home with great joy and merrymaking. After this Ricciardo returned to France, and when the king asked him how he had fared, he answered, ' Sacred

Majesty, I come from a tournament at which this count of yours played me a very scurvy trick.' The king asked how, and Ricciardo went on to tell how the count had made him a go-between, and described all that had happened, whereat the king marvelled greatly. But Ricciardo said, 'My lord, wonder not at what has come to pass; wonder rather that I should have acted such a part, for in sooth I never before did any deed which caused me so great grief as this, so incomparably fair is the lady whom Count Aldobrandino has won by his crafty scheming.' The king, when he heard the story, was silent a little space, and then said, 'Keep a good heart, Ricciardo; for this tournament shall prove to be your making. Be satisfied with this.'

Shortly afterwards it happened that Count Aldobrandino died without offspring; whereupon Madonna Lisetta being left a widow, her father took her back to his house, but he gave her neither word nor caress according to his wont. For this cause the young lady began to marvel amain in her mind, and when at last she could endure no longer, she said to her father one day, 'Father, I wonder much at your treatment of me, considering that I was at one time as dear to you as the eye in your head, and that you held me in greater love than any of your other children. Moreover, whenever you chanced to behold me you rejoiced at heart, that is, while I was a maid. But now, for some reason I know not, it seems that you cannot bear the sight of me.' Her father answered, 'There is less reason for you to wonder at me, than for me to wonder at you; because I always deemed you were of good understanding, seeing clearly the reason and design I had in marrying you to your husband, to wit, that you might have children, and remain after his death the mistress of all his wealth. For this reason I compassed your marriage, and for no other.' The daughter answered, 'I did all that lay in my power.' Her father said, 'How was it that there was not in the household some cavalier or knight or varlet by whom this business might have been done?' Whereto the daughter answered, 'Father, trouble not yourself over this; for I can assure you that there is no cavalier or knight or varlet in the house to whom I have not spoken thereanent, but no one would believe me.' When the father heard this witty reply, he laughed and said, 'I am quite satisfied, and I promise to give you so feat a husband that you shall be put to no trouble in seeking service from any other but him, and leave all to me.'

It chanced that the whole of the estate of Count Aldobrandino devolved upon the King of France, who, calling to mind the prowess and the knightly courtesy which Ricciardo had displayed, sent at once word

into Provence that it was his pleasure that Carsivalo should give his daughter in marriage to a certain squire of his own, who ought in all reason to be her husband. Carsivalo forthwith understood the meaning of this, and sent answer that he would do whatsoever the king might please to command. Whereupon the king, having taken horse with a great following of barons, travelled into Provence, taking with him Ricciardo, whom he mated with Lisetta, so that she became his wife. Next he created Ricciardo a count, granting to him all the heritage of Aldobrandino; and this match gave pleasure to all those round about, and especially to Ricciardo. Moreover, there was no longer any particle of need for the countess to go seeking the good offices of squires and varlets, seeing that both she and Ricciardo were young and vigorous and well set for sprightly diversion. Wherefore they lived many years together in happiness and jollity."

When the novel was finished Saturnina said, "As it is now my turn to speak, I will sing you a canzonet, which I trow you will understand from the words thereof better than by any saying or picture of mine." And she sang in this wise :

Dearer than life art thou, yet shall I find
Grace in thy sight, thou flower of womankind ?

When the love-kindling fire darts from thine eyes,
And droops my heart as droops the sun-smit flower,
And I no place can find to spend my sighs.
Then of thy radiant glance I feel the power
Within my heart, like to the snow-flake shower,
Like manna sweet borne on the balmy wind.

Dost thou forget, with what desire intense
I ever brought thee faith and loyalty,
Hoping to find in thee some recompense,
And gave my heart and soul alike to thee?
This thou, with thy clear wisdom, sure wilt see;
I'll rate thee ill, unless thy words be kind.

Well dost thou know what balm of ecstasy
Thy voice can bring my weary soul unto.
When thou, without reserve, shalt whisper me,
"Sir, I will take thee for my lover true."
Therefore forget not, lady, to renew
The contract which thy heart and eyes have signed.

Such faith I have kept, and with thee still keep,
Which every loyal heart is bound to hold.
For now I trow my guerdon I shall reap,
What time thy loving arms shall me enfold,

But more such pain to bear I am not bold,
Unless thy favour be to me inclined.

Go, little song, to her who keeps my heart,
The queen unquestioned of my soul and fate,
And bid my lady, on her servant's part,
To let her kindness on her suppliant wait,
And show some pity on his woeful state,
For to her yoke he is, and will be aye resigned.

When the canzonet had come to an end the lovers clasped hands, declaring mutually that these meetings were the great delight and solace of their lives, by reason of the sweet and pleasant discourse which they held one with the other. Then they bade farewell and departed.





The Fifth Day.

NOVEL I.

Chello and Janni of Velletri feign to be soothsayers, in order to cast shame upon the Roman people. They are received by Crassus at the state palace, and they dig up for him certain pieces of money which they had hidden in divers places. They next declare that under the tower of the palace of the tribunes is hidden a vast treasure. Crassus causes the same to be mined and underpinned; and the soothsayers kindle a fire there. Then they quit Rome, and the next morning the tower falls, with great slaughter of the Roman people.

WHEN on the fifth day the two lovers returned to their wonted place of meeting, Frate Aurette began and said, "As it is my turn to discourse, I am minded that we should cease telling of love, and concern ourselves for a little with themes dealing rather with manners and history. These things, indeed, are better worth narrating and more profitable; wherefore I will tell you a story of Rome, which is this.

In the city of Rome there lived formerly a very noble citizen, Crassus by name, who, according to the account given in Titus Livius his history, was the most avaricious man the world ever saw, forasmuch as there was nothing he would not have done or sanctioned for the sake of money. It happened that during a quarrel which had continued for many years with discord and bloodshed between the Romans and the people of Velletri, a place some fifteen miles distant, two men of Velletri resolved to set to work to bring shame and injury upon the Roman people. First they let assemble the council of Velletri, and announced how they were ready to work great loss and disgrace to the Romans, but they asked to have handed over to them fifty thousand

florins, declaring that, should they not accomplish their task, they would pay back a hundred thousand; whereupon the council of Velletri resolved to give these men what they demanded. The fifty thousand florins were given to them, with the request that they should go and let their deeds match their valorous promises.

Then these two adventurers, whose names were Chello and Janni, took the money, and, having embarked on the sea, went to Pisa, where they bought four horses and clothed themselves in strange garments. Moreover, by letting their beards grow and staining their faces with herbs, they altered their seeming so greatly that no one would have known them. Having hired two servants and instructed them to answer, should anyone demand to know who their employers might be, that they were soothsayers from a foreign land, they went on to Rome. They did not draw rein till they reached the city, and they secretly buried in certain places outside the walls much of their money, six thousand florins in one place, ten in another, and twenty in another, each portion being enclosed in vessels of copper, made in ancient fashion. Then they began to show themselves about the house of Crassus. And when the people saw the strange garb and the seemly carriage of the two, they asked the servants many a time who they might be, whereupon these replied that their masters were soothsayers, come to Rome from a foreign country. When Crassus came to know that two soothsayers had arrived at his court, he sent for them straightway, and demanded of them whence they came, and what was their object in visiting Rome. They replied, 'We are diviners from Toletto, and we can find treasure that is buried in the ground. Now, because we know that much money must have been buried at Rome by the rich men of old days, we desired to come hither, and also to look upon your magnificence.' Then Crassus said to himself, 'These are indeed men who can give me to the full the thing I desire;' and then he gave orders that they should be treated with great honour, and let them know that he would soon be fain to see some sample of their art. He assigned to them lodging likewise, and caused them oftentimes to be bidden to his table.

It came to pass on a certain night, when they deemed the time was fitting, that they called upon Crassus, and, having pointed out to him a star, said, 'We perceive, by the power of that star, that right under your feet is buried a great sum of money.' Crassus was mightily pleased at these words, and demanded to know how he might lay hands on this treasure; whereupon the others answered that he had better leave the business to them; all they wanted was the help of the most trusted

servants he had, and Crassus agreed to what they proposed. They then took their way out of the city to the spot where they had buried the six thousand florins, and when they came anear thereto they bade retire all the servants, and began to make show to measure and to adjust the position of the stars with geometry and arithmetical reckoning, and divers acts and signs. After this had gone on for a little, they commanded the servants to dig, and they in digging found the metal pot which held the money aforesaid. They went back forthwith to Crassus, and gave him the money; whereupon he was greatly astonished, and demanded to know from his servants how this thing had come about, and the servants related to him all the methods the men had employed. Then Crassus said, 'Certes, these be the men I am seeking,' and he let them come to his table, and showed them great respect. The two men spake little and held aloof, and when the next opportunity offered itself they did what they had done before, and said to Crassus, 'My lord, a planet has just appeared, with which there is a star, which points to a spot where is buried a quantity of treasure; wherefore we would fain go thither.' After torches had been lighted, Crassus sent with them certain of his servants; and they went to the great palace, which was in ruins, and there they made the same signs and motions, and bade the servants dig. They soon came upon the ten thousand florins, and, having hurried back to Crassus, gave him the money.

It seemed to Crassus that this feat was indeed a mighty one, and he said to himself, 'These diviners will make me the richest man in the world;' and he put full faith in them. Again, when the time seemed ripe, they went and dealt in the same fashion with the fifteen thousand florins which they had deposited in another place. Crassus, when this last-named thing had come about, was the happiest man in the world. There stood upon the Capitol a tower called the tower of the tribunes, on the outside of which were cut in metal the names of all those who had ever won glory or fame, and this tower was deemed the noblest thing in the city. Now these soothsayers laid a scheme to bring this tower to the ground, and one day they said to Crassus, 'My lord, we perceive that a vast sum of treasure lies under the tower of the tribunes.' Crassus answered, 'Well, and can you find means to get it out?' They replied, 'You know it can be excavated by skilful artificers, and props put in on both sides. When this has been done we can dig out the treasure that is there; then you can lay the foundations afresh.' Crassus sent straightway for two skilled artificers, and sought their advice in this business, and they gave answer that the tower could be excavated on

two sides and underpinned, and a new foundation put in afterwards. Then Crassus caused the excavation to be made, and the tower to be underpinned ; and, that the thing might be kept secret, he built around the tower a wooden fence secured by lock and key. When this was done he gave the key to the two soothsayers, who remained on the spot with the artificers while they secretly excavated the foundations and underpinned the tower.

As soon as the excavation was finished, the two men, who had the key of the pit, conveyed therein, when they found opportunity, a great quantity of tow, which they placed around the wood used for underpinning, and prepared a fire with sulphur and tinder ; but they contrived that the tower should not fall before morning, in order that they might by that time have got some good distance from Rome. And as soon as they had set all in order according to their design, they kindled a fire, and, having fastened and sealed the entrance, they mounted two swift horses and returned to Velletri.

The next day it happened that a great multitude of people were assembled in the Capitol, as it was market-day, and just at half-past nine in the morning the tower aforesaid fell to the earth, killing several hundred people in its ruin. Indeed, as far as Velletri the noise could be heard, and the cloud of dust could be seen. Thereupon the people of Velletri rejoiced amain, and afterwards sent letters to Rome, telling what they had done, and how by means of their money they had ruined the most stately possession in Rome. When the Romans were informed of this, they rushed full of rage to the palace of Crassus, and with one accord fell on him and slew him."



NOVEL II.

Janni and Ciucolo betake themselves to Boethius for advice: the one because he found himself with nothing in his pocket at the end of the year, and the other because he had a cross-grained wife. The answer made to them by Boethius.

WHEN the foregoing tale was finished Saturnina began and said, "I have been mightily pleased in sooth by the story you have told me; wherefore I also will tell one the scene of which as you will see is also laid in Rome. I am sure you will be diverted with it, forasmuch as I perceive you are grown weary of the theme of love. Moreover, it is seemly now and then to vary the fashion of our entertainment, since one thing may please this, and another that person; so I will now begin my tale.

There lived in Rome two men who were close friends, the one named Janni and the other Ciucolo. They were rich and well-to-do in this world's goods, keeping each other company day and night, and holding each other dearer than brothers. Both lived in seemly fashion, and passed the time pleasantly, being of gentle birth and Roman knights. On a certain day, when they were together, one said to the other, 'Has it happened to you as to me?' and the one addressed replied, 'What do you mean?' The first said, 'What if I tell you that I have used such bad economy with my affairs that at the new year I found myself with nothing but debts.' His friend answered, 'By faith, I have at home the most cross-grained woman for a wife there is in all the world; in sooth, she is rather devil than woman. Do what I may to gratify her, I cannot make life with her possible, so malicious and ill-tempered is she. Night and morning there is scolding and contention, vastly more than I desire; wherefore I cannot manage to keep company with her longer.' Then said Janni, 'I propose that we should seek advice about our affairs—I of mine, and you of yours.' Whereupon Ciucolo agreed to this, and they betook themselves to a worthy gentleman named Boethius.

When they came before him Janni began, 'Signor, we are come to you for advice. As to myself, I work my farms all the year and always find myself in debt, notwithstanding the income I enjoy, which thing puzzles me greatly.' Ciucolo said, 'And I have to wife the most cross-

grained and spiteful woman in the world.' Then Boethius said to Janni, 'Rise betimes in the morning,' and to Ciucolo, 'Go to the bridge of Sant Agnolo, and God be with you!' The two friends were hugely astonished, and said one to the other, 'This fellow is a stupid fool; what does he mean by this speech of his? When I tell him about my stock and chattels, he bids me get up early, and he tells you to go to the bridge of Sant Agnolo;' and they departed, jeering at Boethius. But one morning Janni did rise early, and hid himself behind the door; and after a little he espied one of his servants carrying down a huge jar of oil, and then another with a large piece of dried meat. On account of what he saw he watched again and again; and this time it was the women-servants, and the next the serving-woman; one took grain, and one took flour; this took one thing, and that another; wherefore he said to himself, 'Small wonder that I find myself penniless at the end of the year.' Then he called his man-servant and said to him, 'Get you gone, and let me see you no more in this house.' Next he sent for his women-servants and the waiting-maid, and said the like to them, sending away the whole band, and engaging new servants. He began to have a care to his business, and at the end of the year he found himself in funds, just the same as he had heretofore been lacking.

One day he met his friend and told him what he had gained by early rising; whereupon Ciucolo said, 'And, certes, I was minded to make trial of the counsel Boethius gave me, and the other day I went to the bridge of Sant Agnolo, and there I waited, having seated myself. It chanced that a carrier with divers laden mules went by, when one of the beasts shied and refused to go on; whereupon the carrier seized the mule by the harness in order to make it move on to the bridge, but this he could not do because the harder he pulled it forward the more the mule hung back. The carrier began to be enraged and to beat the mule, which hung back worse than ever; and when he had had enough of this he took the stick which he used in tying his bales, and beat the mule on belly, back, and ribs, venting all his rage upon the beast. In a very short time he broke the stick over its back; whereupon the mule became tractable and crossed the bridge, and the carrier made it go backwards and forwards several times. As soon as the fellow saw that the mule was freed of this untoward humour, he went about his business.'

When Ciucolo saw how the carrier had dealt with his mule, he went his way, saying to himself, 'Now I know what it behoves me to do;' and in this mood he hurried back to his house; and his wife, as soon as he entered, began to scold and to heap abuse upon him, and to ask where-

fore he had been so long away. The husband let her go on, keeping perfectly quiet, while she let her rage still boil. Then he said to her, 'Hold your peace, or you will get what you will not like.' 'Hoity toity!' cried the wife. 'Have you plucked up courage enough to lay hands on me? You would rue the day in sooth when you did that.' The husband replied, 'Take care how you provoke me, or you may smart for it.' The woman said, 'If I thought that a single hair of your body harboured such a thought I would send to my brothers, who would give you such a handling that you would not laugh again in a hurry; and again, cannot you see what would happen to you in consequence of what you have said to me?' The husband cried, 'You are a fiend indeed!' and then he got up and beat her soundly, while she bawled out and made a great uproar. Then he caught up a stick and chased her round the house, giving it to her soundly again and again over the shoulders and arms and head, and when the stick was broken he took another. At last she began to cry mercy, whereupon he beat her harder than ever, crying out, 'In faith, I have a great mind to kill you.' Then the wife, perceiving what her husband's mood was, and feeling herself bruised all over, fell on her knees and cried, 'Husband, husband! give over beating me, and you will never find me ill-tempered again.'

Thereupon the husband, to expel entirely the angry humour from her brain, made her trot round the room several times, holding over her the while the formidable stick. And the business came to such a happy issue that the wife took thought only of such things as would please her husband, and became the most gentle and submissive wife in the whole of Rome. In this fashion Ciucolo drove the ill-humour out of his wife's head, and whereas up to this time he had known nothing but discord and ill-fortune with his wife, for the future they lived in harmony and love. Now if any man should be tied to a cross-grained wife, let him take pattern from Ciucolo, as he took it from the carrier."

The story being finished, Frate Aurette said, "The cure of Ciucolo worked well, and assuredly it is one of the best there is in the world for a man to employ who may have a scolding wife. But as it is my turn to sing a canzonet, I will sing it forthwith in order to acquit myself of my debt."

Dear Lord of love, bend thy delightsome bow,
And let her taste the torments that I know.

Now I beseech thee in thy mercy heal
The wounds which she my inmost heart has dealt;

Now let her all thy power and lordship feel,
 And may she mourn the dole that Dido felt,
 That flame in which by day, by night, I melt.
 Pity, oh, pity, Lord, on me bestow !

O heart of marble, diamond, or stone !
 O woman who wouldst wear the serpent's mien !
 Now goest thou deaf and shamed, with head cast down,
 For that thy cruelty thy bane hath been.
 I would that thou the light hadst never seen,
 And that thy heart should feel my bitter woe.

If thou the blossom of thy days let fade
 Without the pricking of love's pleasant pain,
 Nor let thy debt of favour be repaid
 To me, thy slave, whilst thou of youth art fain,
 The passing days shall bring revenge amain,
 And I shall see if thou art kind or no.

My song, if thou be wise thy tale to tell,
 I soon shall know if I shall favour find.
 But creep into her heart, and house thee well.
 Ah me ! couldst thou but say if she be kind,
 If she to ease my sorrow be inclined,
 And solace on my longing vain bestow.

As soon as this love-song was finished the two lovers took each other by the hand and gave mutual thanks. Then they bade farewell with gracious reverences, and each one went happily away.





The Sixth Day.

NOVEL I.

Messer Alano, a learned doctor of Paris, went to the court of Rome and took up his residence in a convent of monks as a servant. It chanced that the Pope convoked a consistory to refute the subtleties of Messer Giovan Piero, another doctor of Paris, and a noted heretic; whereupon Messer Alano, having entered the chamber under the abbot's cope, took part in the dispute. How he made himself known there, and how he confounded the opposing doctor.

WHEN, on the sixth day, the two lovers returned to their accustomed meeting-place, Saturnina began to speak merrily and said, "Since I am bound to act the story-teller to-day, I will tell you a tale which I think will please you.

Not long ago there lived in Paris two distinguished and worthy men, doctors of the two great faculties of the law, the one called Messer Alano, and the other Messer Giovan Piero; and in sooth the whole of Christendom in those days did not hold two men of greater distinction than these. They were always on ill terms one with the other, but Messer Alano always prevailed in argument, seeing that he was the finest rhetorician in the world and had a better understanding than Messer Giovan Piero, who, moreover, was a heretic, and would often have brought confusion upon the faith had it not been for Messer Alano, who came to the rescue thereof and replied to all Messer Giovan Piero's contentions. And it came to pass in the course of time that Messer Alano was minded to go to Rome to see the sacred relics, and the Holy Father and his court; wherefore, having set out from his home with divers attendants and well equipped, he went to Rome. He

saw the Pope and his court, and how it was ruled, and was greatly astonished at what he beheld, for he had deemed that the court of Rome must needs be the foundation of the faith and the prop of Christianity, but he found it to be most infamous and full of simony. For this reason he left the city, and resolved to have done with worldly life and to devote himself to God's service.

When he had departed from Rome and was journeying with his servants, he said to them as they were passing near to San Chirico di Rosena, 'Go in advance and secure lodging at the inn, and leave me to follow at leisure.' The servants went on to San Chirico, and as soon as Messer Alano saw that they were out of sight he left the road and kept his way towards the mountains, and at the end of his day's journey halted for the night at a shepherd's hut. Messer Alano dismounted and lay there the night, and in the morning said to the shepherd, 'I would fain leave with you my clothes and this horse, and that you should give me your raiment in exchange.' The shepherd, deeming that his guest was jesting, said, 'Messere, I have given you the best cheer I could; I pray you will not make game of me.' But Messer Alano stripped off his clothes, and made the shepherd do the like. Then he handed over his horse and all he had, and, having taken the shepherd's flask and garments and shoes, he set forth at a venture. His servants, when they had waited long for his return, began to search for him in vain; wherefore they believed, the roads being there somewhat unsafe, that he had been robbed and murdered, and, having sought him for some days, they departed and returned to Paris.

Meantime, Messer Alano, having left the shepherd, reached that evening an abbey in Maremma, and upon his begging bread in God's name, the abbot asked if he was minded to tarry with the other monks. He replied that he was; whereupon the abbot inquired what he could do. Messer Alano answered, 'Signor, I shall be able to do whatsoever you may teach me.' It seemed to the abbot that this was a good fellow, so he took him in and set him to fetch wood. The new-comer bore himself so well that all the inmates of the monastery liked him, because he did willingly as he was bid. He did not cry out that shame was put upon him, or feign that he was weary, but he lent a hand to whatever task there was to do. When the abbot saw his tractable nature he made him the overseer of the monastery, not knowing who he was, and gave him the name of Benedetto. The rule of his life was to fast entirely four days in every week; he never undressed, but passed the greater part of every night in prayer. He was never wroth anent any-

thing which might be said or done to him, but praised Christ without ceasing. He set his mind on serving God in this wise; wherefore the abbot gave him all his goodwill and held him very dear.

It happened that when his servants returned to Paris, and brought word that Messer Alano was dead, all the men of worth and worship raised great lamentation, deeming that they had lost the most illustrious teacher in all the world. But as soon as Messer Giovan Piero knew that Messer Alano was dead, his spirits rose mightily, and he said, 'To-day I can do that which I have so long desired to do.' Then he set his affairs in order, and went to Rome; and, having arrived there, he proposed in consistory a question greatly inimical to our faith, desiring and striving to bring heresies into the Church by his subtle arguments. On this account the Pope let summon the cardinals, who determined to send for all the illustrious scholars of Italy to a consistory, which the Pope was minded to hold in order to refute the contentions against the faith which Messer Giovan Piero had advanced. And then all the bishops and the abbots, and the other chief prelates, who had been summoned by decree, were cited to come into the court, and with the rest came that same abbot with whom Messer Alano had taken service. When the abbot had prepared for his journey to Rome it chanced that Messer Alano heard whither he was bound, whereupon he begged the abbot of his kindness to take him also. Then said the abbot, 'What would you do there, you who know not how to read? There you will find assembled the most learned men in the world, who only discourse with one another in learned speech, so you would not understand a word of what was going on.' Messer Alano replied, 'Messere, at least I should behold the Pope, whom I have never yet seen, nor do know what his seeming may be.' The abbot, when he saw what Benedetto's desire was, said, 'I will allow you to go; but do you know how to manage a horse?' and Messer Alano replied that he did. When the time had come the abbot set forth and took with him Messer Alano, and travelled to Rome, having received notice of what this consistory was to do, and that everyone should attend to hear the question which Messer Giovan Piero was to bring forward. Messer Alano begged the abbot to take him to the consistory; whereupon the abbot said, 'Are you silly? Do you imagine that I can take you there, where will be assembled the Pope and cardinals and many men of mark?' Messer Alano answered, 'I might get in under your cope, seeing that I am very small and thin.' The abbot warned Messer Alano that he might get well buffeted by the porters and mace-bearers, but Messer Alano said he

would see to this. When the abbot arrived at the court there was a great crowd at the entrance, and on this account his servant slipped quickly under his mantle, and went in with the rest. To the abbot was given a seat amongst the others according to his rank, and Messer Alano bestowed himself between his legs under his mantle, with his eye at a peep-hole, and on the alert to hear the question which was to be put.

After a short time had passed, behold Messer Giovan Piero entered the consistory and mounted the rostrum in the presence of the Pope and the cardinals and all the others, and put forward his thesis, which he supported by divers subtle and mischievous pleadings. Messer Alano knew at once who it was ; and, when he perceived that no one got up to answer him, or had courage enough to meet him in argument, he thrust his head out of the opening in the abbot's mantle, and cried aloud, '*Giube,*'¹ whereupon the abbot raised his hand and dealt him a sound buffet, saying, 'Keep quiet, and bad luck to you! Would you bring shame upon me?' All those sitting near at once looked one at the other, saying, 'Whence came that voice?' and Messer Alano after a little thrust forth his head again, and cried, '*Sanctissime pater, audiatis me;*' whereupon the abbot felt the blame must fall upon him, forasmuch as everyone looked at him, saying, 'What fellow have you there beneath your mantle?' The abbot replied that it was a half-witted convert of his, and then they all began to abuse him, crying out, 'Why do you bring madmen into the consistory?' And when they had brought in the mace-bearers to beat them, and to put them forth, Messer Alano, fearing lest he should be beaten, sprang out from under the abbot's mantle, and, passing through the bishops, went to the feet of the Pope himself. Then a great laugh arose from all, and the abbot came near to be driven out of the consistory because he had brought this fellow in; and when Messer Alano had come to the footstool of the Pope, he begged leave to speak his mind upon the question in hand, which favour the Pope granted to him.

Messer Alano went up into the rostrum and gave a version of all Messer Giovan Piero had said, and then he went on from point to point, bringing the question to an issue by valid and natural arguments, whereupon all the assembly began to marvel at the excellent Latin he spoke, and at the fine reasoning he used in dealing with the matter ; so that everyone declared that this must be a messenger of God who had come among them. The Pope, when he heard such eloquence, gave

¹ An expression used in begging leave to speak.

thanks to God, and Messer Giovan Piero, being quite confounded by his opponent, became as one dazed, and cried, 'Certes, you must be the spirit of Messer Alano, or some evil demon.' Then Messer Alano replied, 'I am that Alano who has at other times put you to silence; you yourself are the evil demon who is striving to bring divisions into the Church.' Then said Messer Giovan Piero, 'If I had thought that you could possibly be living I would never have come hither.' The Pope desired to know who this man might be, and caused the abbot to be summoned, and then he demanded of him how the fellow came to be with him. The abbot said, 'Most holy father, I have always regarded him as one converted by me some time ago. For my part, I never suspected that he could even read, seeing that I never before knew so humble-minded a man. He has always worked hard in cutting wood, or sweeping the convent, or making the beds, or tending the sick, or managing the horses. I regarded him as a good-natured simpleton.'

The Pope, when he heard of the holy life of Messer Alano, and perceived what a worthy man he was, desired to make him a cardinal, knowing also what his past had been, and desiring to pay him the highest honour. He said, 'Had it not been for you, the Church of God would have fallen into grievous error, wherefore I desire that you abide here at our court.' But Messer Alano answered, 'Most holy father, I am minded to live and die in a life of contemplation, and to have done with the world; therefore I would fain go back with the abbot to the monastery. There I would continue the life I have begun, and wait ever on the service of God.' The abbot fell down at Messer Alano's feet, begging his pardon, forasmuch as he had not recognized him, and especially with regard to the box on the ear which he had given him. Messer Alano answered, 'No pardon is needful in such a case, seeing that it is the father's duty to correct the son.' Then the abbot and Messer Alano took leave of the Pope and cardinals, and went back to the monastery. And henceforth the abbot held him in the highest honour, and he passed there a holy and seemly life, compiling and completing divers excellent books concerning our faith. As long as he lived in this world his life was so faultless that at the end thereof he attained the reward and the glory of the life eternal."

NOVEL II.

The terrible doom which Bernabo Visconti, Duke of Milan, wrought upon Ambrogio, one of his courtiers, and upon a minor friar.



AS soon as Saturnina had come to the end of her novel, Frate Aurette began: "Of a truth your story was a marvelously fine one, and diverting and pious as well; indeed it pleased me as greatly as any other I ever listened to. And now I will tell one to you, which, what though it be not so good as yours, may still, I think, give you some pleasure.

In days past there lived in Milan a citizen named Ambrogio, who was the foremost personage at the court of his sovereign, Messer Bernabo Visconti, and the one enjoying the greatest favour and holding in his heart almost all the secrets of the lord aforesaid. Now this Ambrogio possessed a residence near to Milan which adjoined the property of a widow lady named Madonna Scotta, and to this house of his he desired to add a garden; but he had not the land therefor. Wherefore he addressed the lady, begging her to sell him what land he required, for which he would pay its due value. But the lady replied that she was not minded to part with a single yard of her land, because it was her dowry, nor to minish or mar her estate to accommodate anyone. On this account he tried to persuade her again and again, and let others beg and entreat her persistently on his behalf, being willing to give for the land more than it was worth; but the lady, who had begun by saying no, refused to alter her tone. Then Ambrogio, seeing how determined she was, and brooding over this affair, took of the lady's land as much as a bushel of corn would seed, and set up boundary marks, and made thereof a garden. The lady, when she saw what was done, began to weep and lament, and having gone to a friar minor who was her father confessor, and through whose counsel she ruled her life, she told him all that had come to pass.

The friar was in the lady's interest, and hostile to Ambrogio, because in times past he had been jealous of him; wherefore he said to her, in no righteous spirit, but rather hoping to work mischief, that she had better leave this affair in his hands. The lady replied that she would do whatsoever he might wish, neither less nor more, as is the way with women, who, as soon as they become widows, at once fall under the yoke

of the religious orders. It happened one day the friar found out that Messer Bernabo, in a very ill humour, was making a progress through the land; whereupon he and the widow threw themselves upon his horse's reins, and the crafty friar cried out, 'My lord duke, I know how you are kind and pitiful to widows and helpless children, and on this account I beg you be pleased to listen to what this widowed woman has to say.' Messer Bernabo stopped his horse, and the lady said, weeping the while, 'My lord, see that justice be done to me, inasmuch as that courtier of yours has seized a portion of my land.' The duke, when he beheld the sorrow of the lady, turned to one of his squires and said, 'Remind me of this when we shall have returned home;' and when he dismounted from his horse he sent for this Ambrogio, and inquired of him if he had really taken any land from this lady. Ambrogio replied that he had. Then Messer Bernabo made all his people mount, and he himself got on his horse, and he took Ambrogio with him, saying, 'I am minded to see this land.'

When they came to the place in question the duke called Ambrogio and said, 'Now tell me where the bounds between your land and the lady's formerly stood.' Whereupon Ambrogio showed him the place, and said, 'Signor, here it ran, and so much of land I took from her.' Then Messer Bernabo made them bring a spade and a mattock, and bade Ambrogio dig a trench where ran the boundary between the lady's land and his own. Ambrogio began to dig, and made a deep trench, Messer Bernabo standing above him the while; and, when he had dug the same deep enough, the duke bade his people seize him and plant him as if he were a tree in the trench, with his head downwards. He forbade anyone to touch the wretched man, and took his way back, leaving this dead body planted to serve as a boundary post. This deed caused great commotion, and the friar was severely blamed thereanent, and the lady also, but no charge was laid against the friar. It came to pass in the same year that the general assembly of the friars minor was held in Milan, and all the conventual brothers came together there, and sent word to the duke, letting him know that the season of the assembly was drawing nigh, and beseeching his kind offices, for the reason that, owing to the vast numbers who would be present, they would be in want of many things. They therefore begged his assistance, commending themselves to his favour by the love of God.

As soon as Messer Bernabo had listened to the message of these friars he answered and said, 'Go, in God's name, and I will inform you by a messenger of my own what I may be willing to do.' Whereupon

the friars went away rejoicing. A short time afterwards Messer Bernabo called a gentleman of the court and said, 'Go to the house of the friars minor, and tell them from me that I will see that all their needs shall be provided for, especially in the matter of women; for of these I am certain they will want more than they now have.' The gentleman went straightway to the friary, and, having assembled the brothers, spake thus: 'The duke, Messer Bernabo, sends answer to you that he will provide for all your wants, and especially in the matter of women, of whom he is assured that you will want more than those now about you, seeing that you are greatly given to women, and those few will not suffice for your needs.'

Then the friars looked at one another, and not one of them spake a word, save that one who had been the cause of Ambrogio's death, and he said, '*Qui de terra est, de terra loquitur.*' No other word was uttered, and they all dispersed without making further answer to the gentleman. He went back and told to the duke the message he had spoken. 'And what answer did they give?' the duke inquired. The gentleman replied that no one had answered aught save one friar, who had said, '*Qui de terra est, de terra loquitur.*' Messer Bernabo caused this friar to be brought before him straightway; and, without saying aught to him, bade them heat red-hot an iron, and thrust it in at one ear and out at the other, so that he might never hear more. The friar lived only a few days and died in great misery, whereat everyone rejoiced, seeing that he had been the cause of Ambrogio's death, as I have already set forth."

When Aurette had finished his story the lovely Saturnina began a canzonet, and sang in this strain :

Love claims your service, lady ; so be kind,
With courteous bearing, and with gentle mind.

If thou wouldst win renown with lovers true,
Give thou to pride, or to disdain, no place,
When I approach thy feet with reverence due,
But grant me every courtesy and grace.
So shall I show the world a joyous face,
As thou in me desert and worth shalt find.

Ah, ill becomes the humour pitiless,
Her who would offer Love her faith and treasure !
Nurse in thy soul no drop of bitterness ;
Be thy reward of my desert the measure.
Thus wilt thou Love appease, and do his pleasure,
And work his bidding with obedience blind,

How many let go by their early prime,
And then for all their wasted seasons grieve!
Who plague their lovers in that golden time,
Yet their own cruelty will not believe!
Seize thou thy chance, and tarry not till eve,
Lady, whose brows with Love's own flowers are twined.

My song, go serve thou ladies beyond praise,
And use all others with deserved disdain.
But, if one lets you see by wanton ways,
That she of one more bout of love is fain,
Keep ever at her side, and tell her plain
That never was her heart for cruelty designed.

The song being ended the two lovers cut short their delight and their conversation for that evening, and with due obeisance thanked one another, praising the god of love who had brought them to the enjoyment of this secret pleasure, and each departing joyful at what fate had given.





The Seventh Day.

NOVEL I.

The horrible cruelty used by Francesco Orsino towards Lisabetta his wife and other kinsfolk, because of her becoming enamoured of a youth named Rinaldo; and the wretched end of Messer Orsino.



WHEN on the seventh day the two lovers returned to the parlour where they were wont to meet, Frate Aurette said: "As it is my turn to begin to-day, I will tell you of a cruel deed practised by a Roman upon his wife.

Not long ago there lived in Rome a gentleman named Messer Francesco Orsino da Monte Giordano, who had to wife a certain Donna Lisabetta, a lady fair and prudent and of very seemly manners. She had lived with him some time, and had borne him two sons. But it chanced that a youth fell in love with this lady, and she with him; and, as they were not wise enough to keep hidden their love, Messer Francesco was told divers times of the same; but he refused to believe the report, seeing that the youth was neither comely, nor well-born, nor rich, and also because he had shown himself a friend and follower of the house. At last the steward saw it with his own eyes, and informed Messer Francesco, who said to him, 'Go and place yourself where you can espy him as he comes in, and then let me know, for I wish to see for myself; otherwise I shall never believe,' which thing the steward promised to do.

One day Messer Francesco made pretence to go to a country house of his, and took horse with several companions, but at nightfall he returned to Rome and lay hid till the steward came and fetched him. Then Messer Francesco beheld the youth wantoning with his wife in the bedchamber, and saying, what time he kissed it, 'Whose little mouth is this?' and the lady replied, 'It is thine.' 'And these roguish eyes?'

‘They are thine.’ ‘And these cheeks?’ ‘They are thine.’ ‘And this lovely throat?’ ‘It is thine.’ ‘And this fair bosom?’ ‘It is thine.’ And thus, as he touched all the parts of her, she answered that they were his, except her hinder part, which she gave to her husband. And over this jest they raised a great laugh. When Messer Francesco saw and heard what they were doing and saying, he spake to himself, ‘Praised be God that some part of her is allowed to me!’ and, as soon as he had seen all and more than enough, he went away stealthily back to his country house, where he remained as long as it pleased him. When he returned home he caused to be fashioned for his wife a dress of coarse cloth, but with the hinder part thereof made of samite trimmed with ermine, and likewise let prepare at his country house a very rich banquet, to which he invited the youth aforesaid and his two brothers, and divers of his kinsmen and associates. Having settled to give the feast on a certain Sunday morning, Messer Francesco made his wife put on the dress he had prepared, and took her through the streets of Rome. Then he directed her to repair to his country house, and join his guests at table, which thing she did in due course. When they were all assembled at the banquet, Messer Francesco placed his wife beside the youth, who was called Rinaldo, and then ranged in order all their kinsfolk and friends, setting before them a fair and sumptuous banquet.

When the guests beheld in what manner the lady was attired, they were astonished, and especially those who were akin to her and to Rinaldo, and said to themselves, ‘Surely there is some great matter in hand,’ while Rinaldo was mightily afeared. Then, when they had finished their repast, Messer Francesco said, ‘Now I will set before you some fruit;’ and, having risen, he first gave to every one of them at the table a stick, and then withdrew into a room where he had in readiness eight of his servants—the same as the number of the guests—also armed with sticks. He made these surround the table, and then said to those who sat thereat, ‘Defend yourselves;’ and, having turned to his servants who stood there sticks in hand, he cried, ‘Now bring out the fruit.’ Whereupon the servants, as they had been commanded, overthrew the table and began to belabour with their sticks the guests who had been sitting there. With each party laying about a sharp fray arose, forasmuch as those at the table, finding themselves beaten with a will, were minded to give a proper return to their assailants. In short, the servants were so far superior in strength that they beat down all the guests, and laid them dead on the floor of the room. Then Messer Francesco made them take the corpse of the young man Rinaldo and fasten it with arms

outspread on a crucifix, and convey it to a room in his house, while all the other bodies were taken back to their several homes. This deed caused great complaint in Rome, on account of the death of so many worthy citizens, but no man dare open his mouth thereanent because the worker of the deed was a man of power in the city. Every night Messer Francesco took his wife and bound her to the corpse of Rinaldo, and made her remain all night in his embraces, and rise therefrom at daybreak. Every day he gave her nought else but two slices of bread and a beaker of water, so that her life might be all the more wretched. And in this wise she lived several days, sending constantly to beg mercy of Messer Francesco, but he was deaf to her prayers.

Then she, perceiving that she was to die, and that there was no remedy, prayed that she might see her children before her death; whereupon they brought her two sons to her. She took them in her arms, and weeping plentifully spake to them these words: 'Dearest sons of mine, I leave you with God's blessing and my own. You are indeed the sons of Messer Francesco, born in lawful wedlock, but the enmity of one of my servants has brought me to this pass. And albeit this excuse of mine be not a valid one, nevertheless I leave to God and to you, as my sons, the duty of avenging the fate of your wretched and unfortunate mother.' And she could not kiss them enough, for the anxiety that possessed her. Then, after blessing them, she gave them up to their nurse with these words: 'Take these children whom I leave you, and, by God's faith and by your own soul, see that, when they shall be grown up, you recall my death to their memory, and especially to this the younger one,' and this little boy in sooth wept grievously and would not let himself be taken from her neck. When she had delivered them over, and assured them that they were lawfully born and not bastards, she commended her soul to God, and spake no more in this life, but died after the lapse of a few days.

They took her body and her lover's and bore them away, and the cruel deed was praised by some and blamed by others; and it came to pass that the nurse, when the time was ripe, told the children the story of their mother's death; and the consequence of this revelation was that Messer Francesco lost his wits, and for a long time went wandering distraught about the world, being in the most bitter enmity with his sons, and especially with the younger. Messer Francesco abode in the woods, sleeping there as if he had been a savage, working all the crazy antics which madmen are wont to practise. And thus they say the lady's fate was avenged."

NOVEL II.

Messer Galeotto Malatesta di Arimino causes Gostanza his niece to be slain barbarously, as well as Ormanno, a German soldier who was wont privily to visit her.



AS soon as Auretto had finished his story Saturnina said, "The deed you have described was certes a very cruel one, and I will now tell you of another which was wrought in Romagna no long time ago." And she began as follows:

"There lived in Romagna, in the town of Arimino, a very worthy gentleman and baron, who was named Messer Galeotto Malatesta, who was the most excellent cavalier Romagna had produced for a very long time, and the wisest and the most prudent to boot, always passing his days in splendid and noble fashion, and maintaining the dignity of his state. This Messer Galeotto had a certain niece, a lady named Madonna Gostanza, who was a widow and the daughter of Messer Malatesta Unghero de' Malatesti, himself a valorous and skilful knight. This Madonna Gostanza kept in Arimino a very sumptuous court of ladies and damsels and squires, leading the life of a noble lady, as in sooth she was. Out of devotion to Messer Galeotto the highest honour was paid to her, and she held the estates which her father and her husband had left. Indeed, there was not in all Romagna, nor in Tuscany, nor in the March, another like her, possessed of such splendid jewels, or so rich a lady as she was. In brief, she enjoyed all the delights that one in her case could rightly use, and many gifts of nature as well, forasmuch as she was young, fair, well-mannered, rich, and highly born. She was to all seeming prudent in her carriage, enjoying the esteem of all those who knew her, and, by marrying her well, her uncle hoped to make a rich and noble alliance.

Messer Galeotto had in his pay a certain soldier called Ormanno, who was the leader of fifty lances, a native of the upper parts of Germany, and sprung from a town called Cham. He had had several brothers and brothers' sons, all knights and gentlemen of ancient lineage, and for this reason he, too, sold his services. He was courteous and well-mannered and strong in his person, wherefore Messer Galeotto held him in high esteem. It happened that Ormanno passed divers times by the palace of Madonna Gostanza while she was at the window, and, their eyes

having met, Ormanno became hotly enamoured of her, and he set to work to show himself in such wise that the lady's eyes fell upon him favourably, so that she began to love him. The love between them grew so great that they began to exchange rich gifts, those of the lady to her lover being especially sumptuous. They often had speech together, and a plan was laid that Ormanno should gain the reward which love demands above all others. But they knew not how to keep hidden the flame of their ardent passion, nor to use prudent carriage in what they did, seeing that love is blind, and the foes thereof are subtle. And because Ormanno was known to frequent the lady's palace at unseemly hours, divers reports of his conduct came to Messer Galeotto, but he would not believe them.

At a certain time it came to pass that the College of Cardinals at Rome under divine direction elected Urban VI. as pope, Pope Gregory XI. being dead. The College of Cardinals, Italian and Ultramontane as well, made known this fact to all the sovereigns and communes of Christendom, how they had elected Pope Urban VI.; wherefore Messer Galeotto, as a son and servant of the Holy Church, was minded to go and visit the new pontiff; but, before he set forth, he sent for Ormanno and thus addressed him: 'It is true I hear that you frequent the house of my niece Gostanza, but this I do not believe. However, be that as it may, I beg you so to bear yourself that no such rumours may come to my ears in the future.' Ormanno replied, 'My lord, you will find there is no truth in this. He who told you thereof is one evilly disposed towards me, one who seeks to bring me into ill-favour. For my part, I am ready to make good my words upon his own person,' and he went on to excuse himself over this report. Messer Galeotto answered him, 'Ormanno, you are prudent and have understood my words. I will say no more, but will leave in your charge Arimino and all I possess. You shall be the commander of my men-at-arms until such time as I return from Rome; wherefore see that you do nought which shall deserve my blame when I come back.' Ormanno replied that he would observe his charge, and Messer Galeotto departed for Rome, leaving everything under Ormanno's guard, as it has been said. But Ormanno showed no discretion in the pursuit of his passion, and went constantly to the lady's house, holding his lord in no respect or reverence, but following rather the promptings of his unbridled lust, of which he was the slave; and the lady gave him a certain silver girdle.

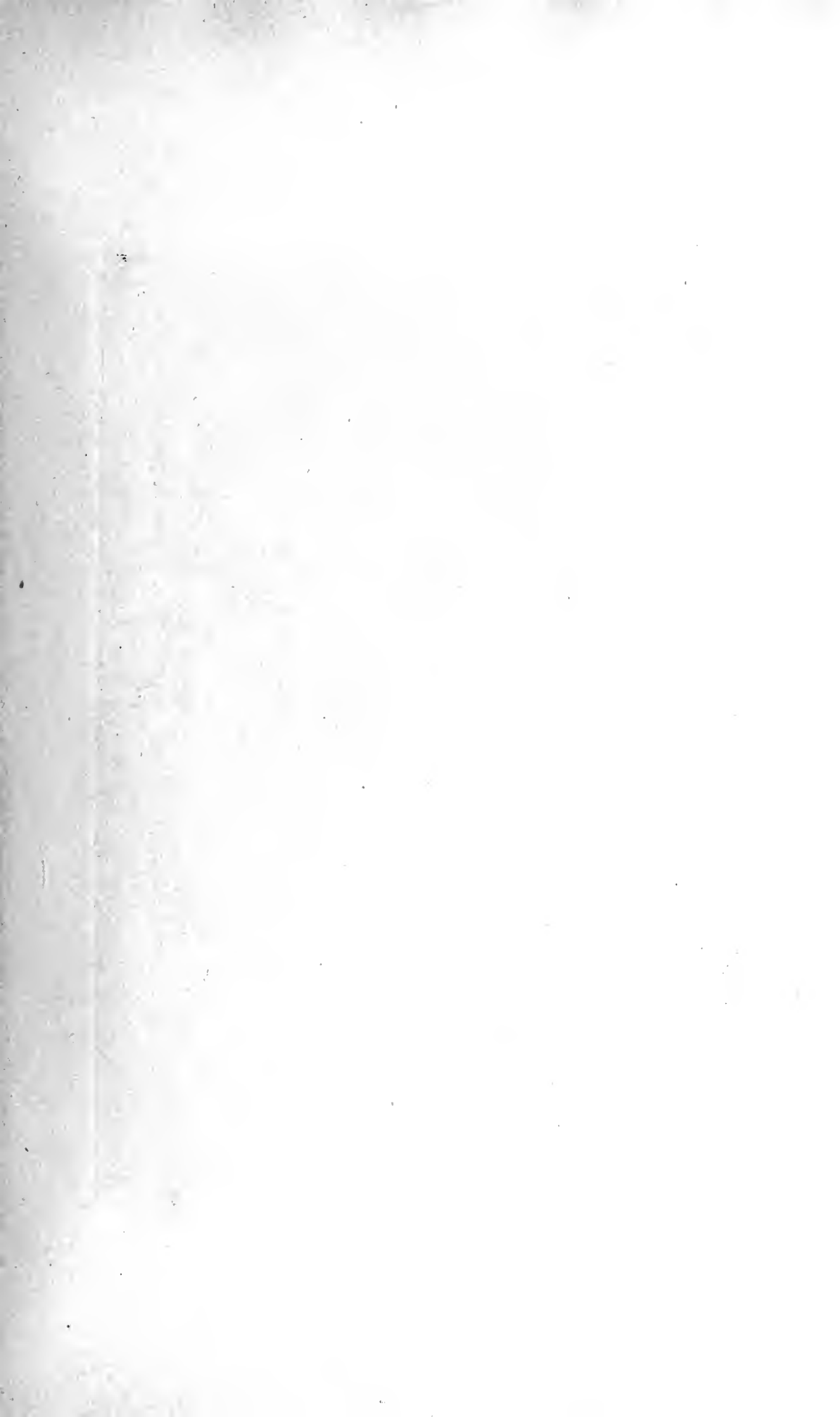
Now when Messer Galeotto came back, word was brought to him how Ormanno had never ceased to frequent the house of Madonna

Gostanza, and how this thing was well known to a great number of the ladies and gentlemen of Arimino. Messer Galeotto considered well this report, and secretly set a watch to see whether it might be true; and when Ormanno, who was ignorant of the watch kept upon him, was seen to enter the lady's house by night, the news was forthwith conveyed to Messer Galeotto, who at once caused the house to be surrounded by certain soldiers whom he kept on guard. He charged them by their lives not to allow Ormanno to quit the house; and this command they duly obeyed. Then he let summon divers of the citizens, and took counsel with them as to the affair, and one advised this course, and the other that. When it drew near to daybreak, and Ormanno was minded to quit the lady's house, he looked and beheld the soldiers who were posted round the same, and, turning to the lady, told her what had happened. Thereupon she arose, and, having gone to the window, spake thus: 'What is the meaning of this, and why are these guards set round my house? Are you not ashamed thus to post your soldiers about my doors?' And in sooth these words of hers were the cause of her death; for, had she not shown herself at the window, she would not then have perished, for Messer Galeotto had already privily determined to save Madonna Gostanza's honour by laying the fault on one of her waiting-women. But when it was told to him how she had appeared at the window, and had spoken these words, he conferred with a certain well-advised and valiant gentleman, and, this done, he called an officer of his foot-soldiers and said to him, 'Go to the house of my niece, where you will find her and Ormanno, and straightway hew them in pieces for me.' The officer, who was called Santolino da Faenza, replied, 'My lord, I will readily do your bidding with regard to him, but not with regard to her; and in sooth you must excuse me this task, forasmuch as I will never stain my hand with the blood of the Malatestas.' Then said Messer Galeotto, 'Go, then, and kill him.' Whereupon the officer departed straightway on his task.

Messer Galeotto then called another officer and said to him, 'Go and hew in pieces my niece Gostanza,' and the officer answered that the deed should be done forthwith, and went to the palace of Madonna Gostanza. When Santolino came to the door of the chamber he knocked, and Madonna Gostanza asked what was his errand. Then said he, 'Open to me, madonna, for I have a message to deliver on the part of my master.' Then, when the lady had opened the door, Santolino asked her where was Ormanno, but she answered, 'What Ormanno?' Santolino said, 'To be brief, madonna, my master knows that he is here,

and has sent me to him with a message ; wherefore let us despatch this business, lest a worse thing ensue.' The lady said, 'You know well that men are not wont to come here.' But Santolino told her that, if she did not at once point out where Ormanno was, it would fare ill with her. The lady, hearing him speak in this strain, told him where Ormanno was ; whereupon Santolino went and called out, 'Ormanno, I have a message for you on the part of our master,' and Ormanno replied, 'Say what you will;' but Santolino went on, 'Let us go into some private place, for I do not wish to be overheard,' and when they had gone into a little room Santolino said, 'Ormanno, you must die; this is your irrevocable doom.' Ormanno fell down in a swoon, but, having come to himself, he said, 'Is there for me no escape from death?' and Santolino replied that there was none, inasmuch as this matter had been settled for good and all. Then Ormanno fell on his knees at Santolino's feet, and, lifting his hands to heaven, he bowed to the ground and licked the dust. Then he put his hands before his eyes that he might not look upon death, and bent his head, and Santolino drew his sword, and in a moment Ormanno lay dead at his feet.

Now when that other officer, who had been sent to deal out a similar fate to the lady, had come into her chamber, he said, 'Madonna, I have a message for you on the part of my master,' and she, all dazed, bade him say what he would ; whereupon he replied, 'Send away all these maids of yours.' When the lady had dismissed them, he went to the door, and, having bolted it, he laid his hand upon his sword and cried, 'Madonna, you must die.' The lady set up a terrible crying, and would fain have fled, but he said, 'Madonna, do not fly ; that will profit you nought ; for our master has determined that you must die, and none but God himself can save you.' The lady cried out, 'But is Messer Galeotto fain to murder his own flesh and blood?' The officer bade her make haste, and the lady asked him how he dared think of shedding the blood of Messer Malatesta Unghero her father ; but he replied that he must needs do the deed which he had been commanded to do, and that she ought to pardon him, seeing that he put his hand unwillingly to the same. She cried, 'But is there no remedy?' and he answered that there was none. Then she knelt before the altarpiece of Our Lady and spake thus : 'If my brave and high-souled father were now alive I should not die in this base and shameful fashion ; wherefore I commend to thy keeping, O sweetest Virgin Mary, this life and soul of mine, and the life and soul likewise of that worthy gentleman who, for my sake, is fated to undergo torture





and death like mine. And I further beseech thee, Mother of mercy, to make me brave and constant to meet death, so that, having suffered the same patiently, my soul like that of a martyr may enter into the glory of your most sacred son, Jesus Christ. For I certes have found in this world little to content me with my lot.'

Then she turned towards the officer, who was holding his sword aloft, and said, 'Since my vanity has brought me into this case, I beg you not to hurry overmuch, but show me a little mercy, so that I may pray to the Virgin Mary ten times;' and he, pitying her, consented, saying, 'Say your prayers, but be brief.' Then, as she did reverence to the Virgin Mary with many tears, she glanced in terror at the handle of the sword. Now when she had been praying a little time, he inquired whether she had finished her devotions, and she answered no. Then the officer cried out, 'No! In sooth, I could have said twenty prayers in this time.' The lady went on, 'Ah, wretched Gostanza! to what strait art thou come? Oh, blind Love, why hast thou deceived me, and why am I sent hence with my name thus defiled? Would that I had died ere I was born!' The officer deemed that she delayed overmuch; therefore he bade her recite the Ave Maria, which she did thrice in very devout fashion. Then he lifted up his sword and smote her, and thus she died, and fell a corpse at his feet. Messer Galeotto made his servants put the two wretched bodies into one sack, and cast the same into the sea. Then he made a proclamation that all those who had any claims upon this Ormanno should come to him for satisfaction, and he paid all those to whom payment was due, and thus he dissolved the troop of Ormanno, and dismissed it. For this deed of his Messer Galeotto was commended by some and blamed by others."

As soon as the story was finished Aurette began a canzonet, dealing somewhat with the subject of the novel, after the following fashion:

Let none serve Love unguardedly, unless
He fain would end his days in wretchedness.

We scan the heroes great of old renown,
Sir Tristan, good Achilles, stout and strong,
Who for love's sake the gift of life laid down;
Love's pleasures mixed their heartfelt pains among,
And other names illustrious in a throng,
Who sank their fame in guilty love's excess.

And weakest he who knows Love's craft the best,
For all at last will fall into his snare.

Reft of his wings was Virgil love-possessed,
 And other famous singers, skilled and rare,
 Found scant protection in their thought and care,
 And fell the victims of his artfulness.

Let all who in love's service take their part,
 Be warned by Gostanza's woeful fate.
 Let not thy darling leman snare thy heart,
 By wanton geste or glance importunate.
 Thus hope is wrecked, and counsel comes too late,
 For those who fail in care and watchfulness.

To lovers true, my song, now take thy wing,
 And bid them tread in sober honest ways,
 And charge them when they feel the rapturous sting
 Of love, and fain would wander in his maze,
 That they be prudent, and be sure always
 Keep rein in hand, and headlong speed repress.¹

When the song was finished the two lovers brought for that day their gentle discourse to a close; and, having taken each other by the hand and greeted with merry words and with courteous reverence, they saluted and said farewell, each one departing gladsome and content.

¹ This canzonet is a good example of Dante's influence upon the writer.

*"e vidi 'l grande Achille,
 Che per amore al fine combatteo.
 Vidi Paris, Tristano. E più di mille
 Ombre mostrommi, e nominolle a dito,
 Ch' Amor di nostra vita dipartille."*
Inferno, v.





The Eighth Day.

NOVEL I.

How the parties of the Guelfs and Ghibellines arose, and how the accursed seed of strife was first sown and began to spring in Italy.



WHEN on the eighth day the lovers sought their accustomed meeting-place, Saturnina began and said: "As it is my turn to-day, I am minded that we enter into consideration of a moral and lofty theme; therefore I will relate to you how the Guelf and Ghibelline parties first arose, and how this accursed seed of discord came into our land and grew up." And thus she began:

"In Germany at one time there lived two gentlemen who held one another in the dearest friendship. They were nobly born, and possessed of great wealth, and dwelt within a mile's distance of each other, the one being named Guelf, and the other Ghibelline. On a certain day it came to pass that, as they were coming back from the chase, a quarrel arose between them on account of a certain bitch; and, as they had up to this time been friends and close companions, so they now became bitter foes, and used every occasion they could find to work ill one to another. So great did the discord between them wax that they both of them sent out invitations to their several friends, and gathered together large companies of the same, in order that they might wage war together. So widely did this scandal spread, that in the course of time it came about that all the nobles and barons of Germany were divided into opposing factions on this account; for the reason that some of them would hold to the side of the Guelfs and others to that of the Ghibellines; wherefore it happened every year that many men on the one side or the other lost their lives.



Now at a certain time the Ghibelline chief found himself fiercely attacked by the Guelf, and, himseeming that his adversary was far more potent than himself, he appealed to the Emperor Frederic I., who was then ruling, for his protection. On account of this, Guelf, seeing that Ghibelline had placed himself under the Emperor Frederic's protection, straightway sent letters to the Pope Honorius II., who was at that time at enmity with the emperor, entreating his good offices against his foe, and letting him know how the matter stood. Thus the pope, when he understood how the emperor had taken up the cause of Ghibelline, at once ranged himself on the side of Guelf. And from this cause it happens that the holy see is Guelf, and the empire Ghibelline, and thus the origin of the Guelf and Ghibelline factions is to be found in this accursed bitch.

It was in the year of Christ mcccxv that the seed of dissension aforementioned was first sown in Italy in this wise. At this time it chanced that the Podestà of Florence was a certain Messer Guido Orlandi (and in sooth the office of Podestà of Florence is a great and noble one). Amongst the members of the house of the Buondelmonti there was a gentleman who was called by name Messer Buondelmonte, and he was of a most seemly presence, wealthy, and of great valour. Now this said Messer Buondelmonte had sworn troth with a maiden of the family of the Amidei to make her his wife, and had joined hands with her, and had confirmed his promises with all those solemnities which rightly belong to such occasions. One day, when Messer Buondelmonte was passing by the house of the Donati, a certain lady, who was called by name Madonna Lapacia, saw him and called out to him, and said, 'Messere Buondelmonte, I am indeed greatly astonished that you should so far disgrace yourself by choosing for your wife one who is not fit to take off your shoes. Now I have been keeping a daughter of mine for you, and I am fain that you should come and see her.' Thereupon she called for her daughter, whose name was Ciulla, a maiden as graceful and fair as any one in Florence, and let Messer Buondelmonte look upon her, and said, 'This is she whom I have been keeping for you.' Whereupon Messer Buondelmonte, after he had gazed upon the maiden's beauty, became enamoured of her, and said, 'Madonna, I am quite prepared to do whatsoever you may desire ;' and, before he went his way from thence, he had taken the maiden as his wife, and had given her the ring in token of the deed. Now when it became known to the Amidei that Messer Buondelmonte had taken to wife another woman, and would have nought to do with the maiden of their house, they all gathered together and took counsel with all their other kinsfolk, and with their

friends as well, to devise some plan whereby they might wreak their vengeance upon Messer Buondelmonte for the ill deed that he had done.

To this council came Lambertuccio Amidei and Schiatta Ruberti and Mosca Lamberti, and divers others besides. The advice of one was that they should give him a sound beating, of another that someone should wound him in the face, and this man counselled one thing, and that man another. At last Mosca Lamberti stood up and said, 'A thing well done is done for good;' meaning by this to let them understand that a dead man would never again go to the wars. On this account it was determined that Messer Buondelmonte should be slain, and this counsel they put into execution. When Messer Buondelmonte was returning on Easter morning from breakfasting at the house of the Bardi, which lay on the other side of the Arno, he was mounted upon a white horse without spot, and wore himself a white cloak. When he came to the foot of the Ponte Vecchio, where there stood the statue of Mars which the Florentines were wont to worship what time they were pagans, and where at this time is the fish-market, a troop of assailants sprang upon him from behind, and seized him and dragged him from his horse to the ground, and there they put an end to his life.¹

The whole of Florence at once was filled with uproar on account of Messer Buondelmonte's death, and by reason of this homicide there arose a division amongst all the noble families and houses of Florence. Those who took the side of the Buondelmonti made themselves the heads of the Guelf party in the city, and those who favoured the cause of the Amidei became the leaders of the Ghibellines. The names of those who held to the Guelfs were as follows: the Buondelmonti, the Nerli, the Jacopi, the Dati, the Rossi, the Bardi, the Frescobaldi, the Mozzi, the Pulci, the Gherardini, the Foraboschi, the Bagnesi, the Guidalotti, the Sacchetti, the Manieri, the Da Quona, the Luccardesi, the Chiaramontieri, the Cavalcanti, the Compiombesi, the Giandonati, the Scali, the Gianfigliuzzi, the Importuni, the Bosticchi, the Tornaquinci, the Vecchietti, the Tosinghi, the Arigucci, the Agli, the Adimari, the

¹ "O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti
 Le nozze sue per gli altrui conforti!
 Molti sarebber lieti che son tristi,
 Se Dio t'avesse concesso ad Ema
 La prima volta ch'a città venisti.
 Ma conveniasi a quella pietra scema
 Che guarda 'l ponte, che Fiorenza fesse
 Vittima nella sua pace postrema."

DANTE, *Paradiso*, xvi.

Bisdomini, the Tedaldi, the Cerchi, the Donati, the Arighi, and those of the Della Bella family. All these noble families, together with certain of the townsfolk, joined themselves to the Guelf party on account of the death of Messer Buondelmonte. And those who became of the Ghibelline faction were as follows: the Uberti, the Amidei (and the chief of them were the Counts of Gangalandi), Ubriachi, Manelli, Fifanti, Infangati, Malespini, and those of the house of Volognana; the Scolari, the Guidi, the Galli, the Capiardi, the Lamberti, the Soldanieri, the Cipriani, the Toschi, the Amieri, the Palermini, the Migliorelli, the Pigli—what though some of the last-named subsequently became Guelfs—the Barucci, the Catani, and the Catani of Castiglione, the Agolanti, the Brunelleschi—who also became Guelfs afterwards—the Caponsacchi, the Elisei, the Abati, the Tedaldini, the Giuochi, and the Galigai. All these became Ghibellines on account of the death of Messer Buondelmonte, and from this one quarrel arose the factions which parted and divided all the nobles and the people of Italy, and sowed thus widely this evil seed. And all the Guelfs took the part of the Holy See, while the Ghibellines held to the emperor. So now you have heard how in Germany the strife between the Guelfs and Ghibellines began on account of a bitch, and later on in Italy on account of a woman, as I have set forth in the foregoing story.”

NOVEL II.

How the exiled Ghibellines of Florence returned thither, and drove out the Guelfs, and with what subtlety they rozened the people of Florence.



WHEN Frate Aurette perceived that Saturnina's novel had come to an end, he said, “ Forasmuch as you have begun to deal with themes of this character, I will tell you in what manner the Ghibellines, having been banished Florence, returned to the city and chased out the Guelfs, and how they put a crafty cheat upon the Florentines. For some long time after the Ghibellines had been driven away from Florence they abode in Siena and harried the Florentine territory, having been reinforced by eight hundred Germans of the army of King Manfred, all stout men-at-arms. It came to pass that Messer Farinata degli Uberti and Messer Gherardo Lamberti, the chiefs of the exiled Ghibellines, took counsel together how

they might dupe the commune of Florence, and, being cautious men and well versed in stratagem, they called for two lusty friars of the order of St. Francis, and thus addressed them: 'We desire that you go to Florence to the chiefs of the government, and tell them, on behalf of seven of the chief citizens of Siena, that if they are willing to send ten thousand florins, Siena will be given over to them.' The friars replied that they were willing to go, but first they desired to see the seven citizens aforesaid. This done, they would set forth. Messer Farinata and Messer Gherardo agreed to this, and they likewise made known to the seven Sienese citizens what it was they were minded to do; and, having come to a secret agreement with them, they again sought the friars, and told them how these seven citizens aforesaid were ill-content with the government of Messer Provenzano Salvani, who then ruled Siena, and would liefer live under the sway of Florence. Then the two friars took the letters of introduction, under the seals of the citizens aforesaid, and went to Florence; where, having enlisted the favour of the priors, they thus began to speak: 'Signors, we are come hither for the sake of the honour and glory and increase of this commonwealth, and we have certain private matters to reveal.'

On account of the mission of the friars the signory chose two citizens to hear their story and confer with them, Messer Giovanni Calcani and the deputy of the Porta San Piero.¹ These, after conferring with the friars, understood that certain citizens had authorized these men to give up Siena to Florence; whereupon the friars went on to suggest that the commune of Florence should equip a large body of men and make pretence of relieving Montalcino, and come to a halt at the river Arbia, about four miles from Siena, and remain there until these citizens should give into their hands the gate leading to Arezzo, called the Porta Santa Vieni; but first of all the commune must deposit with them ten thousand florins. The friars showed them the sealed letters and the authority which they bore; wherewith the two citizens aforesaid were fully satisfied, and forthwith gave in deposit the ten thousand florins. They next let assemble the council, which contained divers noble citizens who were skilled captains in war, and they put before the same a petition that, for the welfare and honour of the state, they would be pleased to throw supplies into Montalcino. Whereupon the Count Guido Guerra rose and affirmed that it was in no way expedient to do this, forasmuch as he himself had witnessed the ill-starred attempt made

¹ Orig., "*lo Spedito di porta San Piero.*" Villani (viii. 2) writes of him as "*huomo di grande opera et ardire, et era il detto Spedito de' principali guidatori del popolo.*"

earlier in the year by the Florentines against Santa Petronella ; then they must consider the fresh troop of Germans which King Manfred had sent to aid the Ghibellines, and he concluded by saying that the people of Orvieto could relieve Montalcino with little cost. So that, weighing each argument, he must oppose the despatch of the expedition. Next rose Messer Teghiaio Aldobrandi, who also demurred to the proposition, adducing many reasons for his opinion ; but to him the deputy of the Porta San Piero, a man full of conceit, made answer and said, that if Messer Teghiaio were afeared he had better look in his breeches. Messer Teghiaio replied, ‘ You will never dare to follow me into the battle.’ When he sat down Messer Cece Gherardini rose and began to give counsel similar to Count Guido’s ; whereupon the signory bade him hold his peace under a penalty of a hundred lire—a fine which he at once offered to pay as the price of free speech. Then they charged him to keep silent or pay two hundred, and again he was ready to pay the money. They raised the fine to three hundred, and got the same answer ; whereupon they commanded him to cease speaking under pain of losing his head, and this reduced him to silence. In such fashion it was settled by the people of Florence that the enterprize should be undertaken forthwith.

Thereupon they called out the people of Lucca, who lived under their free commune, of Bologna, Pistoia, Prato, San Miniato, Colle, and San Gimignano ; and, besides these, the greater part of the populace and of the noble families of Florence, horse and foot, went forth to battle, taking with them with great ceremony the Carroccio, and the bell which they called Martinella, mounted upon a chariot and on a wooden tower. So they marched until they came into the territories of Siena by the river Arbia, at a place known as Monte Aperti. There they found the forces of Orvieto and Perugia who had come to support those of Florence, and there were three thousand knights as well as three thousand men-at-arms and three thousand foot-soldiers in the field. Now it happened that the aforesaid chiefs of the conspiracy, Messer Farinata and Messer Gherardo, had in the meantime despatched to Florence certain other friars, who entered into relations with some of the Ghibellines of the city to help forward the affair, and these two friars betook themselves to the camp with the other Florentines on the hill of Monte Aperti, waiting until the traitors should deliver over the gate which had been promised. Then a Ghibelline of Florence, named Razante, having heard that a Ghibelline plot was being hatched in Siena, betook himself thither, with the assent of the other Ghibellines who were in the camp, to tell the exiled



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From the Bay of Biscay

From the Bay of Biscay

Florentines in Siena in what fashion their plot was being carried out. When he had come there he spake in this wise to Messer Farinata and Messer Gherardo, who answered saying, 'If you let this story of yours be known in Siena it will be the ruin of us; forasmuch as the Sieneſe, if they ſhould hear thereof, would be afeared, and would not fight; and it will be better for us to fight now that we have theſe eight hundred Germans, and to ſtake all on this venture rather than to go on ranging the world as beggars. For this reaſon we beg you to let circulate a ſtory exactly oppoſite to this one of yours, which thing you will know how to do.' Razante, having heard their ſpeech, ſaid, 'Leave the affair in my hands.'

Razante put upon his head a wreath of olive, and, having gone into the parliament where all the Sieneſe were met together, ſaid, 'I come from the Florentine camp, on behalf of all the Ghibellines who are there, to tell you that the army is ill led and full of diſcord; wherefore, ſmite boldly, and you will gain the day.' Straightway a great commotion aroſe in the city, and all men took up arms, and they ſent to the front the eight hundred Germans, the people and the cavaliers following crying out, 'To death, to death!' And when the Florentine hoſt perceived this army moving ſo ſuddenly againſt them with the intention of giving battle, they ſaid, 'We are betrayed,' and attempted to form battle array; but divers Ghibellines who were in the camp fled and joined the Sieneſe. And when the Germans had come where the great maſs of the Florentine forces were, Meſſer Bocca degli Uberti fell upon Meſſer Jacopo dei Pazzi, who bore in his hand the ſtandard, and cut off his hand in which he held the ſame¹—a traitor's act, indeed, ſeeing that Bocca belonged to Pazzi's company. As ſoon as the Florentines beheld the fall of the ſtandard, and knew that they were betrayed, they ſuddenly broke and fled. Then the Germans fell upon them and did as they would with them, eſpecially the foot-ſoldiers who took refuge in the village of Monte Aperti. Amongſt them were many men of Lucca and Orvieto, who were all killed; and, beſides this, the Florentines loſt the Carroccio and the bell called Martinella. More than two thouſand five hundred were ſlain, and more than fifteen hundred taken priſoners. And when the defeated Guelfs returned to Florence from Monte Aperti, there aroſe in the city the moſt bitter weeping and lamentation over the diſaſter; becauſe, of wellnigh every noble family, ſome were left behind dead. And as ſoon as the Guelfs realized that the exiled were beginning to return to Florence, they departed with their families, and went to take up their abode in Lucca.

¹ Dante, *Inferno*, xxxiii.

This thing happened in the year MCCLX, on the fourth day of September, and then the exiled Ghibellines at Siena, with the Conte Giordano, who was at the head of the eight hundred Germans, returned to Florence without further mishap, laden with spoil which they had taken at Monte Aperti. Thus Florence surrendered itself to the Ghibelline faction, the Conte Guido Novello dei Conti Guidi being made podestà; and he caused to be made the gate called the Porta Ghibellina, which looks towards Casentino, so that he might be able to bring in and let depart his own people as he should desire. And from that time the street between the gate and the place where justice is dispensed has been called the Via Ghibellina. The Guelfs of Florence were severely censured in that they went forth to Monte Aperti without knowing wherefore; and when the news reached the Roman court how the Florentines had been overthrown at Monte Aperti, the pope and many of the cardinals were mightily displeased, because the Church at Rome was humbled thereby, and King Manfred greatly strengthened. But Cardinal Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, being a Ghibelline, rejoiced much thereat; wherefore Cardinal Bianco, who was a skilled astrologer, spake a prophecy in these words: 'The conquered shall conquer in victorious fashion, and shall never more be overcome.' And in like manner as the Guelfs had quitted Florence, they also quitted Pistoia and Prato and San Miniato and San Gimignano, and dwelt in Lucca, in that quarter which adjoins San Friano, and the loggia which stands opposite to San Friano was built by the exiled Guelfs of Florence.

The whole of the Tuscan territory being under the sway of the Ghibellines, they held an assembly at Empoli, and proposed that Florence should be laid waste and become a group of townships; and this would have been carried had it not been for Farinata, who refused to agree thereto.¹ And the Ghibellines made Count Guido their captain, and went to take the field against the forces of Siena. They took Santa Croce, Castelfranco and Santa Maria a Monte, and then went against Fucecchio, but this place they could not capture because within it was the flower of the Guelf party. Then the exiled Guelfs sent an embassy to Germany in order to stir up to rebellion the young Conradin, and to induce him to join them; but this thing his mother forbade, as he was yet over young. The following summer Count Guido with all the sections of the Ghibelline party took the field against the forces of Lucca, having been stirred up thereto by the Pisans; whereupon the people of Lucca made alliance with the Ghibellines and drove the Guelfs out of their city,

¹ Dante, *Inferno*, x.

some of them going to Bologna and Modena, and some to France and England, in order to make gain by traffic. And hence arose the great wealth which came to Florence. Now you have heard how the Guelfs let themselves be cozened and banished from Florence, without knowing who had wrought them this ill turn." And, having finished her story, the amorous Saturnina sang a very sweet song in the following words :

Once more my ardent longings burn amain,
And twofold torments in my bosom rise,
And dire the flame, and pitiless the pain
Wrought by my lady's sweet and gentle eyes ;
And as I figure her fair face more clearly,
The more my soul of love of her is fain.
I see my fate, and yet I cherish dearly
My present bliss, what though set round with bane.

So may I find one sweet in all my woe
To lull my troubles in a lasting peace,
To serve her pleasure dear delights me so,
That coming days will bring me joy and ease ;
Wherefore, though burning love torments me sore,
I murmur not, so I have peace once more.

After the fair Saturnina had sung her canzonet in exceeding gracious wise, the two lovers brought their amorous discourse to an end for that day. They took one another by the hand, and with divers merry speeches, and with much courtesy, they gave greeting and said farewell, and each departed.





The Ninth Day.

NOVEL I.

One Maestro Bindo, a Florentine, goes to Venice to set in order the campanile of Saint Mark, and he builds likewise a palace for the public service. After a certain time he steals therefrom a cup of gold; and, having gone back thither, he falls into a cauldron of boiling pitch. Ricciardo, his son, cuts off the head from the body, and afterwards Bindo's remains are hung up upon a gibbet. The son carries them off, and buries them in the ground. They try in vain to discover the thief by the temptations of gluttony and of lust, and at last the Doge makes a promise that the guilty man shall receive pardon, and have his own daughter to wife, if he will reveal himself; whereupon Ricciardo goes to the Doge and tells him all, and gets for himself the promised reward.



ON the ninth day, when the two lovers had returned once more to the chamber where they were wont to meet, Aurette began in merry fashion, and said: "Since it is my turn to speak to-day, I am minded to narrate to you a novel, the hearing of which I believe will give you great pleasure.

In the most illustrious city of Venice there lived in times past a Doge who was a man of much magnanimity, well-advised and rich, highly skilled and prudent likewise in all affairs, who was called by name Messer Valeriano, the son of Messer Vannozzo Accettani. Now belonging to the great church of Saint Mark in Venice there was a campanile which was by far the most lovely, and the most richly adorned, and the most grand and stately of all the towers which were at that time standing in Venice, and this campanile, as it happened, was now in bad case, and like to fall to the ground by reason of certain defects and faults in the foundations thereof. And when he was informed of this,

the aforesaid Messer the Doge caused a search to be made through the whole of Italy, and let it be proclaimed abroad, that, if there should be any master builder who was willing to put his hand to the re-edification of the campanile aforesaid, he should repair straightway to him, the Doge, and then he should receive for his pains all the money that he could ever wish to demand and ask for. When this proclamation had been duly made a certain worthy master builder of Florence, whose name was Bindo, happened to hear at Florence, where he was then abiding, what was being done about the Venetian campanile; whereupon he determined at once to set forth for the undertaking of this task, and having taken his departure from Florence, accompanied by his only son and his wife, he went to Venice.

When he had duly inspected the campanile he formed a plan how he might restore the same; and, having presented himself to the Doge, he said, 'Signor, I have come hither to Venice in order to put in good repair the campanile of Saint Mark.' When he heard these words, the Doge paid Bindo the greatest respect, and after much conversation said to him, 'Good master, I beg you that you will make a beginning of this work of yours as soon as you possibly can, so that I myself may be witness of the same.' To him the master replied, 'My lord, it shall be done forthwith;' and without any delay he set the works in order, and by using the greatest diligence in a very short time he restored the campanile, both in structure and in shape, so that it was now even fairer than it had been aforesaid. When the work was done the Doge was mightily pleased thereat, and at once handed over to the master the sum of money which he asked in payment for his services. He also made him a citizen of Venice, and gave him a liberal income.

After a time he said one day to the master, 'I would that you should build for me a palace, and fashion therein a certain room constructed so as to be fitted to contain all the treasures and all the chattels of the Venetian state;' whereupon the master straightway set going the works for the construction of such a palace as the Doge had spoken of, and amongst the other chambers thereof he built one, fairer and better placed than all the rest, in which should be deposited the treasure aforesaid. And in the wall of this chamber he worked with subtle art and great ingenuity a certain stone which could be taken in and out, deeming the while that he might thereby be able to make his way into the chamber whenever he might desire. And the secret of this entrance was known to no one in the world save himself.

When the palace was duly finished the Doge caused his servants to

transport into this particular chamber all the rich furniture, and the cloths of Damascus worked with golden thread, and the bed curtains, and the coverings of couches, and the tunics, and all the other chattels of price, as well as great quantities of gold and silver. And this chamber was known by the name of the *Tarpia*¹ of the Doge and of the Republic of Venice, and it was always kept locked with five keys, four of which were in the several keeping of the four of the most considerable citizens of the state, who were especially chosen and designated for such office, and were called the chamberlains for the guardianship of the treasure of Venice, and the fifth key remained in the custody of the Doge himself. For the reason just given the chamber aforesaid could never be opened except it should happen that all five of the persons who held the keys thereof should be gathered together at the same time.

Now Bindo, while he was residing with his family at Venice, having meantime been made a citizen of the state, began to spend his money freely, and to live the life of a rich man, and, moreover, his son, who was called by name Ricciardo, gave himself over to a course of inordinate extravagance, so that in the lapse of time they found themselves in want of coin wherewith to pay for their life of excessive indulgence. On this account the father called to him his son one night, and the two, having taken a short ladder and an iron tool made expressly for the purpose and a small quantity of mortar, went to the secret entrance to the chamber which the master had so ingeniously constructed. Having come there, they placed the ladder against the wall and drew the stone forth from its place, and went into the chamber, out of which they took a very fair cup of gold which was in a chest. Then they went out of the chamber, and put the stone back in the place where it was wont to lie. When they had regained their own house they broke in pieces the fair cup, and sent the fragments thereof to be sold in a certain city of Lombardy, and by these means they contrived to maintain the profligate way of life they had begun to lead.

It happened that at this time there arrived in Venice a cardinal who had business with the Doge, and the Doge, wishing to pay all due honour to his guest, found it desirable to open the secret chamber for the sake of the precious things which were stored therein, that is to say, the silver plate, and the hangings, and the other treasures; wherefore, when they had let open the secret chamber, and had brought forth the treasures aforesaid, they found that one cup was wanting, and immediately there

¹ *Qy.*, *Tarpeia*, or strong place.

arose a great uproar amongst those who were the guardians of the treasure, who ran to the Doge and told him how one of the cups was missing. The Doge was greatly astonished, and said to them, 'This is a matter which concerns yourselves;' and after they had conferred at length thereanent, he gave orders to them that they should neither do nor say anything concerning the business until such time as the cardinal, who had lately come to Venice, should have taken his departure. And so it was done.

The cardinal duly paid his visit, and great honour was done to him; and, as soon as he had left the city, the Doge sent forthwith for the four chamberlains and demanded to know from them how this cup could have disappeared, and furthermore he gave orders to them that not one of them should leave the palace till the cup should be found, saying to them, 'This is an affair which concerns you.' When these four men were together by themselves they pondered well over the matter, but they knew not nor could they imagine in what manner the cup in question could have disappeared. One of them said, 'Let us consider and see whether any man could possibly find entrance to this chamber otherwise than by the door.' Then they examined well the chamber in every part without being able to discover any other entrance. And, in order that they might investigate the place more minutely, they filled the chamber full of soft straw and put fire thereto, and closed fast the door and all the windows, so that no smoke could issue therefrom. And as soon as this soft straw began to burn, so great was the force of the smoke which arose therefrom that it penetrated the fissures between the stones, and came forth at the secret entrance. By this working these men perceived plainly by what means the robbery had come about, and they went to the Doge and told him how the matter now stood. The Doge said to them, 'Say nought about this, for now we will discover the thief.' Then the Doge caused to be brought into the treasure chamber a cauldron of pitch, which was placed just under the secret hole, and he commanded that fire should be put under the same, so that day and night it might be kept always at boiling point.

In the course of time it happened the master builder and his son, having lavished all the money they had received for the golden cup, went again one night to the secret entrance; and, after the stone had been taken out, the master crept in and fell straightway into the cauldron of pitch which was kept always boiling. On this account, when he found how he was sunk in the pitch as far as his girdle, and could in no way extricate himself therefrom, he gave himself up for

dead ; and, having quickly made up his mind, he called out to his son and said, ‘ My son, I am now as good as dead, wherefore I bid you cut off my head at once, so that the trunk may not be known as mine ; then take the head away with you and bury it secretly in some place where it will not be found. Give your mother all the consolation you can, and see that you be careful in making your way out of this place. If any one shall inquire of you concerning me, say that I am gone to Florence on certain private affairs of our own.’

Hereupon the son began to grieve and to weep bitterly, beating his breast and crying out, ‘ Alas, alas, O my father ! ’ Then his father said to him, ‘ My son, it is better that one of us should die than both ; wherefore do the thing I command you, and do it quickly.’ Then the son cut off his father’s head, and bore it away with him, while the body was left in the cauldron, and was boiled for some long time in the pitch, so that it was consumed and became like the stump of a tree. The son went back to his home and buried his father’s head as best he could, and afterwards he told to his mother all that had befallen them. When she heard this she made great lamentation thereanent ; whereupon her son crossed his arms and said, ‘ If you make such uproar as this we shall both be in great peril of death ; therefore, O my mother ! be careful and prudent.’ And in this wise he pacified her grief.

On the following morning the body of the master was found and taken before the Doge, who was greatly amazed at what had happened ; and, finding himself unable to give any reason for the same, he said, ‘ Of a truth it is quite certain that two men were concerned in this theft, one of whom we have here ; now we must lay hands on the other.’ Then said one of the four guardians of the treasure, ‘ I have bethought me of a certain method, which is as follows : It cannot be but that this robber will have a wife or children, or kinsfolk of some degree, in the city. Therefore let us cause this body to be dragged through every street, and at the same time direct the guards to watch narrowly to see if any one of the bystanders shall weep or show grief at the spectacle. If they find anyone mourning in any way, let them take him at once to be questioned. By this method, it seems to me, the confederate may be discovered.’ The others agreed to follow this advice, and they let the body of the master be dragged along through all the streets of the city, with the guards following behind. And when they were passing by the house of the master, his wife chanced to be looking out of the window, and when she saw what evil usage was being done to her husband’s body she raised a loud lament. Then her son cried out, ‘ Alas,





alas, my mother ! what is it you do?' And perceiving at a glance how matters stood, he caught up a knife and dealt himself a blow on the hand, and made a large wound. As soon as the guards heard the outcry which the woman had made, they rushed into the house and inquired of her what was the matter with her. Her son answered, 'I was using this knife which you see here, and by accident I cut myself in the hand. When she saw what I had done, my mother raised a loud cry, for she deemed that I had wounded myself much worse than I have.' The guards, when they saw how the young man's hand was all bloody, and the wound, and the accident which had really happened, believed what they heard, and went their way. They passed through every part of the city, but they observed no one who was at all afflicted by the sight of the body.

When they had returned to the presence of the Doge, it was further determined to hang up the corpse upon the piazza, and in like manner to station in some secret place the guards who, both by day and by night, should keep careful watch to see whether anyone should come thither to grieve or to shed tears. Therefore the corpse was hung up by the feet upon the piazza, while the guards were posted in some secret place, and there kept a narrow watch, both by day and by night, to see if anyone should come to lament or to shed tears over the body. And in a short time the report was spread through all the city how this body had been hung up in the piazza, whereupon great crowds of the people came to gaze at it. And the woman, having heard how the body of her husband had been hung up on the piazza, ceased not to cry out to her son that it was the foulest shame in the world that his father's body should hang thus exposed on the piazza. Her son made answer to her : ' My mother, for God's sake hold your peace, for what they have done in hanging up this body in the piazza they have done for the sake of laying hands upon me. Rest content, in God's name, to suffer somewhat until this affliction shall have passed away.' The mother not being able to endure her fate, cried out continually to him, ' If I were a man, instead of being a woman, he would not now be hanging upon that gibbet, and if you will not go and take him down yourself, I will go and do it with my own hands.'

When the young man perceived that his mother was minded to do this thing, he began to deliberate how he might best rescue from the gibbet his father's body. He procured twelve black hoods of the sort worn by friars ; next he went out one night to the harbour, and brought back with him twelve porters, whom he made enter the house by

the door behind, and then he took them into a small room where he gave them to eat and drink all they could desire. And as soon as these fellows were well filled with wine, he made them dress themselves in the monks' hoods, and put on certain masks made in hideous imitation of the human face. Then he gave to each one of them a torch of lighted fire to bear in his hand, and thus they all seemed to be veritable demons of the pit, so well were they disguised by the masks they wore. And he himself leapt upon a horse, which was covered all over with black nousings, the cloth thereof being all studded with hooks, to every one of which was fastened a lighted candle. Then having donned a mask, wrought in very wonderful fashion, he put himself at the head of his band, and said to them, 'Now every one of you must do what I do.' And in this wise they took their way to the piazza, where the body was exposed on the gibbet; and when they arrived there they all set themselves to run about the piazza, now here, and now there, the hour being well past midnight, and the night very dark.

When the guards saw what strange thing had come to pass, they were all seized with dread, and fancied that the forms they espied must be those of devils from hell, and that he who sat upon the horse in such guise must be no other than great Lucifer himself. Wherefore, when they saw him making his way towards the gibbet, they all took to their heels through fright, while the young man seized the body and placed it in front of him upon the saddle-bow. Then he drove before him his troop, and took them back with him to his house. After he had given them a certain sum of money, and taken away from them the friars' hoods, he dismissed them, and then went and buried the corpse in the earth as privily as he could.

The following morning the news was taken to the Doge how the body aforesaid had been snatched away; whereupon he sent for the guards and demanded to know from them how the corpse could have been stolen. The guards said to him, 'Signor, it is the truth that last night, after midnight had struck, there came into the piazza a great company of devils, amongst whom we distinctly saw the great Lucifer himself, and we believe that he seized and devoured the body. On this account we all took to flight when we saw this great troop of devils coming against us to carry off the body.' The Doge saw clearly that this theft had been done by some crafty dealing, and now set his wits to work to contrive how he might find out the one who had done it; so he called together his secret council, and they determined to let publish a decree that for the next twenty days it should not be lawful for anyone to sell fresh

meat in Venice, and the decree was issued accordingly, and all the people were greatly astonished at what the Doge had commanded to be done.

But during this time he caused to be slaughtered a very delicate sucking calf, and ordered it to be offered for sale at a florin a pound, charging the man who was to sell the same that he should consider well all those who might come to buy the meat. He deliberated with himself and said, 'As a rule the thief is bound to be a glutton as well; therefore this fellow will not be able to keep himself long from coming for some of this meat, and it will never irk him to spend a florin for a pound thereof.' Then he made a proclamation setting forth that whosoever might desire any of the meat must come for it into the piazza. All the merchants and the gentlefolk of the city came to buy some of it, but not one of them deemed it to be worth a florin a pound, wherefore no one bought any of it. The news of what was being done was spread through all the place, and it soon came to the ears of the mother of the young man Ricciardo. As soon as she heard it she said to her son, 'In sooth I feel very great longing for a piece of this veal.' Then Ricciardo answered and said, 'Mother, be not in too great a hurry, and let some others take the first cut therefrom. Then I will see that you get some of the veal; but I do not desire to be the one who shall take the first portion.' But his mother, like the foolish woman she was, kept on begging him to do her will, and the son, out of fear lest she might send someone else to purchase the meat, bade her make a pie, and himself took a bottle of wine and mixed in the same certain narcotic drugs; and then when night had fallen he took some loaves of bread, and the pie, and the wine aforesaid, and, having disguised himself in a beard and a large cloak, he went to the stall where the carcase of the calf, which was still entire, was exposed for sale.

After he had knocked, one of these who were on the watch cried out, 'Who is there, and what is your name?' whereupon Ricciardo answered, 'Can you tell me where I shall find the stall of a certain one named Ventura?' The other replied, 'What Ventura is it you seek?' Ricciardo said, 'In sooth I know not what his surname may be, for, as ill luck will have it, I have never yet come across him.' Then the watchman went on to say, 'But who is it who sends you to him?' 'It is his wife,' answered Ricciardo, 'who sends me, having given me certain things to take to him in order that he may sup. But I beg you to do me a service, and this is, to take charge of these things for a little, while I go back home to inform myself better where he lives. There

is no reason why you should be surprised that I am ignorant of this thing, forasmuch as it is yet but a short time since I came to abide in this place.' With these words he left in their keeping the pie, and the bread, and the wine, and made pretence of going away, saying, 'I will be back in a very short time.' The guards took charge of the things, and then one of them said, 'See the Ventura¹ that has come to us this evening;' and then he put the bottle of wine to his mouth and drank, and passed it on to his neighbour, saying, 'Take some of this, for you never drank better wine in all your life.' His companion took a draught, and as they sat talking over this adventure they all of them fell asleep.

All this time Ricciardo had been standing at a crevice of the door, and when he saw that the guards were asleep he straightway entered, and took hold of the carcase of the calf, and carried it, entire as it was, back to his house, and spake thus to his mother, 'Now you can cut as much veal as you like and as often as you like;' whereupon his mother cooked a portion of the meat in a large broth pot. The Doge, as soon as they had let him know how the carcase of the calf had been stolen, and the trick which had been used in compassing the theft, was mightily astonished, and was seized with a desire to learn who this thief might be. Therefore he caused to be brought to him a hundred poor beggars, and after he had taken the names of each one of them he said, 'Now go and call at all the houses in Venice, and make a show of asking for alms, and be sure to keep a careful watch the while to see whether in any house there are signs of flesh being cooked, or a broth pot over the fire. If you shall find this, do not fail to use such importunity that the people of the house shall give you to eat either of the meat or of the broth, and hasten at once to bring word to me, and whosoever shall bring me this news shall get twenty florins reward.'

Thereupon the hundred scurvy beggars spread themselves abroad through all the streets of Venice, asking for alms, and one of them happened to go into the house of Ricciardo; and, having gone up the stairs, he saw plain before his eyes the meat which was being cooked, and begged the mother in God's name to give him somewhat of the same, and she, foolish as she was, and deeming that she had enough of meat and to spare, gave him a morsel. The fellow thanked her and said, 'I will pray to God for your sake,' and then made his way down the stairs. There he met with Ricciardo, who, when he saw the bit of meat in the beggar's hand, said to him, 'Come up with me, and then I

¹ *Ventura, i.e., good fortune.*

will give you some more.' The beggar forthwith went upstairs with Ricciardo, who took him into the chamber and there smote him over the head with an axe. As soon as the beggar was dead, Ricciardo threw his body down through the jakes and locked the door.

When evening was come all the beggars returned to the Doge's presence, as they had promised, and every one of them told how he had failed to find anything. The Doge caused the tale of the beggars to be taken, and called over the names of them; whereupon he found that one of them was lacking. This threw him into astonishment; but after he had pondered over the affair, he said, 'Of a surety this missing man has been killed.' He called together his council and spake thus, 'In truth it is no more than seemly that I should know who may have done this deed;' and then a certain one of the council gave his advice in these words, 'Signor, you have tried to fathom this mystery by an appeal to the sin of gluttony; make a trial now by appealing to the sin of lechery.' The Doge replied, 'Let him who knows of a better scheme than this, speak at once.'

Thereupon the Doge sought out twenty-five of the young men of the city, the most mischievous and the most crafty that were to be found, and those whom he held most in suspicion, and amongst them was numbered Ricciardo. And when these young men found that they were to be kept and entertained in the palace they were all filled with wonder, saying to each other, 'What does the Doge mean by maintaining us in this fashion?' Afterwards the Doge caused to be prepared in a room of the palace twenty-five beds, one for every one of the twenty-five youths aforesaid. And next there was got ready in the middle of the same room a sumptuous bed in which the Doge's own daughter, a young woman of the most radiant beauty, was wont to sleep. And every evening, when all those young men had gone to rest, the waiting-woman came and conducted the Doge's daughter to the bed aforesaid. Her father, meantime, had given to her a basin full of black dye, and had said to her, 'If it should happen that any one of these young men should come to bed to you, see that you mark his face with the dye so that you may know him again.'

All the young men were greatly astonished at what the Doge had caused to be done, but not one of them had hardihood enough to go to the damsel, each one saying to himself, 'Of a surety this is nothing but some trick or other.' Now on a certain night Ricciardo became conscious of a great desire to go to the damsel. It was already past midnight, and all the lights were extinguished; and Ricciardo, being

quite mastered by his lustful desire, got out of his bed very softly and went to the bed where the damsel lay. Then he gently went into her, and began to embrace and kiss her. The damsel was awakened by this, and forthwith dipped her finger in the bowl of dye, and marked there-with the face of Ricciardo, who perceived not what she had done. Then, when he had done what he had come to do and had taken the pleasure he desired, he went back to his own bed, and began to think, 'What can be the meaning of this, what trick may this be?' And after a short time had passed he bethought him how pleasant was the fare he had just tasted, and again there came upon him the desire to go back to the damsel, which he did straightway. The damsel, feeling the young man about her once more, roused herself and again stained and marked him on the face. But this time Ricciardo perceived what she had done, and took away with him the bowl of dye which stood at the head of the bed in which the damsel lay. Then he went round the room on all sides, and marked with dye the faces of all the other young men that lay in their beds so softly that no one perceived what he was doing; and to some he gave two streaks, and to some six, and to some ten, and to himself he gave four over and above those two with which the damsel herself had marked him. Having done this he replaced the bowl at the head of her bed, and gathered her with the sweetest delight in a farewell embrace, and then made his way back to his own couch.

The next morning early the waiting-woman came to the damsel's bed to help her dress, and when this was done they took her into the presence of the Doge, who at once asked her how the affair had gone. Then said the damsel, 'Excellently well, forasmuch as I have done all you charged me to do. One of the young men came to me three times, and every time I marked him on the face with the dye;' whereupon the Doge sent forthwith for the counsellors who had advised them in the matter, and said to them, 'I have laid hands on my friend at last, and now I am minded that we should go and see for ourselves.' When they had come into the room, and had looked around on this side and on that, and perceived that all the young men were marked in the face, they raised such a laugh as had never been raised before, and said, 'Of a truth this fellow must have a wit more subtle than any man we have ever seen;' for after a little they came to the conclusion that one of the young men must have marked all the rest. And when the young men themselves saw how they were all marked with dye they jested over the same with the greatest pleasure and jollity. Then the Doge made examination of them all, and, finding himself unable to spy out who had

done this thing, he determined to fathom the same by one means or another. Therefore he promised to the one concerned that he would give him his daughter to wife, with a rich dowry, and a free pardon for all he had done; for he judged that this man must needs be one of excellent understanding. On this account Ricciardo, when he saw and understood what the Doge was minded to do, went to him privily and narrated to him the whole matter from beginning to end. The Doge embraced him and gave him his pardon, and then with much rejoicing let celebrate the marriage of Ricciardo and his daughter. Ricciardo plucked up heart again and became a man of such worth and valour and magnanimity that wellnigh the whole of the government of the state fell into his hands. And thus he lived many years in peace and in the enjoyment of the love of all the people of Venice."

NOVEL II.

Arrighetto, the emperor's son, having concealed himself within an eagle made of gold, gains entrance to the chamber of the daughter of the King of Aragon. Having come to an agreement with her, he takes her away by sea to Germany. Of the war which ensued thereanent, and of the peace made by the command of the Pope, under pain of excommunication.



AFTER Aurette had made an end of his novel, Saturnina said to him, "Your story was assuredly a pleasant one to listen to, wherefore I in my turn will tell one to you which I believe will give you no little delight.

The King of Aragon had a daughter who was named Lena, young, fair, fascinating, well-mannered, and discreet as nature could make her; so that the fame of this noble damsel shone bright through all the land and stirred up divers valorous gentlemen to ask for her in marriage; but her father said nay to all of them, and would not part with her. The son of the emperor, who was called Arrighetto, having heard tell of her loveliness, became enamoured of her and could think of nought else than how he might win her to wife. In short, to compass his end he devised a most noteworthy and excellent plan. He had in his service a certain goldsmith, the most skilful that could be found anywhere, and he commanded this man to make him a fine eagle of gold, of so great size that a man might be hidden therein. And when this

eagle was duly made, as fair and masterly a work as was ever heard of, he handed it over to the goldsmith who had worked at it, and said, 'Go now with this eagle into Aragon, and set up a stall filled with your work opposite to the palace in which the king's daughter lives, and fail not every day to set forth this eagle upon your stall, letting men know you are minded to sell the same. I will be there beside you, and you must do what I tell you, and not meddle with aught else.'

The goldsmith took his work, and money enough besides, and travelled to Aragon, where he straightway set up a stall in front of the palace where dwelt the king's daughter, and began to work at his craft; also on certain days of the week he would set forth to view the eagle aforesaid. Whereupon all the people of the city flocked to look upon this masterpiece, so wonderful and so fair was the work, and one day it chanced that the king's daughter, having gone to the window, beheld the eagle and sent word to her father that she desired greatly to have it as a plaything. The king asked the goldsmith to name a price for the eagle, and, Arrighetto having now arrived in the city, the goldsmith told him of the king's request when he met him secretly in his lodging, and Arrighetto made answer, 'Tell the king that you are not minded to sell the eagle; but that, if it be his pleasure, he may have it as a free gift.' Then the goldsmith went to the king and said, 'My lord, I do not wish to sell this work, but take it, if you please, as a free gift from me.' The king replied, 'Let it be brought up to me here, and we shall soon come to agreement;' and the goldsmith answered that the king's will should at once be done. He returned to Arrighetto, and told him how the king desired to see the eagle; whereupon Arrighetto quickly bestowed himself withinside, taking with him certain sweetmeats which had great virtue to sustain nature, and arranging the inside of the image so that he could open or close the door at his will. Then he bade them take the bird to the king.

The king, when he saw this beautiful work, gave it to his daughter, and the goldsmith went to arrange it in the damsel's chamber, beside the bed. And as soon as he had done this, he said, 'Madonna, see that this work be left uncovered, for it is fashioned of gold of that sort which, if it be covered by aught, will tarnish and will no longer shine brightly. But I will return to see it again.' The princess replied that she would attend to this, and the goldsmith went back to the king and told him how the damsel was hugely delighted with the eagle, adding these words, 'But I will make it a delight still greater to her, for I will fashion a crown which this bird shall bear on its head.' This proposal





Painted by J. M. W. Turner

From the collection of the British Museum

pleased the king greatly; and, having made them bring a quantity of money, he bade the goldsmith take as much of the same as he would by way of payment, but the goldsmith answered that he was paid already, since he had won the king's favour. The king held long remonstrance with him without inducing him to take the money, his one answer being that he was paid already.

It chanced that one night, when Lena was asleep in bed, that Arrighetto issued forth from the bird and went softly to the bed where lay her whom he loved better than his own self, and kissed her delicately on her fair and rosy cheek. The damsel awoke straightway, being mightily alarmed, and cried out, '*Salve Regina misericordiæ,*' and, all in a tremble, called her waiting-woman. Arrighetto stole back to his hiding-place, and the maid got up and asked the princess what she wanted; whereupon she said, 'I felt by my side someone who touched me on the face.' The maid searched all parts of the chamber; and, not having heard or seen anything, she went back to bed, saying, 'Certes, you must have dreamt this thing.' After a short time had passed, Arrighetto again stole softly to the bed, and, having given her a sweet kiss, whispered, 'Dear soul of mine, be not afraid.' The damsel sprang up, uttering a great cry, and all the waiting-maids awoke, saying, 'What ails you? is there no end to these dreams of yours?' Arrighetto had by this time concealed himself in the eagle, and the women-folk examined the door and the windows; and, when they found all these fast and nothing to be seen, they began to rate the damsel, saying, 'If you utter another word, we will tell all to your governess. What foolish whim is this which keeps us thus awake? Nice manners these, to shout like this at midnight! Now see that you keep quiet, and try to fall asleep, and let us sleep likewise.'

The damsel was much frightened by these chidings. After a little, when Arrighetto thought the time was ripe, he got out of his hiding-place and went softly towards the bed, and said, 'My Lena, do not cry out or be afraid.' She answered, 'But who art thou?' He told her he was the son of the emperor, and she demanded to know how he had gained admission. Then said Arrighetto, 'Most illustrious princess, I will tell you. It is long ago since first I fell in love with you, having heard tell of your beauty, and many and many a time I have come hither to get sight of you; but, being unable to compass this by other means, I caused this eagle to be made, and I came here inside it for the sole purpose of holding converse with you. Wherefore I beg you to be pleased to show me some pity, forasmuch as there is nought else in the

world that I value save you alone, and you may see that I have risked death for your sake.' When the damsel heard these loving words, she turned to Arrighetto and said, embracing him the while, ' Bearing in mind all that you have undergone for my sake, I should indeed be ungrateful were I to refuse you your reward; and so I am content that you use me as you will, but first I should like to behold what your seeming may be. Now go back to your hiding-place, and fear not, for to-morrow I will make believe to sleep, and fasten the chamber-door. Then, when I shall be alone, we can look upon one another, and converse more at length.' Arrighetto replied, ' Madonna, I am full of joy, even though I may die therefor, that you have taken me for your lover, and I beg that, in token of this, you will give me one kiss.' Then she kissed him tenderly, for she felt already in her heart the fire of ardent love, and Arrighetto went back into the bird.

On the following day the damsel gave out that she was minded to sleep somewhat, and the time to run before she should see Arrighetto seemed to her as a thousand years. Then, having dismissed the maids and fastened the door, she went up to the bird, out of which Arrighetto issued and knelt at her feet. And when she saw how fair and sprightly he was, she threw herself straightway upon his neck, and he, taking her in his arms, said, ' I am in sooth more blest than any man in all the world, seeing that I have gained that delight which I have so long desired.' Then he told her the whole adventure, and who he was, in words sweet and soft like the most fragrant violets, mingled with delicious kisses. It boots not to tell of the love which they ever renewed one with the other. They remained together many days and nights in this wise, the damsel keeping Arrighetto supplied with sweetmeats, and wines as bright and clear as the stars. Moreover, the goldsmith came often to look at the bird, and inquired of Arrighetto if he were fain of aught, but the prince always answered no. One day Arrighetto said to the princess, ' I desire that we now go to our home in Germany; ' whereto she replied that she was ready to go whithersoever he would. Then said Arrighetto, ' I will go home and return hither with a ship to that castle of the king's which stands by the sea, where I will be on a certain night; and you shall tell your father that you are minded to go walk and look upon the sea; and you must wait for me at the castle aforesaid. I will meet you there by night, and then, having taken you on board, we will sail away.' The damsel answered, ' Let all things be done as you say; ' and then she sent for the goldsmith, and bade him take away the bird and fit a crown upon the same, so that when she returned to the chamber she

might find the thing done. The goldsmith said, 'I will do this if the prince be willing,' and the princess replied, 'Do as I tell you.' Whereupon he took the bird back to his workshop.

As soon as he found opportunity Arrighetto came out of the bird ; and, having taken farewell of the goldsmith, went back to his own country, where he gave orders to let furnish straightway a fine ship, together with certain armed galleys for defence. When all was ready, he set sail and came opposite to the King of Aragon's castle, as it had been agreed. In the meantime the princess said to her father, 'My lord, I am fain to go to the port, to look upon the sea, and to stay for some few days at your castle there.' Her father gave his consent, and commanded certain ladies and damsels to bear her company, and to go and take recreation with her. The princess went with these ladies to the castle, where she joyfully awaited Arrighetto's arrival, praying to God that he might not tarry long, and gazing seaward all the day to see if he were coming. One night at the appointed hour Arrighetto cast anchor beneath the castle, and the princess went down to him forthwith and embraced him ; and then Arrighetto, having hurried her on board ship, set sail and departed, good luck going with him, and carried the princess away into his own country.

When the morning broke, and when no trace of the princess was to be found at the castle, there was great confusion, and news was taken to the king how, during the night, certain sea robbers had attacked the castle and carried off his daughter. The king was stricken with the deepest grief when he came to consider in what wise she had been lost ; and, witting not how the case stood, he sent out one of his sons, a youth of gallant person, and charged him that on pain of his life he should not return without learning where the damsel was, and who had carried her away. The brother put to sea, and, following on the track of the other ship, heard something which convinced him that his sister had been carried off by the son of the emperor. Having made sure of this, he returned to his father, and told him how the emperor's son had come in person and had taken away the princess. Whereupon the king forthwith let equip a vast expedition to attack the emperor's power in Germany, and called upon the Kings of France, England, Navarre, Majorca, Scotland, Castile, and Portugal, and many other chiefs and barons of the west as well. And the emperor, as soon as report was brought to him of the preparations for attack which the King of Aragon was making, got his array in order and called upon the Kings of Hungary and Bohemia, and many other margraves, counts, and barons of Germany, so

that they came together from all sides, and made up a great army to fight against the other in such wise as you shall now hear. After the King of Aragon had collected his army he began the march, and entered upon the emperor's territories in Germany; and when the emperor heard of the invasion, he advanced upon a city called Vienna with a vast army. When the two armies were come face to face, the King of Aragon, having taken counsel with himself, determined to send to the emperor a challenge of battle, which thing he did forthwith, and sent by the hand of his trumpeter a bloody glove on a bramble. Arrighetto, as the commander of the imperial host, accepted the gage of battle with the highest courtesy, and, having made his dispositions, fixed the day when he would take the field.

The night before the battle the King of Aragon appointed twelve commanders of the host, all men of great valour and understanding. The first squadron was composed of three thousand stout men-at-arms, clad in black, the greater part of them being cavaliers with golden spurs, and they called themselves the Knights of Death. The king made his son, who was called Messer Princivale, the leader of these, saying to him, 'My son, to-day shall see the vindication of your sister's honour; wherefore I pray you to show yourself gallant and stout-hearted. Uproot all fear from your breast, and let yourself be cut in pieces rather than turn your back on the foe.' And he gave his son a standard having on an azure field a golden lion bearing a sword. The second squadron was that of the Duke of Burgundy, with three thousand Burgundians and Frenchmen well horsed and armed, and bearing that day the device of a golden lily upon an azure field. The Duke of Lancaster led the third squadron, three thousand Englishmen bold and expert in the use of arms, wearing breast-plates and shining helmets, and gathered under a standard wrought with three golden leopards upon a scarlet field. The fourth squadron was under the command of the Kings of Castile and Scotland; four thousand men-at-arms well horsed and equipped, bearing two gonfalons, on one of which was represented a white castle upon a scarlet ground, and on the other a green dragon, also on a scarlet ground, with an azure bar in the midst. The fifth squadron was led and commanded by the Kings of Majorca and Navarre, two thousand doughty warriors fighting that day under two standards, one bearing a black wolf on a white field, and the other three scarlet chequers on a white field with a scarlet band in the midst. The sixth squadron was led by Count Novello de Sansogna, and was composed of fifteen hundred Provençals under a standard wrought with three scarlet

roses upon a white field. The seventh and last squadron was under the valorous King of Aragon himself and his four nephews, five thousand Aragonese, well armed and equipped and mounted upon vast war-horses, and clad in hauberks of mail, carrying on their standard an angel with a sword in his hand. Round about this squadron were two thousand archers on foot, and the twelve commanders of the host were for ever disposing and setting in order the squadrons with such mighty noise of trumpet and fife that it seemed in sooth like thunder.

In like manner the emperor was careful to set in order his forces, and that same morning he made his son, Messer Arrighetto, knight and Count of Soave, and then gave him for his company three thousand knights and barons, all gentlemen of the highest estate. He bore as ensign the imperial standard, with a black eagle on a field of gold, and carried that day a shield upon which was painted a maiden with a palm in her hand, a device wrought by her for whose sake the armies were set in array. And after the emperor had given to him this standard and company of warriors, he spake thus, 'My son, the task before you is your own affair; wherefore I will say no more.' A nephew of the King of Hungary led the second squadron, which was formed of five thousand Hungarians most excellently arrayed, and had for its ensign lilies of gold upon an azure ground with white and crimson bands. The aged King of Bohemia led the third squadron, six thousand cavaliers all well armed and mounted and eager for battle, bearing as a standard a white lion with two tails upon a crimson ground. The fourth squadron was led by Seri della Lipa, the Duke of Austria, who had seven thousand horsemen burning for the fight and well versed in arms and in the usages of warfare. They bore as their standard two pennons, one with a two-headed white eagle on a red ground with white spots, and the other with a white mountain on an azure field with a sword set in the hill aforesaid. The Count of Savoy and Count William of Luxemburg led the fifth squadron, three thousand five hundred cavaliers, valorous, stout, and fearless gentlemen, with two pennons, one bearing the device of a bear with his rough skin on a yellow ground, and the other with red and white quarterings. The Patriarch of Aquileia led the sixth squadron, four hundred counts and barons and knights with golden spurs, having a banner wrought with a mitre on a crimson ground between two white croziers. The seventh and last squadron of four thousand Germans, proven men, and as it were born to arms, was led by the emperor himself, and marched under the standard which the angel brought to Charles the Great, that is, gold and flame, being wrought

with a tongue of flame upon a field of gold. And along with this last squadron went many brave soldiers, and to each squadron were attached four seneschals, who were ever on duty with their respective companies to hinder any man from falling out of the ranks, and to prevent any mishap or loss.

The squadrons having been formed and set in order on either side, and the pioneers having cut down the fences and trees and filled up the ditches, the day broke, and in each army everyone could see the rays of the sun shining on the glittering armour; and they could see, moreover, how the wind let flutter the standards and the pennons and the banners, and hear the neighing of the horses and the sound of the fifes and drums all around, which made it seem as if the world were full of thunder and lightning. Never before had there been seen on one field so many noble gentlemen in the flower of their age, nor so many valiant and skilful and trusty men-at-arms. And if ever an army was wisely commanded and directed it was that army of the valiant King of Aragon, who, as soon as there was daylight enough for men to see one another, went about heartening his soldiers and teaching them the use of arms, and exhorting them to wear a bold front this day upon which he had resolved to win with his sword the imperial title from the Germans, and to make it their own with the utmost glory and rejoicing; according as it had been brought to pass in days past when the good King Charles the Great was living. Wherefore he besought each man to bear himself as a paladin, and to remember what lasting fame would be theirs in the sight of all those who should come after them, with regard to this blessed and glorious day, upon which God and the holy Saint George would give them the victory. 'Wherefore,' said he, 'see that your swords cut deep, and that you take none of the enemy back to prison, for dead men fight no battles. And if anyone should have misgiving that he will not win this day noble and glorious renown, let him make up his mind to die, for we, being in the foeman's land, have no place of refuge; for us there is no hope save in our own swords, so we must needs show our mettle.' And then the king gave orders if any of his soldiers were found turning for flight, that they should be the first to be slain.

To all the host of Aragon it seemed a thousand years while they were being held back, for they deemed they were battling for the right. And the emperor and Messer Arrighetto gave similar orders and exhortations to their own host, reminding them that the German blood was the noblest and the bravest in the world. 'It is not without reason,' they said, 'that we gained the most holy crown of the empire,

and have kept the same for so long a time; therefore be brave and stout-hearted so as to put an end to the pride and daring of these tramontane Gauls, who in their foolish conceit have invaded our land seeking to devour us. Think, too, of our forefathers, who were ever men of war, and eager to win fame for their fatherland, like the worthy and valiant Emperor Otho I. of Saxony and the open-hearted Henry I. and Conradin I., the second and the third and the fourth emperors who bore the name of Henry, the good Barbarossa, Frederic I., Henry V. of Swabia, Otho IV. of Saxony, and divers others.' Meantime the Patriarch of Aquileia went about amongst the soldiers blessing them and pardoning everyone his sins, exhorting all to fight valiantly and thus win the victory.

Then the signal having been given on either side, and the opening of the battle proclaimed on the part of the emperor by San Polo, and by the Knight of St. George on the part of the King of Aragon, the two leading squadrons approached one to the other, and having lowered their lances drew themselves together for the fray, and casting fear aside attacked each other with the utmost valour. Then, when the lances were shattered, they took swords in hand, dealing the shrewdest strokes upon the shining helmets of their foes, so that sparks flew upward therefrom, with such good will did they lay on to one another. It chanced that Messer Arrighetto's horse was killed under him and he fell to the ground, but he rose quickly, and sword in hand cleared a way for himself. Divers of the knights of death were around him, but none of them could lay hold on him; when Messer Princivale, galloping over the field, came upon him by chance, and they recognized each other. Whereupon Messer Princivale shouted to him, 'Traitor, you are a dead man!' and Messer Arrighetto besought his foe for the love of his sister to spare his life. But Messer Princivale replied, 'It is not God's will and pleasure that I should have for thee that regard which thou hast denied to me,' and he raised his sword and struck with such force that, if Messer Arrighetto's armour had not been of the finest proof, he must have died that day, the shield on his arm being cut clean through. But the nephew of the King of Hungary came to his succour with the whole company of Hungarians, and Arrighetto was quickly reseated on horseback and fought gallantly sword in hand in their ranks.

And then the opposing army began to fall back before the superior weight of the force which pressed upon them, and the Duke of Burgundy made an attack with his squadron. The battle raged mightily, and

many men were slain; but the Hungarians moved off somewhat and bent their bows with such terrible effect that the arrow-heads seemed to dash together; wherefore they slew many of their foes, who were forced to fall back. Then the Duke of Lancaster moved forward with his stout and valiant English horsemen, and, having come upon the Hungarians with all the ferocity of an unchained lion, threatening them with death, they fled before him as if they had been sheep. And in this wise he encountered the nephew of the King of Hungary, and, having levelled his lance, ran against him and hurled him a lance-length off his horse. In a trice the Hungarian's foes were on him and around; but, because he was of royal blood, they were not minded to slay him, but rather to take him captive. As soon as the Hungarians saw their leader taken they broke and fled; whereupon the King of Bohemia, like a stout leader, brought up his squadron, greeting his foes with the cry '*Carne, carne!*' And the battle raged fiercely around, and the King of Castile and the King of Scotland and the Duke of Austria brought up the squadrons next in order. When these bands met, the noise and crash and ringing made by their arms and armour was so great that it seemed as if the air and the earth as well trembled by reason of the same. As they rode over the battlefield the King of Scotland encountered the Duke of Austria, wherefore they charged one another boldly; and, when their lances were shivered, they drew their swords, and the duke wounded the King of Scotland in the arm so severely that he could no longer use his sword, wherefore the duke made him a prisoner.

As soon as the king's soldiers saw that he was taken they rallied, and, collecting themselves, made a barrier round the duke, and took the king out of his hands by force. Whereupon the hoary-headed duke fell upon them with such fury that fortunate indeed was the man who escaped him. He drove his course through them with such energy that he penetrated even as far as the fifth squadron under the King of Navarre and the King of Majorca. These took up their ground cautiously, and the King of Majorca having offered battle, lowered his lance, and thrust at the duke's breast, so that the lance went right through him, and the valiant Duke of Austria bit the dust. The leaders of this troop having made such good beginning of the fight their courage rose, and they advanced boldly to the spot where stood the hosts of the Count and Duke of Savoy and of Count William. There the battle raged furious, and the banners of the leaders aforesaid were overwhelmed by force, and the ranks thrown into confusion.

As soon as the Patriarch of Aquileia perceived this he quickly set his company in order to meet the onslaught of the King of Majorca; and, so good a horseman was he, and so valiant his followers, that he soon made a path for himself and charged hotly the position where stood the valiant Messer Princivale, who set himself against his foe with much caution, and smote him in the breast in such wise that a splinter from the shaft of his lance remained in the wound; but so stout-hearted was the patriarch that he rode off, and wounded as he was wrought great havoc to his foes; but having lost much blood his face grew pale, and as he rode over the field he came upon Messer Arrighetto, who recognizing him, and seeing that he was wounded, cried out, 'Alas! my lord, what ails you?' The patriarch replied, 'My son, take off my armour, for I am a dead man.' Then he quickly did the bidding of the patriarch, who went on to say, 'I cannot see the light; so stanch this wound of mine and dress it, and then take me where the fight is thickest; for certes I am minded, before I die, to slay divers of my foes.' And when his wound was bound up he kissed Messer Arrighetto, and blessed him and said, 'My son, grieve not for my death, but take example from me, and may God be with you! This, however, is not the time to spend in talking.' Then he went into the fight with his two-handed sword, and it was ill for all those who stood in his path. After he had collected his forces for a little his strength gave way, and he fell dead.

It came to pass that Messer Arrighetto, when he saw approach the troops of the Count of Sansogna, advanced with his own, which had rested somewhat, and attacked the count with desperate valour. The count perceiving how reckless was the onslaught charged boldly to meet him; whereupon Arrighetto struck him with his lance on the breast, driving it right through him, so that the brave count was hurled from his horse, and after a short time died. His body was taken up by his people and carried from the field. When the King of Aragon saw how the good Count of Sansogna was dead he could not restrain his tears, and having taken lance in hand he cried out, 'Let all soldiers whose hearts are with me follow me.' Then he rushed forward with the fury of a tempest, putting to the sword all who came in his way, raging over the battlefield like a dragon, so that all fled before him. The emperor, waxing wroth against the King of Aragon, and seeing how the fight was going, sent forward his own army; and when these two hosts met they seemed to be devils of hell, so great was the raging and the uproar on either side, and so exceeding fierce were the blows they gave and took. The King of Aragon slung his shield behind his back, and, having

grasped his two-handed sword, he cut down all before him, so that all fled, being unable to withstand his sword-play. Many barons and counts met death at his hands ; the fight became more embroiled than ever as he dealt and received the heaviest strokes, cutting through weapons and hands and arms as well, and letting the field be plentifully sprinkled with blood.

Meantime the emperor with his forces wrought great havoc upon his enemy ; and it chanced that the King of Aragon came upon a fountain where Messer Arrighetto was quenching his thirst, having taken off his helmet. When the King of Aragon had dismounted, he recognized Messer Arrighetto by his arms, and, without saying aught, took his sword and dealt Messer Arrighetto a foul blow on the face, saying, ' This I give thee especially by way of dowry with my daughter.' He remounted his horse, and went on to say, ' Take up your arms, for to-day you must die here at this fountain by my hand.' Messer Arrighetto replied, ' It is not the habit of cavaliers to fight with those who give blows so foul as the one you have given me.' The king answered, ' Bind up your wound and get on your horse, for I am minded to see whether you are in sooth the stout youth you are reported to be.' And while they were bandying words there came to refresh themselves at the fountain the Count Guy of Luxemburg with certain of his barons, and they, having recognized the King of Aragon and Messer Arrighetto, and listened to the dispute between them, addressed the king and told him how they were willing to compose this quarrel, and the king and Messer Arrighetto gave their consent. The count said, ' My lord king, I desire that for to-day an end may be put to the fight, so that when Messer Arrighetto shall have had his wound dressed, and be once more able to fight, you two may meet on the field and settle the dispute between yourselves, in order to prevent the slaughter of so many brave men for the sake of one woman, for by my faith I have never yet looked on so bloody a battle as this.' The king and Messer Arrighetto agreed, and made handfast pledge for single combat. Then they rode back to the field, and each side let sound the trumpet signal of retreat, but they found it hard work to stop the fighting, so savage had the combat become.

In the evening, when both hosts had returned to camp, the King of Aragon summoned together all the kings and counts and barons who were on his side, and told them what he had done and promised ; where-with all were agreed, save Messer Princivale, who said, ' My lord, I have set my mind to fight this youth, because I too am young. Moreover, all this day I have gone about the field seeking him, but have not

been able to find him.' The king replied, 'My son, let him get well, and then do as you will.' It happened that the pope, having heard of the great force which these two princes had collected, sent to them two cardinals to make peace between them, and the churchmen, finding that affairs wore an ill complexion, spake often with the emperor, and likewise with the King of Aragon, who at last agreed to make peace, albeit with ill grace. But so powerful were the entreaties made to the nobles and commanders by the cardinals, for the pope threatened excommunication if they should be disregarded, that peace was agreed upon, with God's pleasure, and they became friends. Next they held high festival and rejoicing when Messer Arrighetto took to wife the daughter of the King of Aragon, and Messer Princivale the daughter of the emperor and the sister of Messer Arrighetto. And when all injuries were forgiven, and peace and alliance contracted by the instrumentality of the two cardinals, they went their several ways with great joy and satisfaction, and all returned to their own land, good fortune speeding them."

When the story was finished, Aurette began and said, "This novel assuredly is a fine one, and one which pleases me amain. Now I will sing you a canzonet," and he sang the one which follows :

"What is the root of evil, tell me, pray?"
Woman, I cry, and none can this gainsay.

Since love is blind, and scant is faith in all,
And woman hath in loyalty no share,
A fool is he who makes himself love's thrall,
Or deems a woman's oath aught but a snare;
For never one drew breath, or dark or fair,
Who kept her troth, save she was bent that way.

For love of woman Troy was overthrown,
And many heroes great thereby were slain,
Through love of Helen and of Hesion,
Their wayward looks, their foolish deeds and vain;
For madness surely must have been their bane,
Who darkened for love's sake their happy day.

Then let each lover bear him peacefully,
And cease to follow what he may not find.
How many hath love tricked in days gone by,
Who to make trial of him were inclined?
No new thing this, wherein were first combined,
The blossom and the root of love's sweet play.

My song, now speak thee kind and courteously
To lovesick maidens, and to youths as well.
For sure I am that thou wilt censured be
For these thy verses kind and laudable.
Care not that they be fooled, who dare not tell
Their dear desires, nor eke their longings say.

When the canzonet was finished, the two lovers clasped hands together, thanking one another, and said farewell, and departed rejoicing in their good fortune.





The Tenth Day.

NOVEL I.

The King of England takes to wife Dionigia, the daughter of the French king, whom he had found in a convent of his island. She is afterwards brought to bed with two male children in her husband's absence, and is forced, by reason of slander raised against her by her mother-in-law, to leave the court and fly to Rome with her children. By what chance the two kings, rejoicing greatly thereanent, recognize her, the one as his wife, and the other as his sister.



ON the tenth day, when the two lovers had returned to their wonted meeting-place, Saturnina began and said, "I will now tell you a story which I think you will find to your liking, forasmuch as it seems to deal with a subject in which you take great pleasure.

A certain King of France had a daughter called Dionigia, who was fair and graceful as any lady of the time. Her father, desiring to give her in marriage to a rich husband, resolved that she should wed a very mighty prince of Germany, who was seventy years of age, but the damsel had no mind for him; wherefore the father determined to force her to these nuptials, whether she would or not. The maiden thought of nothing else than how she might fly her home; and one night, having put on pilgrim garb, and dyed her face with a certain herb which changed the colour thereof, and taken some precious stones which her mother had left her when dying, she made her way towards the seacoast. When she came to the sea she embarked on a ship and crossed over to the island of England. In the morning, when the king missed his daughter, he caused a search for her to be made all through the city and the kingdom as well; and, not being able to find her, he concluded that she had made an end of herself through grief.

The damsel, as soon as she landed, took her way to a certain city, where she came upon a convent, one of the richest in the island, which was under the rule of a prioress who was a kinswoman of the king. Having gone within, the damsel said to the prioress that she would fain become a nun; whereupon the prioress demanded of her who she was, and who was her father. Dionigia replied that she was the daughter of a burgess of France, that both her father and mother were dead, and that she, having wandered much about the world, now desired to devote herself to God's service. The prioress, perceiving how gentle and sweet-natured she was, decided to take her as a novice and employ her partly in her own service; so she said to her, 'My daughter, I will gladly receive you, but first let it be that you make trial of our rule and of our life; then, if this house of ours be to your liking, you can put on the habit.' Dionigia was fully satisfied with this proposal, and, having entered the convent, she began to serve the prioress and the other sisters with such great meekness that all those in the convent held her very dear. Moreover they marvelled greatly at her beauty and at her gentle manners, saying, 'Certes, this must be some lady of high birth.' And it happened a short time after this that the King of England, who had lately lost his father by death, went travelling through his dominions, and arrived at the monastery on a visit to his kinswoman, the prioress, by whom he was made welcome with the greatest honour.

While he tarried there he chanced to see Dionigia, and her image took possession of his mind more than he could say; wherefore he inquired of the prioress who she might be. The prioress told him, and likewise when and in what fashion she had come thither, and how she had borne herself. The king forthwith desired to make her his wife, and made known his wish to the prioress, who answered that she was loth to let him take such a step, forasmuch as she knew nought as to who the damsel might be; moreover, it behoved him to wive with the daughter of some king or emperor, but the king answered her, 'Certes, this damsel must be the daughter of some great prince, her beauty and gracious manners declare it.' The prioress agreed that she was all the king declared her to be, and the king went on and said, 'In sooth, I would fain have her just as she is.' Whereupon the prioress, having let summon Dionigia, said to her, 'Dionigia, God has prepared for you a grand fortune, so listen to what it is. The King of England desires to make you his wife.' When the damsel heard these words her face fell, and she declared that under no conditions would she consent, for that she desired to be a nun, entreating the prioress not to speak more to her

on the matter. This thing the prioress told to the king, and he in the end determined that he would sweep aside every occasion of refusal and have Dionigia at all cost. The prioress, perceiving how strongly he was bent on possessing the maiden, plied her with such persuasion that at last she consented, and was married to the king in the presence of the prioress. Then, having bidden farewell, the king returned with his wife to London, and made in his palace the most sumptuous feasting, to which he bade all the barons of the realm, who, when they saw how very fair and well-mannered and modest Dionigia was, they all, as it were, fell in love with her.

But because the king had chosen his wife in this wise, his mother refused to attend the marriage feast, and departed, mightily incensed, to her estates. Dionigia bore herself so exceeding well that the king loved her better than his own life. Shortly after marriage she became with child, and, just at this same time, the king was forced to lead a great army against a certain island which had revolted; so, having taken farewell of his wife, and given directions to his viceroy to have good care of her and to honour her as queen, and likewise to let him know of her delivery, he departed from England. In due time the queen gave birth to two sons, and the viceroy wrote the news to his lord. The messenger who bore the letter chanced to pass by the castle where the king's mother was living, and there he halted, telling also of the birth of the twin boys to the queen-mother, whose anger increased twofold when she heard the news. During the night, when the messenger was sleeping, she changed the letter which he bore for another, in which she had set down how there had been born to the queen two apes, the foulest and most misshapen that were ever seen; and the next morning, having given the messenger good entertainment, she sent him onward, charging him that on his return he should take the same road, which thing he promised to do. He departed, and, having ridden to the spot where the army was, he gave the false letter into the hand of the king, who, when he had read the same and learnt what had come to pass, seemed to be like one stunned and confounded; but he wrote nevertheless to the viceroy, charging him to let the creatures have due nurture, and to treat the queen gently and well until the time of his return, which would be soon. Then, having despatched the same messenger with a letter, he remained stricken with the sharpest grief.

The messenger received the letter, and, according to his promise, took the road which led him to the castle of the queen-mother, where he lay the night; and, while he slept, the lady took away the letter

written by her son, and when she had read the same without being able to find therein any orders for the putting to death of her daughter-in-law, she was greatly disturbed, and, in place of the real letter, she wrote a false one, which said, 'As soon as you shall receive this, take the mother and her offspring, and, because I am assured that these can be no children of mine, let them all be done away with together.' This she put in the pocket of the messenger while he slept, and in the morning, having loaded him with favours, she sent him on his way. The messenger, who knew nought of what had been done, departed, and, having come to London, gave the letter to the viceroy, who, as soon as he had read it, was mightily astonished, and inquired of the messenger who could have given him this letter. The messenger replied, 'I had it from the hand of the king himself; and, in respect to this, I can tell you the king was greatly disturbed when he read what you had written to him.' The viceroy, when he heard these tidings, was grieved amain, and in this mood he betook himself to the queen, and showed her the king's letter, saying, 'My lady, read this.' The queen, as soon as she had read the same, began to weep bitterly, crying the while, 'Alas, how wretched is my life, that I have never known an hour of happiness!' Then, having taken her children in her arms, she said, 'My little ones, how malignant is the fortune under which you have come into this world! and what sin can you have committed that you must needs die?' Thus, weeping the most bitter tears that ever were shed, she kissed her poor little children, who in sooth were as beauteous as two stars, and the viceroy joined his piteous lamentations to hers, not knowing what part he should take. Then, turning to the lady, he said, 'Madonna, what are you fain to do, and what would you that I should do? You see what commands my lord here writes to me; nevertheless I have not the heart to put my hand to any such enterprise. Do you take your children by stealth, and I will go with you as far as the port. Then you can make your way by sea, and God go with you, to whatsoever place fortune may lead you, where you perhaps may find things more to your liking;' and to this counsel Dionigia readily agreed.

The following night, having taken her two children by stealth, and gone down to the port, she went up to a sailor and said to him, 'Take me on board, and convey me to Genoa, for which service I will pay you.' The viceroy too spake in her favour to the sailor, and gave him money; whereupon she took leave of him, with much grief and weeping. The vessel, the wind being fair, brought the sorrowing lady in brief time to Genoa, where she sold certain jewels she had with her, and hired two

nurses and two waiting-women. Next she went on to Rome, where she applied herself diligently to the education of her two sons, of whom one was called Carlo and the other Lionetto. She passed her life in seemly fashion, and brought up her two sons, who, increasing in worth as much as in stature, were a marvel to all who knew them, and their mother gave them into the care of the most skilful teachers, so that they might become versed in all the polite learning which gentlemen ought to possess. As they were growing up to manhood, she caused them to frequent the pope's court, without letting anyone know whose sons they were. When the pope came to know of the gentle and holy life which this lady led, and furthermore to see how accomplished and comely were her sons, he showed towards her great favour and affection, and conferred upon the family a handsome provision, with which they were able to maintain servants and horses and to enjoy the best of life.

It came to pass that the pope desired to voyage over sea, and take arms against the Saracen; wherefore he called upon all the leaders of Christendom, amongst whom were the King of France and the King of England, that they should please to visit Rome in person, for the reason that he wished to take counsel with them with regard to this voyage; and thus, through the bidding of the pope, the two kings found themselves in Rome. But in this place it must be told how the King of England, when he returned from the conquest of the revolted island, inquired of his viceroy concerning the welfare of his wife and her offspring; whereupon the viceroy made answer that he had done what the king had commanded, though not to the full extent thereof; for the written order was that he should kill them all, and he had, in lieu of doing this, sent them out of the kingdom. Then, by way of testimony, he laid before the king the letter. When the king read this he was greatly distressed, and set himself earnestly to discover how the mischance could have come about, and when he had convinced himself that it was his mother's work, he was filled with rage against her, and caused her to be slain forthwith. Next he searched for his wife in every part; and, when it was told to him how she had given birth to two fair boys, he was like to die with grief, so that for a long time no one dare speak of the matter in his hearing, and he would not be consoled, so great was the love he had for this lady whom he had so unfortunately lost.

As soon as the king received from the pope the summons that he should repair with the King of France to Rome, he set forth, and, having come into France, travelled on with the King of France to Rome, where they were received by the pope with great favour. And it came

to pass that as they went about the city they were seen by the lady aforesaid, who recognized one of them as her husband and the other as her brother (her father the king being by this time dead); whereupon she went straightway before the pope and said, 'Most blessed father, your Holiness knows how I have never wished to let it be known who was the father of these sons of mine, nor who I am; but, now that the season has come for me to reveal these two things, I will tell them to you, leaving what may ensue thereanent to be disposed according to your holiness' pleasure. Know then that I am the daughter of a King of France, and sister of the one who is now in Rome, and that through overboldness I fled the country, because my father wished to marry me to an old man against my will, and went to England, where I abode in a convent. The King of England chanced to see me, and, being enamoured of me, made me his wife without knowing who I was, and in a short time I brought forth these two boys. At their birth he, being away from the kingdom, sent word back that I, together with the children, should be put to death, for he denied that they were his. But by the help of one of his officers I fled, and came at last to this city, where I have lived, bringing up these unfortunate sons of mine as your Holiness knows well.' And with these words she was silent.

The pope, having spoken kindly to her, let her depart, and then caused to come before him the two kings and the two youths aforesaid, when he spake thus to the King of France, 'Most illustrious king, know you these children?' Whereto the king replied, 'Of a truth I do not.' Then he questioned the other king in similar wise, and received the same reply. The pope turned to the King of England and the King of France, and told them how the matter stood, and handed the boys over to them, to the one as sons and to the other as nephews. The kings accepted their charge with the greatest joy, and asked at once about the mother, whereupon the pope caused her to be brought to them. When she came in she embraced her brother with the greatest affection, but spake not a word to her husband, and, when he demanded to know the cause of this, replied, 'I have good reason for what I do, considering the cruelty you have practised towards me.' Then the King of England, weeping the while, told her how the affair had come about, what had been the cause of her misfortune, and the vengeance he had wrought upon the author thereof. The queen, having shown herself satisfied with this excuse, they let celebrate in Rome the greatest rejoicings that ever were seen, and abode there several days in feasting and jollity; and, when the pope had given them licence to depart, the

king got ready for the journey. But the queen said to him, ‘ I give to you these two boys as your sons, and commend them to you ; so go, and God be with you, but as for me, I am minded to tarry here to work for the salvation of my soul, and to abjure this world henceforth.’ The king replied that he would never leave Rome without her, and a great dispute arose between them. But the pope and her brother the King of France besought her so earnestly that she went back with her husband, who then became the happiest king that ever was ; and, having taken leave of the pope, they set forth in the company of the King of France, by whom they were entertained with the most sumptuous feasts and rejoicings ; and, these done, they took their way to England.”

NOVEL II.

How and at what time the city of Rome was built.



WHEN Saturnina’s novel was finished, Aurette spake thus, “ Your story indeed was a very good one ; and now, as it seems to me that they tell more noble and excellent stories concerning Rome than of any other city that ever was built, not only in Italy, but in the whole world, by reason of the great deeds which have been done there, I will tell you how and at what season this city was built.” And he began as follows :

“ In the city of Alba there was once a king who was descended from Æneas, son of Anchises, and who bore the name of Procas. He had two sons, one called Numitor and the other Amulius, and it came to pass that Amulius drove his elder brother by force and violence out of the kingdom, and took the daughter of Numitor, who was named Rea, and shut her up in the monastery of the goddess Vesta, so that she might bear no children. But it chanced that Rea became pregnant by a priest of the god Mars, and brought forth two sons, one called Romulus and the other Remus. On account of this sacrilegious act Amulius caused her to be buried alive in the spot where now stands the city of Rieti, which place was afterwards built and called Reate, and then he took the two children and gave orders that they should be cast into the Tiber ; but his servants were taken with compassion, and instead of drowning them laid them in a thicket of thorns. A herdsman named Faustulus passed

thereby, and, having espied the children, he took them up and bore them to his cottage. He handed them over to his wife, whose name was *Laurentia*, in order that she might suckle them, and their nurture was in this wise.

But some there are who affirm that these two children were begotten by the god *Mars* himself; but this is not true, forasmuch as their father was a priest in the temple of the god aforesaid; and again, some say that they were suckled in the thicket by a she-wolf, but this again is false. But because the wife of this shepherd was a lewd woman, who readily gave herself to serve the needs of other men, she bore the name of *Lupa*, to wit, one who can never be satisfied. As these two youths grew up they became the stoutest and strongest of all the shepherd lads, and in course of time they became so daring that they gathered together all the outlaws and robbers of the land and levied war and captured divers towns. Having now a large following, they founded *Rome*, and built a wall round the place, which had been formerly a wood, and they built in this place and in that divers hovels of straw where the shepherds might live.

Now it happened that *Romulus* became so infuriated one day that he slew his brother in this wise. He put forth a command that no one should pass beyond the walls of *Rome* under pain of losing his head; but one day, when *Remus* his brother was fowling, a bird escaped him by flight, and he found he needs must pass the boundaries aforesaid; wherefore, when *Romulus* heard thereof, he caused his brother to be beheaded straightway, and became himself the chief, being then not more than twenty-two years of age. It happened that there was great lack of women in *Rome*, and on this account *Romulus* made ready a most sumptuous festival, with games of all sorts; and thither came many fair women from without, and especially from the *Sabine* towns. As soon as the feast had come to an end, the *Romans*, according to the command given to them by *Romulus*, seized all the women by force and kept them as their wives. Then *Romulus* chose a hundred of the oldest of his company to be his counsellors in the making laws and statutes, and he ruled *Rome* for eighteen years. For when he was thirty years of age, he walked one day by a river, and a cloud descended and concealed him; and when this cloud had cleared away there was nothing of *Romulus* to be seen, neither bones, nor skin, nor any other trace. Wherefore his people declared that the god *Mars*, his father, had taken both his body and soul up to heaven. But, for my part, I believe that he was carried away by the river aforesaid. And in this wise *Rome*

was built by Romulus in the year four thousand four hundred and eighty-four after the creation of the world.”

When Saturnina had finished her novel she began her canzonet and sang as follows:

The wise man mourns for time unwisely sped.
 Let him not waste the hours who yearns for fame,
 Or fain would favour win from courteous dame,
 For faithful watcher may not nod the head.
 Time flies with him who lies in downy bed ;
 He shuns the grasp of those who pant behind ;
 So let each one seek what he fain would find,
 The darling boon of grace and goodlyhead.
 Trust not the future, unless Fate so will,
 Which comes so slowly for thy bene and prize.
 What though thy path lie up the stubborn hill,
 It is not what it seems to other eyes.
 Who grapples with his task will better fare
 Than he who works by strategy and snare.

For never was a dame to love so new
 Who would not soften (save I were asleep
 What time I should have wooed) and let me reap
 The full reward for all my service true.
 He must watch well who fain would let ensue
 The crown of all delight and joy and pride.
 Wherefore my song, if thou fly far and wide,
 Treat all love-laggards with your censure due ;
 But fail not thou to play the generous part
 To him who wise and valiant is of heart.

When the song was finished the two lovers gave thanks one to the other with gracious smiles, and in the sweetest fashion exchanged kisses. Then, making due reverence, they bade farewell and each one departed, God speeding.





The Eleventh Day.

NOVEL I.

In what manner the city of Florence was built.



ON the eleventh day, when the lovers went back to their accustomed meeting-place, Aurette said, "Forasmuch as it behoves me to begin to-day, I will tell you how the city of Florence was built, if you will give me your attention.

To set before you fully the story of the building of Florence, I shall find it convenient to tell you from the beginning the reason why Fiesole was destroyed, and next to let follow the story of the building of Florence. In the days when Rome was ruled by consuls, there were two senators, named Marcus Tullius Cicero and Mark Antony; and besides these a certain citizen, descended from the progeny of Tarquin, who was called Catiline, a man of dissolute life, but stout and valiant, and a skilful speaker, albeit wanting in counsel. Now this man, finding the rule of the consuls irksome to him, made plans against the senate to destroy them, and then to ravage and burn the city, in order that he might rule alone. In this design he would easily have succeeded had it not been for the working of Marcus Tullius, and thus there fell upon Rome great discord and ruin.

But because this Catiline had a great following they did not dare to lay hands upon him; wherefore he withdrew with a large band of men of his own faction to the ancient city of Fiesole in Tuscany, where he found Manlius his colleague also with a large army. Then Fiesole rebelled against the rule of the Romans, and all the outlaws of Rome and of Tuscany assembled there, and began to make war against their country. When the Romans heard of this they despatched thither Publius with his legion, and certain other troops, with orders to let halt

his forces before Fiesole. Also they sent letters to Quintus Metellus, who was then returning from France with a large army, directing him to repair with his force to Fiesole. Catiline, being advised of what was afoot, and without hope of succour from any quarter, seeing that Quintus Metellus was already in Lombardy, made up his mind to fly the place, and this he did. He quitted Fiesole and took his way to the plain of Pistoia, but his adversaries perceived in which direction he had gone by the track his host left behind. When Catiline saw how the matter stood, and how great was the force arrayed against him, he courageously set his army in order and addressed his soldiers in high-hearted words, saying, 'Soldiers, be of good heart; the popular faction, indeed, has never yet won the victory; but let us now strike a stout blow, for it is better to die with honour than to live shamefully and surrender. Rather let us put ourselves into Fortune's keeping than be taken to Rome and cast into prison.' Then, having drawn up his battalions, the battle began, and the end of it was that Catiline and all his followers were slain in this fierce and obstinate fight, and the Romans kept the field, what though few of them survived. The wounded made shelter for themselves all round the country, and they were nursed in the spot where Pistoia now stands. Hence the name of the place, forasmuch as the great mortality and pestilence gave to the city the name of Pistoia.¹ Quintus Metellus, who was then in Lombardy, heard of this great overthrow and quickly marched thither. When he saw how great the slaughter had been he was vastly astonished thereat; and, having collected the plunder of the dead and the battlefield, he went and let his army encamp at Fiesole, and one of his commanders, called Florinus, fiercely attacked the people of Fiesole. But one day the army of Fiesole in a sally drove him back beyond the river Arno, and divers sharp encounters between one army and the other took place. Quintus Metellus and Florinus, considering how scanty was their force, sent to Rome for fresh troops; whereupon the Romans sent them Julius Cæsar, Cicero, and Macrinus with a body of horse and foot, and these set their camp in order at Fiesole, and there remained for six years.

Later on, through the heavy losses which there fell upon them, they were greatly troubled and reduced in number, wherefore they departed and returned to Rome; but Florinus and his company remained in those parts, and built a fort on the river Arno, which he strengthened with

¹ Brunetto Latini (*Tesoro*, i. 37).

ditches and palisades, and harried his adversaries greatly. It came to pass that the men of Fiesole, having taken heart, sallied forth one night with ladders and other warlike instruments, and, fighting desperately, captured their fort; and having entered the same, they slew Florinus and his wife and his children and wellnigh all of his company, so that scarce any survived. When this news came to Rome, how Florinus and the greater part of his force had been put to the sword, great lamentations arose over this misfortune, and the rulers sent forth a mighty army, in which amongst others were Cæsar, Pompey, Cicero, Macrinus, Count Rinaldo, Tiberinus, Albinus, Gneius, Martius, Camerinus, and the Count of Todi. With this host they besieged Fiesole, assaulting it with a fierceness unknown before, but on account of the strength of the walls and of the site those who were within took little harm therefrom. And when the besiegers saw that they worked little hurt upon those within the town, and that they themselves were put to great loss and suffering, all the leaders departed and returned to Rome with their troops, except Cæsar, who swore that he would not go thence until he should have overthrown the place. And it would have been no marvel had he failed to overcome it by warfare, seeing that it was the strongest and altogether the best placed city in all Europe. The story goes that Atlas, a descendant of Japhet, the third son of Noah, had to wife a woman named Electra, of the seed of Cain, and that the said Atlas, with his wife Electra and many followers, urged by the prophecy of Apollo, his soothsayer and master, betook himself into the province of Tuscany in Italy, which land was then without inhabitants, and there they settled, having discovered by the voice of the stars that this was the most salubrious and best situated spot in all the bounds of Europe.

Now the bounds of Europe are these. The first begins in the east by the river called the Don in the Soldan's country, which flows into the Mæotic swamp, which in its turn reaches the Pontic sea. Upon this sea lies a part of Europe, to wit, Carmania, Russia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Alania, extending as far as Constantinople. Next towards the south follow the islands of the Archipelago in the Grecian sea, which surrounds the whole of Greece as far as Achaia, or rather Morea, and then stretches out towards the north into the sea called the Adriatic Gulf, now the Gulf of Venice. Upon this lies that part of Romania towards Durazzo and Sclavonia, and a certain projecting portion of Hungary. It stretches as far as Istria and Friuli, and then turns to the right hand towards Treviso and to the city of Venice. Then to the south it goes by the countries of Italy, Romagna, and the march of Ancona, Abruzzi, Apulia,

as far as Calabria opposite to Messina and the island of Sicily. Next it turns to the west by the shore of our sea to Naples and Gaeta, and then to Rome; onwards it skirts the Tuscan land as far as Pisa and Genoa, leaving on the opposite side the isles of Corsica and Sardinia. Then it follows the coasts of Provence, Catalonia, and Aragon, and the isles of Majorca and Granata and part of Spain, as far as the part opposite Seville, where it comes near to Africa, with only a small space of sea between. Then it turns to the right along the shore of the great outer ocean surrounding Spain, Castile, Portugal, and Galicia towards the north. It goes next by Navarre, Brittany, and Normandy, having opposite the island of Ireland, and then comes to Picardy, Flanders, and part of the kingdom of France, leaving to the north, beyond a narrow strip of sea, the island of England, called aforetime Great Britain, and the island of Ireland. Next going by Flanders towards the north-east it follows by Iceland, the whole of Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, Saxony, and Swabia, turning towards Russia on the banks of the river Don aforesaid. And these are the boundaries of Europe.

The aforesaid Atlas having fixed upon this spot as the best in all Europe, began to build the city of Fiesole under the direction of Apollo, who, as I have said already, had discovered by his astrologic art that this place excelled all the other parts of Europe in salubrity, for the reason that it stood in the middle point between the two seas which engirdle Italy, the Tyrrhenian and the Adriatic. On account of these seas and of the mountains around, the wind blew plentifully and was purer and more wholesome than in any other part. Again, the stars which ruled the hill of Fiesole gave promise of every good fortune to the city, which indeed was founded under such an influence and configuration as caused the inhabitants thereof to be more richly gifted with gaiety and charm than those of any other part of Europe, and the higher men went up the hill, the better and purer they found the air. Inside the city was a bath, which was called the king's bath, which cured divers infirmities, the water of which came down in a conduit from the mountains above, and was very plentiful and of the best. Atlas caused the city to be fortified with the strongest of towers and the loftiest of walls, and on the summit of the hill he built a great and noble fortress, where he himself dwelt, as it is still manifest from the foundations thereof.

Wherefore it was no wonder that the Romans gave up the leaguer of a city such as this. But Cæsar remained there with his troops, and having cut off the supply of water, and destroyed the conduits, and brought the people to great straits, they made terms of surrender with him, and then

the city was destroyed and razed even to its foundations. And when he had overthrown the place Cæsar descended to the plain with his army to the spot near the Arno where Florinus and those with him had been slain, and there he began to build, in order that the men of Fiesole might not restore their own city. This city he desired to name Cæsarea, after himself, but the Roman Senate forbade him, and gave orders that all those senators who had gone to the war with Fiesole should go and take part with Cæsar in building the new city. The one who should finish his special work with the greatest despatch should be allowed to call the city after his own name. Macrinus, Albinus, Pompey, Gneius, and Martius went thither from Rome with workmen and plans, and, having agreed with Cæsar, they made division of the various parts of the city in this wise : Albinus undertook to pave the city with large stones, and lately the workmen came upon some of the mortar he used when excavating in the quarter of San Piero Scheraggio, and near the door of the Duomo, where they still show what was a part of the old city. Macrinus caused to be built the conduits for fresh water, bringing it from a spot seven miles distant from the city. This conduit reached all the way from Monte Morello di Val di Marina, collecting all the springs of Quintus, of Sextus, and of Colonnata, and coming to an end in Florence at a certain palace which was called Termine d'Acque, or, as it is called in our day, Capancio,¹ which may now be seen in the Terma dell' Anticaglie. And you must know that the men of old drank of this spring water brought by the conduits because it was lighter and more healthful, and they drank little else except water because there were no vines in these parts.

Pompey built the wall of bricks, with round stones above. Martius undertook to make a capitol on the pattern of that at Rome, and this work was of marvellous beauty, a palace or fortress which stood where the Mercato Vecchio now is. It came to pass that all these chiefs brought their tasks to an end at the same time ; wherefore not one of them could call the city after himself. At first they called it Little Rome, and then, on account of the death of Florinus, they changed its name to Floria, because it had been populated by the flower of Roman citizens. In the course of time it came to be called Florentia, and to-day it is Fiorenza ; moreover, it will hereafter be called Firenze, on account of the wickedness of its people. In sooth, it is no matter of wonder that a people descended from two strains of blood so vastly differing as

¹ Villani writes "Capaccio." This seems to have been a portion of Roman Florence, a tower standing at the south-west angle of the walls.

the Roman and the Fesulian should divide into hostile factions. Thus you have now heard how Florence came to be built, and the building aforesaid, according to the chronicles, took place seventy years before the coming of Christ."

NOVEL II.

In what fashion Attila overthrew the city of Florence.



THE last novel being finished, Saturnina said, " Certes, the tale of the founding of Florence pleased me greatly, and now, since you have told me how it was built, I will tell you how Attila destroyed it.

In the year of Christ four hundred and forty, when the Emperors Theodosius and Valentinian ruled the world, there was in the northern parts a king of the Goths called Attila. He was a barbarian, lawless and cruel in all his ways. He was born in the country of Sweden, and in his savage moods he had slain all his brethren, and now he set himself to work the destruction of the Roman empire; wherefore, having assembled a vast army of the people of his country, he set the same in motion for the invasion of Italy, but in his march he found himself opposed both by the Romans and the Franks, who engaged him in a great battle at Friuli, and here so many men were slain that Attila was defeated, and retreated to his own land. Nevertheless, he was still set on the accomplishment of his design of overthrowing the empire; so, having collected an army greater than the last, he marched with it into Italy, and laid siege to the city of Aquileia, before which he sat three years. After capturing it he destroyed it, and he did the like to Vicenza, Brescia, Bergamo, Milan, and to almost all the states of Lombardy except Modena. This city was saved by the merits of San Gimignano, for on account of his prayers Attila passed by the place without seeing it. He destroyed Bologna, making a martyr of San Procolo, the bishop of the city, and in like manner he ravaged the whole of Romagna. He then passed into Tuscany, where he found the city of Florence strong and powerful, and, taking thought that it had been built by the Romans and was their treasure house, and that in these same parts had fallen Radagisus, his predecessor, the king of the Goths, he ordered his army to begin the siege, which he carried on for some time in vain. Then, seeing that the city was not to be won by blockade, nor by assault,

because it was so strong and so well guarded, he resolved to get possession thereof by treachery.

The Florentines were continually at war with the Pistoians; wherefore Attila sent word that he desired to destroy the city of Pistoia, and, after he had exhibited these marks of friendship, and promised to confirm all their privileges, and made other large covenants, the Florentines under evil counsel put faith in his flattering deceit, and were ever after known as the blind Florentines. Thus they admitted him within the city with all his host, and lodged him in the great palace; and one day, after he had gained entry to the city, he made show of summoning a great assembly, to which he bade come divers of the chief citizens, and, as they entered the palace one by one, he caused them all to be slain in a passage leading to the chamber, in such wise that no one knew of the fate of the rest. He cast them all into a great sewer, which discharged into the Arno and ran under the palace, in order that none might know of the deed, and in this wise he slew a vast number of citizens of whose death nought would have been known had it not been that the sewer began to cast forth so much blood that the river became crimson therewith. Then the people discovered the snare and treachery which Attila had worked, but they could do nought, for by this time he had armed all his following; and when the fact was bruited abroad he commanded his people to scour the city and to slay all the inhabitants, having respect neither to sex nor age. The people were massacred without making defence because they were unarmed and unprepared.

In these days the city of Florence numbered more than ten thousand men, without reckoning old men and children, and whosoever of these could save themselves fled into the country round about, hiding in ditches and woods and caverns; and after the massacre the city was given over to plunder, and burnt and destroyed with such barbarity that no one stone remained upon another, save and except a tower on the west side, which had been built by Pompey, and the northern gate, and the church of San Giovanni, which was then known as the temple of Mars. This church, in sooth, has never been overthrown, and never will, until the day of judgment, according to the words written on the floor thereof. In this manner the noble city of Florentia was destroyed, and the blessed Maurizio, the bishop of the city, slain. And you must know that the bishops of that time were not after the fashion of those of to-day, but were good and holy men. The body of this saint lies buried in the church of Santa Reparata. When Attila had completed

the destruction of Florence, he went up to the hill of Fiesole and let rebuild the town, giving freedom to whomsoever might desire to settle there. Thus many of those who had sprung from Fiesole, as well as many of the Florentines, went thither, and in this wise the city of Fiesole was refurnished with walls and citizens, remaining as before an enemy to Rome. Afterwards Attila overthrew Pisa, Lucca, Volterra, and Arezzo, and ploughed their sites and sowed salt thereon; he also destroyed Perugia and caused the blessed Erculano to be strangled, and overthrew divers towns in the Roman Campagna. By him many holy monks and hermits were sent to martyrdom; he persecuted the Christians cruelly, and robbed and destroyed many churches and hospitals.

At last he set out to overthrow Rome, but while he was at sea death seized him suddenly, and on that very same night when he died it was shown by a vision to Marcian the emperor, who was then in Greece, that the bow of Attila was broken, by which sign he understood that Attila had died that night. This Attila was the most cruel and powerful tyrant who ever lived, and on account of his barbarity he was called ‘*Attila flagellum Dei*,’ and certes he proved to be the scourge of God for the humbling of the pride of other tyrants, and for the chastisement of the Italians on account of their sins, for at that time many were corrupted by the Arian heresy, which is opposed to the Christian faith, and tainted by many other sins hateful to God. And thus the divine power wrought just punishment upon these offenders by means of the barbarous tyrant aforesaid.”

When Saturnina had finished her novel, Aurette said, “This Attila was indeed a cruel man, and I trow that from his day till now there has not fallen so terrible a calamity upon Christendom. For this reason Attila was rightly called the scourge of God. And now I will sing you a canzonet, which I think you will find a pleasant one,” and he sang as follows:

Who feels the spark of love inflame his mind,
Let him be wise if he his chance would find.

Let us admit that it is hard to bear
The cruel punishment Love gives his thrall.
But he who would Love’s perfect ensign wear,
Must curb his will at joy’s seductive call,
And wear at last the victor’s coronal;
Though now perforce he needs must lag behind.

For ladies well advised are well content
When foolish freaks of love are banished hence.

No man their humour knows. Nor just intent
Can show them as they are, without pretence.
But they, in that sweet hour of recompense,
Will teach him all with gracious play and kind.

Wherefore, ye lovers, in your service sweet,
Waste not your time in aught but dalliance due,
For he who serves in fashion right and meet,
Will know how best to keep his service true.
And let none else his inmost longing view,
Save her to whom his future is consigned.

Seek thou, my song, who 'neath Love's banners stand,
Who know the paths where Love is wont to stray,
And, if thou canst, be one of this same band ;
For wise they are, and will not thee gainsay.
Discourse to these of what thou hast to say,
But pass him by who is not to thy mind.

When the canzonet was ended the lovers full of love and ardour took one another by the hand, glancing at each other with sparkling eyes ; then they exchanged sweet kisses, and departed glad in their good fortune.





The Twelfth Day.

NOVEL I.

Charles the Great comes to Italy at the instance of Pope Adrian, and is made emperor.



ON the twelfth day the two lovers, having again met at the accustomed spot and greeted one another with great joy, Saturnina began and said, "Since we have begun to discourse on high and worthy themes, I will now tell you how Charles the Great, King of France, came to Italy at the suggestion of Pope Adrian, who was at that time sorely pressed by Constantine, the Greek Emperor, and Desiderius, King of the Lombards, and how Charles the Great was made emperor.

Constantine, the son of Leo, the Emperor of Greece and Constantinople, had begun in Apulia to wage war with his forces against the Church, which was likewise attacked in Tuscany by Desiderius, the son of King Telofre; and, being beset by foes on every side, Pope Adrian, who then ruled the Church, realized how heavy was the assault he had to bear; wherefore he sent into France to Charles the Great, the son of King Pepin, to invite him into Italy in order that he might defend the Church from Desiderius and his followers. Charles the Great, as a devout son of the Church, therefore moved with a mighty army into Lombardy, where, after meeting Desiderius and his son in a fierce battle, he laid siege to the city of Pavia. This place he took by blockade, and he captured likewise Desiderius and his wife and children, except the eldest, and all his barons, and he made them take the oath of allegiance to Holy Church. He did the like to divers other cities of Italy, and finally sent Desiderius and his wife and children to France, where they died in prison; and in this way Italy was delivered from the rule of

the Lombards, which had lasted two hundred and five years, by the aid of the Franks and of the good King Charles the Great, and henceforth they never came into Lombardy more.

When Charles the Great had gained the victory aforesaid he betook himself to Rome, where he had most grateful welcome from Pope Adrian and the Roman people, being greeted with the highest honour and entertained with the most sumptuous feasts. As he drew anigh Rome he dismounted at Monte Mario and went on foot into the city, kissing the gates thereof with great reverence, and visiting the churches and enriching them all with gifts, and the Romans made him a citizen. And he ruled the states of the Church in Italy, giving freedom to all, and he overcame the forces of the Emperor of Constantinople, and of the King of the Lombards, and their followers. Having restored to the Church all that it enjoyed under King Pepin, and increased its possessions by adding thereto the duchies of Spoleto and Beneventum, he marched into Apulia, where he fought many battles and was the victor in all. As soon as he had put to flight or slain all those in rebellion against the Church, and given peace to the Church and to Italy as well, he set himself to attack the Saracens, who had settled in Provence, Navarre, and Spain, and with the help of his barons, to wit, the twelve paladins, he subdued these three provinces. It happened that in a certain city near the seashore, called Arles in Provence, the Saracens had collected all their forces to fight against Charles the Great, many Saracen nobles having come there, and news of this great gathering was brought to the emperor at Marseilles, which place he had taken after a battle in which he had fought with the greatest valour. Having marched with his army near to the city of Arles, and assembled all his barons, amongst whom were Count Orlando, Archbishop Turpin, Oliver of Bretagne, the Marquis Ogier, a Dane of Denmark, Duke Namon of Bavaria, Astolfo of England, and other lords, he thus addressed them: 'My sons, I learn that the Saracens are here assembled to put their fortune to a final test; wherefore I request that each one of you will speak his counsel.' Then Count Orlando rose and said, 'Most reverend sovereign, albeit I am not worthy to reply in such a case, I will nevertheless make answer for all these brothers of mine, your children who are here gathered together. To us it seems well to send with all boldness the gage of battle to these our foes, forasmuch as we have God and the right on our side—and if God be with us who can be against us—and that we shape the business with our swords as in days gone by.'

Charles was filled with admiration at listening to the noble and

courageous words spoken by Count Orlando, and said, 'I fear that it may have been nought else than your earnest longing which has urged you to speak these words.' Then said Bishop Turpin, 'Sacred majesty, he has told you briefly the spirit that is in us far better than we ourselves could have told it; wherefore let us now discuss together what he has said.' Then Charles the Great despatched to the Saracens the gage of battle, which they accepted with spirit; and, when the day came upon which the issue of battle was to be tried, both of the armies set about the disposition of their squadrons with the utmost care. When the signal was given the ranks met forthwith, and began to deal and to receive the shrewdest blows, and on that field was fought one of the mightiest battles that Charles ever delivered, for a vast number of Christians fell there, and amongst them was Bishop Turpin and divers others of great valour. The battle lasted all day and well on into the night, and in the end the Saracens were defeated, so that the city fell into the hands of Charles. And when morning came he set to work to heal the wounds of the Christian warriors; and because the dead Christians and Saracens were mingled confusedly, they could not tell one from the other, wherefore Charles prayed to God that of His grace He would let them know how to distinguish them, so as to allow the dead to be buried. Then God graciously let grow out of the mouth of each Christian a flower, while from the Saracens' mouths there sprang a thorn, by which sign they were able to know them. Moreover, that same morning they found ready prepared a hundred tombs of stone¹ wherein to bury the Christians, and this was duly done with the greatest pomp and honour. Amongst the slain they found the body of Bishop Turpin, who died for the Christian faith. And in this wise Charles drove the Saracens out of Provence and Navarre and Spain.

Afterwards Charles sailed over the seas, at the request of Michael, the Emperor of Constantinople, and of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and conquered the Holy Land, which was then held by the King of the Saracens; and when he returned to Constantinople the Emperor Michael desired to give him great treasures, but he would not touch the gold, and desired only to possess a piece of the wood of the Holy Cross of Christ, and one of the nails with which He was fastened to the same, and these he bore back with him to Paris. After he returned to Paris he ruled by his might and worthiness Italy, Provence, Navarre, and Spain, and it was through his benevolence that Florence was rebuilt. I now speak

¹ Dante (*Inferno*, ix.) alludes to the tombs about Arles, "*Fanno i sepolcri tutto 'l loco varo.*"

only of his bounty and virtue, what though it seems meet that I should tell you somewhat of his descendants until his line became extinct in the time of Hugh Capet, Duke of Orleans. After the death of Charles the Great his son Louis reigned as Emperor and King of France, and then his son Lothaire. And Charles the Bald was emperor two years; and Louis, the son of Louis, was King of Bavaria, and from that time forth the kingdom remained with his descendants. The next king was Louis the Stammerer, his son, but he had not the empire, which passed to Louis, the son of Lothaire. To this Louis the Stammerer were born, of different wives, two sons, Louis and Carloman, who ruled five years, and then died; whereupon the barons of France gave the crown to Charles the Fat, the Emperor, and son of Charles the Bald, who reigned as Emperor and King of France for five years. It was this Charles who made peace with the Normans, and alliance, and converted them to Christianity. Then he fell sick, both in mind and body, so that it was necessary to depose him, both from the empire and the kingdom.

The barons of the empire chose as emperor Arnolfo, but he was not of the blood of Charles the Great, and from this time forth no emperor ruled in France. The next emperor was Otho, the son of Hubert, Count of Argenti, who was a good man and reigned nine years. But while he was in Gascony the barons made king of France Charles the Simple, son of Louis the Stammerer, of the direct royal line; and when this news was brought to Otho, he passed from Gascony into France, and, having warred for five years, he died. This Charles the Simple reigned twenty-seven years, and during his lifetime a part of the French barons made king the son of the Otho aforesaid, who was named Rupert, whereupon many battles were fought, but in the end Rupert was defeated and slain by Charles the Simple. After this Charles was taken by a certain Rupert who was of the lineage of Otho, and he was kept in prison so long that he died; whereupon his wife passed over into England, as she was the sister of the king of that country, and she took with her her young son, whose name was Louis. The barons chose as king Ridolfo, son of the Duke of Burgundy, who reigned two years and then died. On this account the barons of France sent into England for the young Louis, son of Charles the Simple, and made him King of France. This Louis reigned twenty-seven years, and had to wife the sister of Otho, the German Emperor, and begat two sons, Lothaire and Charles, and was afterwards captured at Lyons on the Rhone by Hugh the Great, who was his enemy. When this was told to the Emperor Otho he entered France with a great army, and, having taken the city

of Lyons and delivered Louis his kinsman from prison, he next laid siege to Paris, which was occupied by Hugh the Great. He surrendered to Otho, and, peace having been made between them, King Louis was restored to his sovereignty.

After the death of Louis, Lothaire his son became king, and he reigned thirty-one years. He warred against Otho his cousin, but peace was made at last, and after his death his son, who was also called Lothaire, mounted the throne, and he reigned one year and died without heirs. And then the barons of France chose for their king Hugh Capet, Duke of Orleans, in the year of Christ 990. The good race of Charles the Great now ceased, the lineage of King Pepin, the father of Charles the Great, having reigned 236 years. And it came to pass that when the aforesaid Charles the Great returned from over seas, as it has been already related, and when he had made himself lord of Italy, Provence, Navarre, and Spain, the pestilent Romans, together with the Tuscans and Lombards, revolted from the Church and seized Pope Leo III. what time he was making a procession, and, having blinded him and cut off his hands, they drove him out. But he, being a holy and blameless man, by God's pleasure recovered his sight, and betook himself to France to entreat Charles the Great to march into Italy and restore to the Church her liberties. Then the emperor and the pope went to Rome and re-established the Church, and restored to the pope his dominions and liberty, working vengeance upon those who had overturned the states of the Church.

Now because Charles the Great had wrought such great service to the Church, and given peace to wellnigh the whole of Christendom, the pope and all the cardinals and the Roman people deprived the eastern emperor of the sovereignty of Rome and Constantinople and Greece, and by a decree conferred the empire upon Charles the Great, King of France, as the man most worthy of the dignity. He was consecrated and crowned on the morning of Easter Day, and he reigned as emperor fourteen years, ten months, and four days, ruling the whole Empire of the West and the provinces before mentioned, and even the empire of Constantinople was under obedience to him. He built as many abbeys as there are letters in the alphabet, letting the name of each one begin with its own letter. Thus he lived a holy, perfect, and excellent life, and did much for the increase of the Church of God and of Christianity. He lived seventy-two years, and many signs and tokens appeared before his death; moreover, he left great wealth for the foundation of churches and hospitals, and other religious places."

NOVEL II.

The Pisans invade Majorca and the Florentines send a guard for their city.
In what way they were requited therefor.



WHEN Saturnina had finished her novel Aurette said, "I am minded to tell you how the republic of Pisa invaded Majorca, and how the Florentines protected Pisa for them, and what reward they reaped for their services.

In those days, when the Pisans were wellnigh the masters of our seas, they determined to make a descent upon Majorca, which was occupied by the Saracens, and having settled upon this expedition they collected in haste their whole force of ships, galleys, and other craft, and set in order a fine fleet. When this was furnished with all necessary stores they set sail; but, before the fleet had gone beyond Vada, the people of Lucca, knowing that none were left in Pisa save old men and women and children, sent an army to seize the city. The Pisans, hearing of the invasion from Lucca, went back with their fleet, through fear of losing their city, and the people of Lucca, when they heard how the Pisans had returned, retreated homeward. But the Pisans, having raised their force for the attack on Majorca, and spent much treasure over the same, took this as a great scandal, and resolved to send word to the Florentines and beg them to protect Pisa for them until they should have returned. An embassy was sent, and the Florentines, as benevolent neighbours, despatched a large force; whereupon the Pisans set sail. The Florentines encamped some two miles outside Pisa, and the commander gave orders that no one should enter the city under the pain of hanging, save where the honour of a lady might be in question.

It happened that a son of the commander, being a passionate youth, heard tell of a Pisan lady of surpassing beauty, and fell in love with her through hearing of her beauty, without ever having seen her. He set his heart on beholding her, and, without farther ado, he went into Pisa one feast day and got sight of her, and then returned to the camp, without having been guilty of an unseemly word or deed. When his father heard that he had been to Pisa, he caused him to be seized, and then inquired of him whether he had entered the city, and the youth replied that he had, but that he had neither done nor said aught unbecoming,

but his father cast him into prison and let prepare for his execution. When the old folk who were left in Pisa heard thereof, they went out to the camp, and begged the father that he would mercifully consider the age of the ill-fated youth; but he, for that his son had disobeyed his orders, would not listen to their prayers. The mother, having learned the doom given by the father upon the son, besought him by letter that he would not rob her, who had no hope of further offspring, of her only son; but her husband, regarding not the prayer of his wife or of the others, got ready for the execution of his son. The Pisans, however, made a protest, saying they were loth that such a deed should be wrought upon their soil, and on this account the commander bought from a peasant a patch of ground, upon which he erected a gibbet, and hanged his son thereon, doing this to serve as an example to his other men, so that the Pisans should have no cause to complain of the Florentines.

And in this manner the Florentines guarded the city until the Pisans returned victorious from Majorca, and in token of their success they brought back two columns of porphyry, which were endowed with such virtue that, if anyone should have lost aught of his goods, he would behold the thief with the thing stolen in his hand if he should stand by the columns aforesaid. Likewise they brought back a door inlaid with metal. The Pisans, when they returned, laid their prizes before the Florentines in order that they might choose one or the other, either the columns or the door. The Florentines took the columns;¹ whereupon the Pisans out of envy marred their beauty with fire and smoke, and destroyed their brightness, wrapping them the while with scarlet cloth. And this was the recompense which the Pisans made to the Florentines for the guard which they had kept over their city. The Florentines were greatly offended by the trick; nevertheless, this was not the beginning of the ill will which reigned between the communes of Florence and Pisa.² This first discord arose in the year of Christ 1220, when the Emperor Frederic II. and the Empress Costanza were crowned at Rome by Pope Honorius III. with the most splendid pomp and feasting. It was on the day of St. Cecilia, and all the communes of

¹ “*Le dette colonne sono quelle che sono hoggi diritte dinanzi alla porta di San Giovanni al Duomo.*”—Gio. Villani, iv. 30.

² This flout may have been the origin of the popular proverb, “*Fiorentini ciechi, Pisani traditori.*” Boccaccio repeats this story with variations, but refuses to consider the source of the aforesaid proverb. Ser Giovanni, Day XI., Novel 2, traces it to Florentine credulity as to Attila’s promises.

Italy sent thither ambassadors to do honour to the emperor. Now the Florentines, and the Pisans as well, sent embassies to Rome, and it chanced that there was then living in the palace of the Annibali a very worthy cardinal, named Messer Pantaleone, who invited to dinner the Florentine ambassador. The cardinal had a very beautiful little French house-dog, which the ambassador begged as a gift, and the cardinal straightway gave it to him. The next morning he invited the Pisan ambassador, who in like manner asked for the dog, and the cardinal, forgetting that he had already given it away, gave it to him. The following day the Florentine sent for the dog, which the cardinal handed over, and afterwards the Pisan also sent for the same, and, when he learnt how the Florentine had already got it, he was mightily angered thereanent.

One day, when they were riding for their pleasure, the two ambassadors met, whereupon they exchanged many unseemly and shameful words on the score of the dog aforesaid, and from words they came to deeds, in which the Florentine was worsted, for the Pisan had with him an armed band. But the Florentine called together all his fellow-citizens who were then at the court of the emperor and the pope, and, having fallen upon the Pisans, brought great loss and dishonour upon them; whereupon the Pisans wrote home and told how they had been used. Then the commune of Pisa forthwith seized and detained all the wares belonging to the Florentines—and they were many and rich—which were then in Pisa, and the commune of Florence sent again and again to Pisa, begging that the merchandise might be given free passage, and recounting the service which Florence had done to Pisa in times past. The Pisans excused themselves by saying that the goods aforesaid had been mislaid, and they could not take the trouble to find them; to which the Florentines replied, ‘If you will not restore them to us, we will see whether we cannot regain them sword in hand, even though you were ten times the masters of sea and land that you are.’ The Pisans sent answer that if they should ever hear tidings of such attempt on the part of the Florentines, they would cut them off forthwith.

Then the commune of Florence, perceiving in what manner it was being insulted by Pisa, set in motion a large force, and led the attack against that city; whereupon the Pisans advanced to meet their foes, showing all the courage of which they had boasted. They met at Castel del Bosco, and engaged, and fought a most determined battle; but in the end the Pisans were overthrown, with the capture of one thousand three hundred of the stoutest citizens; and thus the pride of

the Pisans was beaten down. Now you have heard tell how the discords between the Pisans and the Florentines began, and who had to bear the blame of stirring up the same. Nevertheless, it seems to me that in every war the Florentines have been in the wrong, and have been worsted as well. The thing done commends the end, for the Florentines are still subject to the spite of their foes."

When Aurette had brought his novel to an end, Saturnina sang the following canzonet :

He who knows love, and has a heart of gold,
Will never lose his way, or leave the fold.

And should he find upon his lady's face
Some glance or mood which leaves him ill-content,
Despair he will not, nor hold back his pace,
But like a hero bear his punishment,
And rule his life with fitting argument,
As love may will—cast down, abashed, or bold.

And whosoever will Love's doctrine learn
Must have a heart resigned to suffer ill ;
Nor must he at each trifle faint and turn,
But ever haste to do his lady's will.
Thus he who suffers shall his course fulfil,
And flowery garland shall his brow enfold.

What though you call him rash who stakes his bene
Upon the humour of a lady's eyes,
Still he will 'scape the snare that lurks unseen
Who keeps his mind from subterfuge and lies ;
His lady, too, will give in gracious wise
Her heart and life into her lover's hold.

Go now, my song, to Love, who is my lord,
And careful be his precepts to obey,
And let this message be proclaimed abroad,
"All lovers now their dames due service pay ;"
For ladies wise and prudent are always,
And grace and light divine their hearts enfold.

When the song was finished, the two lovers clasped each other by the hand, and exchanging their words of gratitude, they bade farewell in gracious fashion, and each one departed, God speeding.



The Thirteenth Day.

NOVEL I.

How the parties of the Neri and the Bianchi first arose.



AS soon as the two lovers had come back to their wonted meeting-place on the thirteenth day Auretto said : “ I desire to-day to tell you the origin of the parties of the Neri and the Bianchi,” and thus he began :

“ In the days when Pistoia was a city of note, there dwelt therein a noble family, the Cancellieri, who were descended from a certain Messer Cancelliere who had dealt in merchandise, and made no small gain by traffic. This gentleman had left by his two wives divers sons, all of whom by reason of their wealth were cavaliers, worthy and excellent gentlemen, high-minded and courteous in every respect. The family grew so fast that in a short time it numbered more than a hundred men-at-arms; and in this family, which was more powerful in wealth and numbers than any other in the country round, there arose, by reason of a certain waiting-maid,¹ who in sooth was very fair and charming, an ill-starred quarrel in words and in hurtful blows as well. On this account they were divided into two parties, the one called the Cancellieri Bianchi, who took descent from the first wife, and the other the Cancellieri Neri, who were sprung from the second. After these factions had met in a fight in which the whites had overcome the blacks, the victors, desiring to let the occasion be one of healing the feud, sent the person through whom the strife had first arisen to beseech mercy and pardon from the Neri, who had been made to suffer wrong from his deed, in the hope that this act of humiliation would win kindly response.

¹ Orig., “*per una fantesca, che era assai bella e graziosa.*” Neither Villani nor Macchiavelli makes mention of the *fantesca*.

Wherefore this man who had wrought the offence, having made his way into the presence of the injured party, knelt down humbly and besought pardon for the love of God, begging that they would wreak upon his person whatever vengeance they would. Then certain of the younger members of the injured party took the man, and, having led him into a stable, said to him, 'Stretch forth thy right hand;' whereupon he, quaking with fear, cried out, 'I beg you to show me pity, forasmuch as you cannot wreak greater vengeance on me than by refraining from punishing me when you have power to do what you will.' Then they laid his hand by force upon a manger and struck it off. This deed caused great commotion in Pistoia, and the party of the Neri was greatly censured thereanent; and by this means all Pistoia was divided into two parts, the one faction holding with the Neri and the other with the Bianchi, and divers fights took place between them. The citizens, fearing lest these aforesaid might stir up a rebellion in the land, with respect to the Guelf party, referred the matter to the Florentines in order that they might make peace. Then the Florentines seized the country, and caused the parties aforesaid to remove to the confines of Florence; and there the Neri found shelter in the houses of the Frescobaldi, and the Bianchi in those of the Cerchi nel Garbo,¹ on account of the kinship between them. As soon as this accursed seed was sown in Florence the city was divided into two factions, one portion of the citizens adhering to the Neri and the other to the Bianchi. The Cerchi were the chiefs of the Bianchi and the Donati of the Neri, and the seed of discord was multiplied in Florence so vastly that again and again strife was stirred up thereanent, and much waste and ruin made, whereas for a long time before this peace and quiet had reigned.

It came to the hearing of Pope Boniface how Florence was being devastated by faction; so he sent the Cardinal of Acquasparta² to compose the feud, and the cardinal aforesaid did what he could, but this, in sooth, was nought. Not being able to heal the discords, he departed, leaving the city under an interdict, and Florence, being in such perilous case, was all day under arms. Messer Corso Donati, with the Spini and the Pazzi, the Tosinghi and the Cavicciulli, and their citizen adherents of the Neri, sent word to Pope Boniface, the commanders agreeing thereto, begging him to send some high personage to the court of

¹ Dante (*Inferno*, vi.) calls the Bianchi "*la parte selvaggia*," because these Cerchi came from the forest lands of Val di Sieve.

² This episode is described in Day XXII., Novel 2, where the peacemaker is called the Cardinal of Prato.

France to ask for the despatch of a force which should establish them in power, and beat down the Bianchi, and to give whatsoever aid was possible. As soon as this was known Messer Corso Donati and divers other leaders of the party were declared outlaws, as to their persons and estates. They were fined a large sum of money, and when they had paid this they were conducted to the frontier. Messer Corso Donati betook himself to Rome, and used such persuasion with Boniface that the pontiff sent word into France to Messer Charles of Valois, the king's brother, to whom he made known his intention of making him King of the Romans, that is, Emperor. Induced by these promises Charles invaded Italy and reinstated Messer Corso and the Neri in Florence, thereby giving cause for manifold evils in the future, forasmuch as the entire party of the Bianchi, whose power was now crippled, were plundered of all their wealth. Then Charles became the foe of Pope Boniface, and was ultimately the cause of his death, for the pope, who had promised to make him emperor, kept not his word; wherefore it might be said that this accursed seed of discord brought the most fatal calamities upon Florence and Pistoia and all the other states of Tuscany, and furthermore led to the death of Pope Boniface VIII."

NOVEL II.

How Pope Celestine renounced the papacy.



WHEN Aurette's novel had come to an end Saturnina began and said, "I am now minded to tell you a story with which you will surely be pleased," and she spake as follows :

"At the time when the papacy was vacant through the death of Pope Nicolas of Ascoli, a space of two years elapsed without any election owing to the quarrels of the cardinals, who were sharply divided, each one of the factions wishing to name as pope one of its members. It happened that the cardinals assembled in Perugia were sharply pressed by the citizens to elect a pope, when at last, by God's will, they agreed to elect someone not of the college, but a certain holy man, one Pietro del Murrone of the Abruzzi. This man was a hermit who followed the most ascetic rule of life, and, to better renounce the vanity of the world, had abandoned the monastery which he had founded, and gone to live a life of penitence in the mountains of

Murrone above Sulmona. After his election and coronation he took the name of Celestine, and, by the advice of King Charles of Sicily he created forthwith twelve cardinals, the greater part of them from beyond the mountains. Afterwards he went with his court to Naples, where he was received by King Charles with much reverence and devotion. But for the reason that he was an unlearned man of simple life, troubling nought about the pomps of the world, the cardinals took small account of him, and began to suspect that they had done no good service to the Church by the election of such a pope; wherefore, when the Holy Father heard report of this discontent, he, feeling distrust of his power to rule the Church, and rather prone to serve God than to take part in worldly splendour, sought by some means or other to renounce the papacy.

Among the cardinals there was a certain one named Messer Benedetto Gaietani d'Alagna, a man of counsel, and of vast experience in temporal affairs. He desired greatly to attain the papal dignity, and with this design he had tried to procure the same from King Charles, and had indeed got promise of his support already. This cardinal went to the pope, knowing that he would fain be rid of his dignity, and advised him to publish a decree setting forth that every pope might for the good of his soul renounce the papacy. He moreover put before Celestine the example of St. Clement, whom St. Peter, when dying, had named as his successor; but St. Clement, for the good of his soul, would not take the succession, and before him came St. Linus and St. Cletus, and then Clement became pope. And according to the advice of the cardinal aforesaid Pope Celestine issued the decree, and then, having assembled a consistory of all the cardinals, made a declaration, and in their presence divested himself of the tiara and the papal robe and renounced the papacy.

But there are many who affirm that the cardinal aforesaid went one night by stealth to the head of the pope's bed with a trumpet, upon which he sounded three blasts; whereupon the pope said to him, 'Who art thou?' The cardinal who bore the trumpet replied, 'I am the angel of God, sent by Him to thee, His most devoted servant, and I declare to thee on His behalf that it behoves thee to have care for thy immortal soul rather than for the pomps of the world;' and then he departed. After this Pope Celestine had no rest till he should renounce his office, and, this done, he left the court, and once more became a hermit and did penance without ceasing. Thus Celestine was pope for the space of five months and eight days, and his successor was Messer Benedetto

Gaietani, who was known afterwards as Pope Boniface VIII.¹ There was furthermore a saying that Pope Boniface caused Celestine to be seized in the mountains of Santo Agnolo in Apulia above Ostia, where he had retired to perform his penance, and cast him into prison in the mountains of Sulmona, where he was afterwards put to death, so that he might not by his living presence stand in the way of the election of Boniface; forasmuch as many Christians held Celestine to be the rightful pope, notwithstanding the renunciation he had made, maintaining that a dignity so high as the papacy could not be shaken off by any decree whatsoever, but that he who might once be made pope must needs remain pope to the end of his days, and on account of this contention Pope Boniface compassed Celestine's death. After his death God is said to have shown many miracles through him; and, so greatly did the fame of his saintly life increase, in the time of Pope John XXII. he was canonized under the style of San Pietro del Murrone."

At the close of the story Aurette said, "This novel, certes, is one full of interest, and now I will sing you my canzonet." And he sang as follows :

Lady, shall I find ever peace from strife,
I who love thee far dearer than my life ?

Thou canst alone restore the mood serene
To that one faithful heart so true and warm ;
So fold him close within thy loving arm,
Him who will serve thee as his fancy's queen.
Let not love go while yet thy spring is green ;
Use well thy lusty hour, ere time grows late ;
For happy shall they be, and fortunate,
Who in their youth the slaves of Love have been.

¹ The episode of the trumpet is not found in Villani, but Boccaccio in his *Comento* on Dante recounts it. Gower, in *Confessio Amantis*, bk. ii., writes :

"This clerk when he had heard the form,
How he the pope shuld enform,
Toke of the cardinal his leve
And goth him home, til it was eve,
And prively the trompe he hadde
Til that the pope was abedde.
And at midnight when he knewe
The pope slepte, than he blew
Within his trompe through the wall
And told in what maner he shall
His papacie leve and take
His first estate."

On what pretext canst thou withhold thy heart
From him who is thy slave obedient ?
Who feels within his breast the burning smart
Of fires which nor by day nor night are spent.

Love will not bide with cruelty for mate,
Nor show his power to souls that are unkind.
He seeks the tender heart and gentle mind
Which he may with his fire irradiate.
Thus doth he make his grace and sweetness plain
To me, thy slave, and holds me in his chain.

My song, to that bright star now wing thy way,
The star I love, and for my ensign take.
Then, in thy courteous fashion, thou shalt say
How passion plague my being doth unmake,
And ask her if my soul must pine alway,
In woe unspeakable, for her sweet sake.

As soon as the song was finished the two lovers brought their pleasant discourse to an end for that day. Then they took one another by the hand, and each departed.





The Fourteenth Day.

NOVEL I.

After Celestine, Boniface the Eighth was elected pope. Certain of the great deeds he wrought during his papacy, and how he met his death at the hand of the King of France.¹



ON the fourteenth day the happy lovers went once more to their wonted place of meeting, and then Saturnina said, "I will tell you to-day how Pope Boniface was elected, and of some of the great things he did while he was pope, and how the King of France, in the end, was the cause of his death.

After the Cardinal Messer Benedetto Gaetani d'Alagna had, by his cunning persuasion, induced Pope Celestine to lay down the papacy, he made so great interest with Charles, King of Sicily, who was then at Naples, that he was elected pope by the votes of the twelve cardinals whom Pope Celestine had created at the instance of the king aforesaid. As soon as he was elected pope he left Naples for Rome, where he was crowned, and after the ceremony he took the name of Boniface. He sent a legate into France to make peace between the King of France and the Flemings, and at the same time found himself embroiled with the chiefs of the Colonnas at Rome, for these had thwarted him in divers affairs, and especially by the opposition which Messer Jacopo and Messer Piero Colonna, who were cardinals, had shown to his election. Wherefore he thought of nought else than how he might work their undoing. And it came to pass that, after the papal court had declared its hostility to his house, Sciarra Colonna, the nephew of the aforesaid cardinals, seized upon a certain treasure of the Church; whereupon the pope pursued

¹ Philip the Fair.

the whole of the Colonnas by the law, and deprived the two cardinals of their hats and all their honours. He took away from all other members of the house, lay and clerical alike, their temporal and spiritual offices, at the same time destroying their palaces and houses in the city. Thereupon they declared war against the pope, for they were very powerful through the possession of the city of Palestrina, and Nepi, and Colonna, and many other strong towns.

On this account the pope granted remission of sins, and of penance likewise, to all those who would join the crusade against the Colonnas, and he let gather an army before the city of Nepi. The commune of Florence sent six thousand well-armed men, and the host there assembled was so mighty that the city surrendered itself to the pope; but great numbers of the soldiers sickened and died by reason of the unhealthy air, wherefore they made enemies of the people of the country, who drove them out of the district. In the year of Christ 1300 the pope desired to celebrate the jubilee with all faithful Christians, and he did this in the following wise. He ordained that every Roman citizen, male or female, who during the year aforesaid should visit for thirty days in succession the churches of the blessed apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and any person, not being a Roman, who should do the same for fifteen days, should be granted complete absolution of all sins, if they should confess, or be in the mind to confess. Moreover, he exhibited every Friday and every solemn festival the holy winding-sheet of Christ, which was in St. Peter's; and on this account the greater part of the Christians then alive made a pilgrimage, which was the most marvellous thing that ever was seen; for that there were continuously in Rome, over and beyond the Roman people, two hundred thousand pilgrims, in addition to those who were on the road going and coming. All men were orderly, and duly provided with victuals both for man and beast, and strife and uproar were unknown.¹

This pope in the course of his life wrought many noteworthy deeds, and was well disposed towards the commune of Florence, especially towards those who belonged to the Guelf party. Though he himself sprang from a Ghibelline house, he became a Guelf when he was elected pope, and did many things in the interest of the Guelf party. At the instance of the Guelfs of Florence he sent into France for Messer Charles, the Count of Valois and brother of the King of France, promising to make him King of the Romans, that is to say, to put him

¹ This was the Great Jubilee referred to by Dante, *Inf.*, xviii., *Purg.* ii

in possession of the Empire. On this account Charles set forth and came to Rome with five thousand cavaliers of France, and many counts and barons; then he went into Tuscany and restored to its estates the Guelf party which had been driven out, and lastly he marched into Apulia at the pope's request, where he did many deeds in the interest of the Church. After this it came to pass that Charles went back to France to take part in the war which the king his brother was waging against the Flemings, the French having been severely worsted. The pope was sorely wroth with him on this account, and did not find him to be the high-hearted and courageous prince he could have wished; wherefore he confirmed Albert of Austria as King of the Romans. For this reason the King of France held himself to have been grossly tricked and duped by the pope, and out of spite forthwith began to treat with great honour Messer Stefano Colonna, the foe of Boniface. Moreover, he seized the Bishop of Paluta, and enjoyed the revenues of every vacant bishopric, and confiscated its estates; so the pope, who was proud and resentful, and burning to make his mark in the world as a courageous and powerful prince, was no sooner informed of the spiteful dealing of his foes than he stirred up malice and ill-will everywhere, and allied himself with all the foes of the King of France. To begin, in order to justify his contention, he sent word to all the prelates of France that they must repair to his court, but the king forbade them and would not let them go; wherefore the pope was wroth exceedingly against the king, and brought forward arguments and decrees to prove that the King of France, as well as all other Christian kings, was bound to recognize the apostolic see as over-lord both in temporal and in spiritual affairs; and this saying he caused to be proclaimed even in France. The king treated in evil and shameful wise the messenger who bore the letter, and on this account the pope excommunicated him. Then the king, to show cause for his view, summoned to Paris a great gathering of the clergy, to which came the prelates and all the barons of the kingdom, and he both excused himself, and brought against the pope divers slanders, and articles in which he accused him of simony and heresy and homicide and numberless other offences, alleging that he ought to be deposed. In this way there sprang up between the pope and the King of France that feud which came to such an evil issue; and in the course of this quarrel every member of either party was fain to work the ruin of his foe on the other side.

The pope attacked the King of France by excommunication, so as to drive him from his kingdom; and with this end in view he showed



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favour to the rebellious Flemings, and was eager that King Albert should come to Rome to be blessed by him as emperor, in order that he might snatch away the empire from Charles, albeit he was the ally of the papacy, and stir up a war against the King of France upon the German frontier. King Philip, on his part, did not sleep; but, after much deliberation and counsel taken with Stefano Colonna and others of his nobles, he sent into Tuscany Messer Gilio di Langreto of Provence, a clear-headed man, and Messer Musciatto, a Frenchman, well supplied with money, and they arrived at the castle of Staggia, which belonged to Messer Musciatto, and there they abode some days, sending out messages and letters, and letting come to them divers persons with whom they desired to speak privily. To the people round about they made believe that they had come there to treat for peace between the pope and the King of France; but under pretence of negotiating they were plotting how they might seize the person of the pope, scattering money freely and corrupting the nobles of the land and the citizens of Alagna. The pope knew nought of these intrigues, nor did he take any care of himself, and if, in sooth, he had known aught, he would not, by reason of his great courage, have taken any heed thereof; which thing, peradventure, was ordained by God's will by reason of the grievous sins of the pope. Sciarra Colonna, with his three hundred horse and foot, and the forces of Scappino and of the other barons of the Campagna, and those of the sons of Messer Matteo d'Alagna, and of the faction of the cardinals who were privy to the plot, entered Alagna early one morning with the ensigns and banners of the King of France, crying, 'Long live France!' and overran the whole of the district without opposition; thus almost all the people joined the rebel standard. Having come to the palace they fell upon the pope, and seized him without meeting any resistance, forasmuch as the assault came unexpectedly upon the pope and his followers, who kept no guard.

As soon as the pope heard the uproar, and saw how he was forsaken by all those about him—for the cardinals had fled and concealed themselves through fear—and that his foes had seized the country and the castle where he abode, he gave himself up for dead; but with his bravery and stout-heartedness he cried out, 'By such treachery Christ willed to be taken, and it seems that I am to fare in like fashion; so, if I must die, I will die as a pope should.' Whereupon he clothed himself with the mantle of St. Peter, and set the crown of Constantine upon his head, and took the keys and the cross in his hand, and seated himself

upon the papal chair. Then Sciarra and certain others of his foes approached him, mocking him with abusive words, and they laid him in hold, and all those of his household who had remained with him. But by the will of God, who would not that the papal dignity should suffer outrage, no one dared to lay hands on him, but they left him arrayed as he was, under easy restraint, and betook themselves to plunder. The pope remained for three days overwhelmed with grief and shame; but as on the third day Christ rose again, it pleased God that his vicar should be delivered in like manner; wherefore, without being urged on by entreaties, but moved only by the divine power, the people of Alagna were advised of their error, and rose in arms, crying, 'Long live the pope and death to the traitors!' They scoured the country and drove away Sciarra Colonna and his band, killing and capturing divers of the same, and set the pope and his household at liberty. The pope, though he was now free and his foes driven away, did not regain his spirit, for he had fully realized in his mind the anguish of his present misfortune; so he set forth at once with his court from Alagna, and returned to St. Peter's in Rome, to hold a council, to let men know of the affronts which had been put upon him, as well as to avenge himself upon the King of France and all others who had outraged him.

But through God's pleasure, and through the grief which he nursed in his heart on account of the shameful usage he had received, a distemper attacked him as soon as he arrived at Rome, and he chafed with rage like one mad, and in this wise the high-souled and intrepid Pope Boniface passed out of this life. This event took place in the year 1303, on the twelfth day of October, and the pope was buried with great pomp in a chapel at the entrance of St. Peter's Church, which he had caused to be made during his lifetime. This pope was well versed in the Scriptures and of high intellect, a man of great forethought and experience, of vast knowledge and memory. He was of the haughtiest and proudest spirit towards his foes, indomitable, and a source of dread to men of all kinds. He raised and exalted the dominion and authority of the Church, and he made the cardinals, Messer Gilio da Bergamo and Messer Ricciardo da Siena and Messer Dino Rossino di Mugello, the chief masters of laws and decretals; and, together with the aforesaid, he, who was himself a most skilled decretalist and master in divinity, composed the six books of the decretals, which are in sooth the source of light for all books and decrees. He was generous to all those who pleased him, provided they were persons of worth, and greatly inclined to the pomps of the world. He was according to his position

very rich, neither finding nor making any scruples for gathering wealth for the exaltation of the Church and of his nephews. In his time he conferred the cardinal's hat upon many who were his friends and associates, and amongst these were two of his nephews, very young men, and a half-brother on his mother's side. Many of his kinsmen of the little city of Alagna he made bishops and archbishops. Certain of his nephews he made counts, and left to them great riches; and, after his death, they showed themselves stout warriors, and wrought great vengeance upon the foes who had betrayed the late pope, spending freely, and maintaining at their own charges three hundred Catalan horsemen. With their force they dominated all the Campagna of Rome, and if the pope had been alive, and had seen what doughty men-at-arms they were, he would assuredly have made them great lords of court.

It should likewise be told that, by reason of the offences wrought by the King of France in this affair, his sons were all disinherited. There is no need to marvel at this manifestation of God's will, for the pope was more worldly than was becoming to one in his position, and he wrought many things displeasing to God, so that God compassed his death by the methods aforewritten. Moreover, God punished the King of France, the transgressor, not so much for the offence against the person of the pope, as for that against the divine majesty, the earthly manifestation of which is found in the pope himself."

NOVEL II.

How it came to pass that the court of Rome crossed over the Alps and settled at Avignon.



AS soon as the last novel was ended Aurette began and said, "I will now tell you how and why the court of Rome crossed over the Alps and found a home in Avignon.

On the death of Pope Boniface the college of cardinals elected Benedict XI., a member of the preaching friars and a Trevisan. He was of very low origin and had no kinsfolk, having been brought up in Venice, where he had become a friar preacher. He was a man of great learning and holiness, and had been made a cardinal on account of his worth and seemly life by Boniface, whom he now succeeded

in the papacy. But he had held this dignity only eight months and a half when he died at Perugia in the following wise. In the month of July, 1304, when the pope was at table, a serving youth, who wore the livery of the monastery of Santa Petronella in Perugia, presented to him some figs in a silver basket as the gift of the abbess of the monastery aforesaid, who was his penitent. The pope accepted the figs with the greatest pleasure, in token whereof he ate several of them without suspicion; but falling sick afterwards, it was noised abroad that the figs had been poisoned, and a belief arose that he died through eating the same, and he was buried by the preaching friars, being a member of that order. He was indeed a man of holy and righteous life, and it was by reason of his worthiness that he was poisoned. It happened after the pope's death that the college of cardinals broke into two sections: of one of these the leaders were Messer Matteo Rosso degli Orsini and Messer Francesco Gaietani, the nephew of Pope Boniface; and the other section was swayed by Messer Napoleone degli Orsini dal Monte and the Cardinal of Prato. The last-named were set upon restoring the Colonnas, their kinsfolk, to their estates, and were friendly to the King of France and adherents of the Ghibelline party. After the cardinals had been for more than nine months in conclave, and had, moreover, been strongly urged by the Perugians to elect a pope, but without coming to a decision, it chanced one day that Cardinal Francesco Gaietani and the Cardinal of Prato, who was a man of the most subtle mind and exceedingly well versed in temporal affairs, met in a private place, and Da Prato spake thus, 'We are acting greatly amiss in not electing a pope;' whereupon Messer Francesco replied, 'This rests not with us,' and Da Prato went on to say, 'If I can hit upon any legitimate scheme, will you accede thereto?' and Gaietani replied that he would. Having discussed the matter more minutely they came to the agreement that one party should nominate three ultramontanes, men fitting to fill the chair of Peter, and that the other party, at the expiration of forty days, should proceed to the election of whichever of these seemed most acceptable, and that he should be chosen pope.

Messer Francesco on his part assented to the selection of the three, deeming that his party would reap advantage thereby, and they chose three ultramontane archbishops, all of whom had been advanced by Pope Boniface, his uncle, and who were, moreover, well affected to Messer Francesco and foes of the French king. He thought that any one of these when elected pope must needs favour his party's cause,

and he reckoned especially upon the Archbishop of Bordeaux. Now the astute Cardinal of Prato in like fashion placed his hopes upon this same man, notwithstanding he was ill affected towards the King of France on account of the injuries done to his people by Messer Charles of Valois in the Gascon war. Da Prato knew him for a man greedy of honours, like most Gascons, and for this reason he trusted to bring him to the king's side by due rewards. Therefore he and his party in the conclave laid their plans, and agreed upon the same; and, having set in order the letters of the other cardinals of his party, he wrote word to the King of France concerning all they had resolved to do. With so great promptitude did he despatch this business that the tidings thereof were sped from Perugia to Paris in eleven days—tidings which let the King of France see that now was the time when he must choose them as friends or foes.

The king having received the letters aforesaid, and decided that business of this sort demanded speed beyond aught else, sent by messenger letters written in a friendly spirit towards the archbishop and his followers, informing him that the king desired an interview, forasmuch as he had somewhat of the highest moment to discuss with him. Having taken horse with a small following, the king came in six days to a remote abbey in the country of San Giovanni Angelini, whither the archbishop was expected to repair. When they had met and had heard mass together, and had sworn faith upon the altar, the king, addressing the archbishop in friendly discourse, pledged himself to reconcile him with Messer Charles, concluding with these words: 'Now look you to this, it lies in my power to make you pope, and for this reason I am come hither. Therefore you must promise to do me six favours; and, your promise given, I will cause you to be advanced to this honour. To prove to you I am not using vain words, behold here the letters of both parties of the cardinals.' The Gascon, who was burning to be made pope, cast himself at the king's feet when he saw that he had power to procure his election, and said, 'My lord, I now see that thou lovest me, and that in lieu of hatred thou art loading me with kindness, so thou mayst count upon me, for I am anxious to serve thee.' The king having raised him up, kissed him on the mouth, and then said, 'The six favours I ask of you are these: The first is that you procure my reconciliation with the Church and pardon for the misdeed of the seizure of Pope Boniface. The second, that you get removed from myself and from all my followers the curse of excommunication. The third, that you grant to me the tenths of all my king-

dom for five years. The fourth, that you promise to consign to shame and oblivion the memory of Pope Boniface. The fifth, that you restore to the cardinalate Messer Jacopo and Messer Pietro Colonna. The sixth I keep in my bosom, to be told elsewhere and at some other time.'¹

The archbishop gave his promise, and confirmed it by an oath sworn over the body of Christ; moreover, he gave to the king as hostages his brother and two of his nephews; whereupon the king promised on his oath to make him pope, and they went their several ways with great pomp and rejoicing. The king took with him the hostages under the plea of making peace between them and Messer Charles, and returned to Paris, whence he wrote to the Cardinal of Prato and to the others what he had done, and that they should, without hesitation, make choice of Messer Ramondo del Gotto, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, as pope, the aforesaid being his trusted and perfect friend. The business was so pressing that the king's letter to the Cardinal of Prato, written with all secrecy, came to hand, by God's pleasure, after a lapse of thirty days. As soon as the cardinal received the same, he showed it to those of his party, and then sent word to the rest of the college that, when it should please them, a conclave might be held, so that they might carry out the pact settled between them. When they were come together the aforesaid Messer Ramondo del Gotto was chosen by the influence of the party of the Cardinal of Prato, and then his selection was accepted and confirmed with the greatest joy by both parties, all singing aloud the *Te Deum laudamus*, and a part of them knowing nought of the treachery which was afoot, but rather believing that they had now a pope in whom they could trust. When the notices of the election were published, a great uproar arose amongst the retainers.

This election took place on the fifth day of June, 1305, the papal chair having been vacant ten months and twenty-eight days. When the tidings of the election were taken to the pope, who was beyond the Alps, he accepted the office with much joy, taking the title of Clement V. He forthwith sent out a message citing all the cardinals to be present at his coronation in Lyons, a city of Burgundy, and he sent a similar notice to the Kings of France, England, and Aragon, and to all the nominated barons on that side of the Alps. Whereupon the greater part of the Italian cardinals understood that they had been tricked, for they had

¹ What this sixth condition was has never been known. One theory is that it related to the suppression of the Templars.

believed that the pope would repair to Rome for his coronation, and Messer Matteo Rosso degli Orsini, who was the prior and the senior member of the college of cardinals, and who, moreover, had unwillingly joined the pact aforesaid, said to the Cardinal of Prato, as soon as he perceived how he and his party had been duped over the matter, ' You have had your desire in letting the court be taken beyond the Alps ; but, if I know aught of the Gascons, long time will pass before the chair of Peter returns to Italy.'

As soon as the pope and the college had arrived at Lyons on the Rhone, he was crowned and consecrated on Martinmas day in the presence of the King of France, and of Messer Charles of Valois, and many other barons ; and, according to the promise he had given, he took off from the king the ban of excommunication, and made him a sharer of all the honours and beneficences of the Church. Likewise he granted to him for five years the tenths of the kingdom, as he had agreed, and in the Lent ensuing he created, at the king's instance, twelve French cardinals. He gave back the cardinalate to the two Colonna cardinals, and withdrew with his court to Bordeaux, where the Italians, both cardinals and others, were very ill looked upon. And for this reason the court finally left Rome in the year 1305."

As soon as the novel was finished the fair Saturnina began her canzonet in these words :

What though fell Fortune strike with wrath amain,
Despair not thou thy welfare to regain.

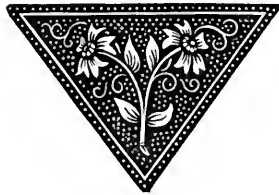
But he must keep a watchful mind
Who would recoup his treasure lost,
And dare, and cast all fear behind,
Fortune defy, nor count the cost.
So may repair his vessel tempest tost,
And when his hand is full, may put aside his gain.

And he whose courage glows within
On Fortune's smile need never wait,
But bold of heart he sure will win
His treasure, reft by fraud or fate.
And wise men oft their losses will abate ;
For strong the hand of him who is of knowledge fain.

Risk not thy bark in every blast,
Nor in the storms ill fortune sends ;
For no one loves his lot as cast,
But what he misses aye commends ;
Let him who for his dear desire contends
Seek one who knows his want, nor will he seek in vain.

Go now, my song, to those whom Fate
Scourges with stripes as sharp as mine ;
Bid them, would they their woes abate,
Check rash desire and cease to pine ;
Let rest and haste, and ruth and wrath, combine,
And treat all censure harsh with scoffing and disdain.

As soon as the song had come to an end, the two lovers clasped each other by the hand, and kissed lips lovingly, and departed.





The Fifteenth Day.

NOVEL I.

How the world is divided into three parts.



WHEN the comely pair of lovers returned on the fifteenth day to begin their wonted discourse, Aurette said, "Forasmuch as we have for several days given over our fabulous tales and have dealt with moral themes, I am minded to-day to tell you how the world comes to be divided into three parts.

We find from the Bible history that Nimrod¹ the giant was the first to let assemble a nation, and that through his power and vast following he became the leader of all the issue of the sons of Noah, which consisted of seventy-two persons, that is to say, twenty-seven descended from Shem, the eldest, twenty from Ham, the second, and twenty-five from Japhet, the third son. This Nimrod was the son of Cus, the son of Ham, and through his pride he thought to set himself up as a rival to God, saying that he was lord of earth as God was lord of heaven. Moreover, in order that God might not be able again to punish man by a deluge of water as in the early times, he caused to be built the marvellous tower of Babel. Therefore God, to bring to nought his pride, sent confusion amongst those who worked at the tower; for, while at first all spoke Hebrew,² he now divided their speech into seventy-two tongues, each differing from the other. On account of this they could not understand each other, and

¹ Dr. Moore, "Studies in Dante," p. 73, traces the rise of the giant legend as applied to Nimrod. It first appears in St. Augustine. Ser Giovanni probably derived his idea from Dante, *Inferno*, xxxi.

² Brunetto Latini, *Tesoro*, c. 23, writes: "*E Nembrot medesimo mudò la sua lingua di Ebreo in Caldeo.*" Dante, *Par.*, xxvi., makes Adam declare that the tongue he used was extinct long before the building of Babel.

were forced to abandon the work of building the tower, which had already risen to the height of forty thousand paces, and was a thousand paces in width, each pace being three ells of our measure. This tower was built in the great city of Babylon, which word in Chaldean signifies confusion in our tongue, and there Nimrod and his people paid worship to the images of their false gods. The tower was begun 700 years after the deluge, that is to say, 2,154 years after the beginning of the world.

For a hundred and seven years they strove to build the tower, and in those days men lived long; and since in their long lives they had many women to wife, many children were born to them, wherefore they multiplied hugely, what though they lived without laws. In the aforesaid city, before wars began upon earth, lived Ninus, the son of Bel, who was descended from Assur, a son of Shem. This Ninus built the great city of Nineveh, where after his death his wife Semiramis bore sway, the most cruel and abandoned woman in all the world; and in these days Abraham also lived. On account of the confusion of tongues the tribes and families of mankind were scattered, and went to live in divers places, the first general division being a threefold one, and made according to the separate progeny of the three sons of Noah. At this time the earth was divided into three parts. Of these the first and the largest was called Asia, which includes almost half of the *Mare oceanum* and the terrestrial Paradise¹ as well. It is divided from the northern regions by the river Don in the Soldan's realm, which river, after running through the Mæotic swamp, discharges itself into the greater sea, called in the Scriptures the Pontic. On the southern side it is divided from the desert which parts Syria and Egypt by the river Nile, which has its mouth at Damietta, and comes to an end in our own sea. Asia contains in itself divers provinces, amongst which are India, Chaldea, Persia, Assyria, Mesopotamia, Media, Turkey, Syria, and many others. All these regions were peopled by the descendants of Shem, the eldest son of Noah.

The second part is called Africa, which begins in the east at the river Nile, and from the south, as far as the straits of Seville, is washed on the west by the great ocean, which is called in those parts the Lybian sea. On the north it is bounded by our own sea. This part of the world contains Egypt, Numidia, Barbary, Garbo, the kingdom of Setta, with divers other woody and desert regions, and it was peopled by the offspring of Ham, the second son of Noah. The last part,

¹ Dante, *Purg.*, xxviii.

which is called Europe, has the beginning of its boundaries on the east at the river Don in the Soldan's dominions, which, as I have said already, runs through the Meotic swamp into the Pontic or Euxine sea. On this sea, on the European side, lie Russia, Thrace, Bulgaria, and Alania. Europe lies along this seacoast as far as Constantinople, and then turns towards the south in the Archipelago and our Grecian sea. It contains the whole of Greece and Morea; its boundaries then go northward up the Adriatic sea, known now as the Gulf of Venice, and stretching towards Durazzo it passes Sclavonia and certain territories of Hungary, Istria, Friuli, the mark of Treviso, and the city of Venice. Then, turning to the south, it runs around Italy, Romagna, the mark of Ancona, Abruzzi, Apulia, Calabria, opposite to the island of Sicily. It goes northwards by Naples and Gaeta to Rome, from whence the coast runs by Tuscany to Pisa and Genoa, leaving on the other side the islands of Corsica and Sardinia. It follows the coasts of Provence, Catalonia, Aragon, the isles of Majorca and Granata, and Spain, as far as the strait of Seville, where it faces Africa, with a narrow breadth of sea between. Having passed this it turns to the right hand along the shore of the great ocean, going round Spain, Castile, Portugal, and Galicia. Then towards the north it reaches Navarre, Brittany, and Normandy, and leaving afar the isle of Iceland it goes by Picardy, Flanders, and the kingdom of France; then, the island of England and Scotland, formerly called Great Britain, being left beyond a small space of sea to the north, it includes, towards the east and north, Iceland, Conesa, Holland, Friesland, Denmark, Norway, and Poland, which lands enclose the whole of Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, Saxony, and Sweden. And turning towards Russia, in which rises the river Don where Europe begins, the whole of this part has been traversed.

This third part contains many mountains and provinces which are not here named, and this is the most populous portion of the world, seeing that it is the most temperate. Europe was first peopled by the descendants of Japhet, the third son of Noah, and of Javan, the son he begat, who after the deluge went to Europe and dwelt in Italy, and there he died. Javan succeeded him, and from him there sprang many chiefs and peoples, and he during his life wrought many noble and valorous deeds. Now you will understand how the world is constituted as we see it, according to the Scriptures and the ancient chronicles and histories."



NOVEL II.

How the city of Troy was destroyed, and how the builders thereof were sprung from Fiesole.



WHEN Aurette's novel was finished Saturnina began and said, "I desire now to let you know in what fashion the city of Troy was overthrown, and also that the men who built it sprang first from Fiesole. As we read in the chronicles, Fiesole was the first city built in Europe, its founder being Atlas, who had a wife named Electra. He was of the stock of Ham, the son of Noah, and begat three sons, one called Italus, another Dardanus, and the third Sicanus. This Sicanus settled in the island of Sicily, of which he was the first inhabitant; and when King Atlas died in his city of Fiesole he left behind him there his sons Italus and Dardanus, both of whom were valorous and skilful and fitted for rule. But as they found that neither one of them would be content to govern the kingdom except as sole monarch, they agreed that one should withdraw elsewhere, as their gods should decree. Wherefore, having offered sacrifice, an answer was given by the gods that it behoved Dardanus to seek his fortune in other lands, leaving Italus to rule alone in Fiesole. From Italus sprang many great and powerful nobles, and he called the country after his own name. In the course of time divers comely and strong cities were built, of which Fiesole remained the chief until the day when Rome was advanced to the supreme lordship.

Dardanus departed from Fiesole, and with the soothsayer Apollo and a great following of his people went into Asia, into the province called Phrygia, which lies beyond Greece upon the mainland, when the islands of the Archipelago have been left behind. It is now under the rule of the Turks. When Dardanus came there, he built, by the advice of Apollo, a city hard by the sea, which he called Dardania, after his own name, and this name endured as long as Dardanus and his son lived. Dardanus begat Eritonius, and Eritonius Troius, who changed the name of the city, so that from Dardania it became Troy. To Troius were born three sons, Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede. Ilus built in Troy a fortress which, after his own name, he called Ilion, and he begat Laomedon and Titon. Titon begat Memnon, in whose time the city of Troy was destroyed. Troy was twice laid in ruins. The first time

it was destroyed by the great and powerful Hercules, the son of Alcmena, daughter of Electrion, and fighting with him were Jason, the son of Eson and nephew of Peleus, King of Thessaly, and Telamon, King of Salamis, which is an island in the Eubœan sea opposite to Athens and near the gulf of Argos. This time Troy was destroyed because Laomedon had forbidden the port of Troy to Hercules and his companions, and had put upon them affronts and ill-usage with the intent of seizing and slaying them, what time they went with Jason on the quest of the Golden Fleece, as is told in the poets. Laomedon was thus moved to do violence to the Argonauts for the reason that he held all the Greeks as his foes, on account of the carrying off of Ganymede, his uncle, the brother of Ilus, his father, by Tantalus; and he desired, now that chance favoured him, to renew the strife; but, in the end, he was slain and Troy overthrown. Telamon, who in the conquest of the land had proved himself a mighty warrior, took Hesione, the daughter of Laomedon, and carried her away with him into Greece as his mistress.

After the destruction of Troy, Priam, the young son of Laomedon, who had been absent at the time of the overthrow, returned thereto, and with the aid of his friends rebuilt the city upon larger ground, and with stronger walls than heretofore. All the neighbouring peoples flocked thither, so that in brief time it became a very mighty city, the circuit of the walls being, according to general belief, seventy miles. This king had a wife whose name was Hecuba, by whom he had many sons, the eldest of whom was Hector, a very valiant warrior and of great prowess, and, besides him, Paris, Troilus, Helenus, Deiphobus, and Polidorus. Of the daughters the most famous were Creusa, the wife of Æneas, Cassandra, Iliona, Licaste, and Polyxena. Moreover, he had sons by other women, so that in all he begat more than forty, and these sons of his were all valorous and stout men-at-arms. Now when the city of Troy had become a mighty and powerful state, and King Priam and his sons were wielding great power, Paris and a band of followers armed twenty ships, and set sail, and came to Greece in order to avenge the death of Laomedon, his grandfather, the overthrow of Troy, and captivity of Hesione, his aunt, and he landed in the kingdom of Menelaus, the brother of Agamemnon. This Menelaus had to wife Helen, a lady beautiful beyond all others, and it chanced that she had gone to take part in a festival which was being celebrated on a certain island of the king's where Paris landed, and he, when he beheld her, straightway fell in love with her. Without more ado he slew those who tried to defend her, and took her back with him to Troy.

By some accounts, the island from which Helen was ravished was that which is now called Ischia, between Pozzuoli and Baiæ in the parts where are now Naples and the Terra di Lavoro. These were formerly peopled by Greeks ; but, according to the true story, the island from which she was taken was Citera, which is called Cerigo to-day, and lies near to Peloponnesus. When Helen was carried away to Troy Menelaus and his brother Agamemnon, together with Castor and Pollux, the brothers of Helen, and the other great chiefs of Greece, took an oath that they would overthrow Troy ; and, having assembled a great army and a thousand ships, they departed to lay siege to the city. Many a bitter fight was there fought out, and Hec̃tor and Troilus and many others of Priam's sons were slain. The host lay there encamped for ten years, six months, and fifteen days, and at the end captured the city by treachery, in which Antenor was inculpated, as it is written by Dares the Phrygian. They stole in by night, and, after the slaughter of King Priam and all his house and of divers other citizens, they mastered the whole place and set fire to it. When the Grecian host departed from Troy disaster overtook many of their ships ; and Helenus, the son of Priam, who was not old enough to bear arms, and Hecuba, the wife of King Priam, and Cassandra, her daughter, and Andromache, the wife of Hec̃tor, and her two young sons, with a following of many of the people, departed from Troy and went to Greece into the country of Macedonia, and there, having been hospitably received by the Greeks, they populated the land, and built them a city, and the son of Achilles took to wife Andromache, the widow of Hec̃tor, and from this union sprang many great kings and lords.

Antenor, who was one of the chiefs of the Trojans, and Priam, the young son of the king, set forth from Troy with more than twelve thousand followers and with many ships ; and, having sailed over the sea, they came to the place where Venice now stands, and settled themselves in the islands thereabout, so that they might be freed from all other men, and there they built the great city of Venice. After the lapse of some years Antenor, having left there Priam, who had now reached manhood, departed with a portion of his company, and disembarked on the mainland, where they built the city of Padua, giving it this name because of the nearness of the river Po, which in the Latin tongue is called Padus. At last Antenor died and was buried there, and it is not long time ago since certain letters were brought to light upon a tomb in the city which declared that the original builder of Padua lay there at rest, which tomb was restored by the Paduans with much honour. It

came to pass that another Priam, a descendant of him who together with Antenor had founded Venice, went therefrom with a mighty following into a land bordering upon Hungary, where he and his descendants held sway until they were subdued by the Romans. In the days of the Emperor Valentinian these sons of the Trojans lent aid to that emperor in his conquest of the Alani, a people who abode hard by the Danube and who had revolted from the Roman yoke, and on this account they were held free of all tribute for ten years. When these ten years were elapsed—the Emperor Valentinian having died meantime—they made Marcomiro their king and leader, who was descended from the aforesaid Priam, and they rebelled against Rome, in order that they might not be obliged to pay tribute. Under Marcomiro's leadership they withdrew from their country and passed into Germany, conquering for themselves divers cities and towns lying between the Danube and the Rhine which had formerly been subject to the Romans, and from that time forth the Romans held no independent sway in Germany.

Marcomiro reigned thirty years in Germany, which country was still pagan, and after him reigned Pharamond, his son, who conquered with his arms that country which now is called France, but in Latin was known as Gallia. He was the first King of France, and reigned eleven years, and after him Clodion Capillatus reigned eighteen years, and conquered the city of Cambrai and the country round about. After Clodion, his son Meroveus ruled ten years, adding largely to the kingdom, and then came Childeric, his son, who reigned twenty-six years, but by the evil conduct of his barons he lost his kingdom and was banished, and at the end of eight years was recalled as King of France. After him came Alois,¹ his son, who reigned thirty years, and by his valour conquered in Germany Cologne and Saxony, and in France Orleans and other places still under Roman sway. He was a greater and more powerful king than any of those who had gone before him, and was the first Christian King of France, having been induced by the exhortation of his wife, who was a Christian, to receive baptism, which event came to pass as follows. Being about to attack the Germans, who had rebelled against him, and being, moreover, inferior in force to the foe, he made a vow that, if he should return victorious, he would receive the Christian faith and suffer himself to be baptized. Having accomplished what he desired he was baptized by the hand of St. Remigius, archbishop of Reims. After Alois,² Lothaire, his son, reigned forty-five

¹ Clovis.

² From this point the genealogy falls into confusion.

years, and him Chilperic, his son, succeeded, and reigned twenty-three years, when he was put to death by Fredegonde, his wife, leaving as his heir his little son, Lothaire, only four months old. This Lothaire reigned forty-two years, and after his death left his realm to Childebert, his son, who reigned fourteen years, and built the church of St. Denis at Paris, and Louis, his son, reigned after him for seventeen years. This Louis wrought great hurt to the kingdom by his evil life: he had three sons, Lothaire, Theodoric, and Alderic; and Lothaire, his eldest son, reigned after him for three years, and then Theodoric reigned for one year; when, having been deposed by the barons by reason of his avarice, he became a friar of St. Denis. Alderic, the third brother, then reigned for twelve years, what though he took little thought of his kingdom, but he was really under the control of a certain great baron of France, his guardian, who was named Vertaiere. On this account Pepin I., one of the leading barons of France, and son of Ancors, and a man of great power, took up arms, and, after defeating the king, slew Vertaiere, and restored Theodoric to the throne, which he occupied for three years. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Clodoveus, who reigned four years under the guardianship of Pepin. Then Childebert, the second brother of Clodoveus, reigned eighteen years, and Dagobert, the third, four years, and Lothaire, the fourth, two years, Pepin holding the real power the while. Then Chilperic, the son of Lothaire, reigned five years, and his guardian was Charles Martel, a man of great worth and power, and one very fortunate in the wars.

This Charles Martel conquered the whole of Germany, Bavaria, and Savoy, and brought them under the sway of France. After Chilperic, his son Theodoric reigned fifteen years, and after Theodoric, his son Chilperic reigned nine years, both being under the sway of Charles, forasmuch as they possessed nought but the name of king. When the Charles aforesaid died, the government passed to his son, Pepin II., and Chilperic, being a man of no worth whatsoever, was deposed from the kingdom, with the consent of Pope Stephen, who at that time ruled the Church; and thus, with the consent of all the barons of France, he was deposed and became a friar. After a short lapse of time he died without offspring, and in him came to an end the line of Priam. Hereupon the pope and all the barons of France called to the throne the valiant Pepin, and a decree was made that no man hereafter should become King of France who was not sprung from the stock of Pepin. And after Pepin came the mighty Charles the Great."

When the novel was ended, Aurette began his canzonet and sang :

True lovers need not fear ill fortune's frown,
 But for their loyalty reward will earn,
 For sovereign Love hath in his law laid down
 That those who love shall lovéd be in turn.
 Since each one to amend his failings tries,
 So none may tax him with ungrateful will ;
 Wherefore give thou thy servant true the prize,
 And thus God's law and Nature's too fulfil.
 He who unthankful feels the sting of love
 Should miss each honoured boon, each guerdon sweet.
 Fortune to lovers true will friendly prove,
 And loyal service grace will ever meet.
 Let them not shrink at pain, or nurse despair,
 When upon others Fortune smiles more fair.

Each man that breathes Love will some time molest ;
 Or here, or there, we all must hail him king.
 Trees, flowers, and fields, in sweet spring-time are drest
 In the bright hues of life's awakening.
 All ladies fair ! I pray you for your profit
 To prize your youth, nor wait till time grows late.
 That golden youth ! Waste not a moment of it,
 If you would in love's bliss participate.
 Now speed, my pleasant song, to him whose heart
 Is wrung, like mine, with agony severe.
 Tell those, who in their bosoms feel the dart,
 Pluck out the burning brand, and never fear
 Desire will die, for 'tis not God's intent
 That we should bide in lasting punishment.

When the canzonet was finished, the two lovers clasped hands and brought their conversation to a close, and sighing a sweet farewell they departed.





The Sixteenth Day.

NOVEL I.

How Æneas passed from Troy into Italy.



ON the sixteenth day, when the two lovers returned to their wonted meeting-place, Saturnina began and said : “ I desire to tell you to-day in what manner Æneas passed from Troy into Italy. During the destruction of Troy, Æneas, with his father Anchises, Ascanius, his little son, and Creusa, the daughter of the great King Priam, together with a following of three thousand and three hundred of the stoutest warriors of the city, embarked in twenty-two ships and departed. This Æneas was descended from the royal race of Troy in this wise. Troius begat Ilus, and Ilus begat Laomedon, and Laomedon begat Priam, and Priam begat Hector. The same Troius begat Assaracus, Assaracus begat Capis, Capis begat Anchises, and Anchises begat Æneas. Wherefore Hector and Æneas were descended from the same Troius, both in the fourth generation. This Æneas was a leader of great wisdom and prowess, and very comely in seeming. When he set forth from Troy he went to the oracle of Apollo, asking what course he ought to follow ; whereupon he was answered that it behoved him to cross over into Italy, whence the Trojans had originally sprung, so that, after having suffered many wearying toils by land and sea, they might rest themselves awhile in that land, and take to themselves wives, and beget by them a race of great and valiant rulers. As soon as Æneas and his comrades heard the reply of the oracle, they put to sea with a light heart ; and, after meeting many toils and vicissitudes in their course, arrived in Macedonia, where dwelt Helenus and his wife and the children of Hector, who bade Æneas welcome, albeit weeping plentifully over the memories of Troy.

Æneas once more set sail, and for the reason that his followers were ill-versed in seamanship, and knew not in which quarter Italy might lie, the fleet was borne by the winds to the island of Sicily, to the spot where to-day stands the city of Trapani. There Anchises, through the fatigues of the voyage and his old age, died and was buried, with all the honours that could be paid, by his children, who, after lamenting him bitterly, set forth once more on their voyage. Next there fell upon them a terrible storm, in which one of their ships sank with all the men who were therein, and all the others came to land at divers places on the coast of Africa, where Dido Sidonia, a very noble queen, had begun to build the mighty city of Carthage. She gave to Æneas and Ascanius and all their following a most honourable reception, and when she perceived how seemly a man Æneas was she straightway became enamoured of him; thus Æneas, swayed by her benefits and by her delightful presence, tarried there some long while; but, having been warned by the gods in a vision that the time had come to leave Carthage, he made ready to depart. Then the lovesick Dido, cutting short his excuses, dismissed him with these words: 'I would never have believed that you, who were received by me with such honourable welcome when you were the sport of Fortune, would now abandon me in such ungrateful fashion. Not only did I save your life, but, together with all I had in the world, I gave you myself.' Æneas declared that he would return; but she, weeping plenteous tears, went on, 'I know thee, thy desire is to rule Italy.' Then, having beheld him sail away, she slew herself with the sword which he had left behind.

After Æneas and his following set sail from Africa, he came to Sicily, where he had buried his father, Anchises, and there he let celebrate afresh the funeral rites with games according to custom. He was welcomed honourably by Acestes, who then ruled the land, for the sake of their ancient kinship—for Acestes was sprung, like the Trojans, from Sicanus, the son of Atlas—and after a time he set forth once more; and, his voyage ended, he touched Italy in the gulf of Baiæ near to Cape Misenum, where Naples stands this day, but then the place was a dense wood. It was here that Æneas was led by the guidance of Fate to view the lower world, where he recognized the shade of his father and of the ill-starred Dido. The shade of Anchises showed to him all those who should spring from him, and from Ascanius, his son, the men who were fated to bear rule over the great city of Rome. Having ascended from the nether world he sailed along the coast and entered the mouth of the Tiber, and there, through the signs given to him by the gods, he knew

that he had come to the land he was seeking, and, having landed the Trojans, he began to build houses of wood in the spot where the city of Ostia stands to-day. They fortified their dwelling, on account of the people of the country, who gave them an ill reception, and full often they were forced to join in fierce battle with these, and victory always crowned their arms. The king of this country was Latinus, who was sprung from Saturn in this wise. When Saturn fled from Crete, having been driven therefrom by Jove, his son, he went to that part of Italy called Latium, which was ruled by Javan of the seed of Noah. The people of these parts were rough and brutal in their habits; wherefore Saturn taught them the arts, and induced them to build towns and houses, and to sow grain and to plant the vine. Moreover, he built the city of Sutri, and then it came to pass that the people, who knew not how such deeds could be done, deemed that they must have come about by a miracle and worshipped him as a god, and Javan made him the partner of his kingdom, in which state he lived thirty-four years.

After him Picus, his son, reigned thirty-one years, and then Faunus, the son of Picus, reigned nineteen years, when he was murdered by his own people, leaving two sons, Lavinus and Latinus. Lavinus built the city of Lavinium, and after his death Latinus, who survived, changed the name of the city and called it Laurentum, because of a laurel tree which grew upon the great tower thereof. This Latinus reigned thirty-two years, and was a very wise king. He had one daughter, called Lavinia, who had been promised by her mother to Turnus, King of Tuscany. Æneas besought King Latinus that he would grant him leave to live peacefully in the land, and Latinus gave him friendly reception, promising to let him have his daughter Lavinia to wife, since the auguries had informed him that it behoved him to marry her to some one of outland race. Æneas rejoiced greatly, and on this account he fought with Turnus divers battles, in the course of which Turnus slew a giant, a very doughty warrior, and Æneas a certain warlike virgin called Camilla, who was very valiant and bold; and in the end Turnus and Æneas met in single combat, when Turnus was conquered and slain by the hand of Æneas. Forthwith Æneas took to wife Lavinia, who brought as her dowry one half of the kingdom of Latinus, and after his death Æneas ruled the whole state, but he only lived three years longer than Latinus. After his death Ascanius bore sway; and Lavinia, who was then pregnant, fled to the woods out of fear of her stepson, and there she brought forth a man-child whom she called Sylvius Postumus, because he was born in the woods after his father's death.

As soon as Ascanius heard of this, he caused her to be brought back and received her with all respect, treating her as his mother, and her young son as his brother. After some time had passed Ascanius, leaving to Lavinia the state formerly ruled by his father, departed with certain followers to build the city of Alba, which thing took place in the days of Samson the strong man; and when Ascanius had reigned thirty-eight years after the death of his father, he died and left two sons, one named Julius, from whom sprang the Julian race of Rome, and the other named Sylvius. This Sylvius became enamoured of a niece of Lavinia, and begat by her a son, but the mother died in childbed, and on this account the son was called Brutus. When he was grown to man's stature it chanced that one day, when hunting in the woods, he slew his father by mischance, and, fearing the penalties of this deed, he fled, taking with him divers followers, with whom he embarked and sailed to England. From him the Britons had their source, and from him likewise are descended many great lords and powerful kings, amongst whom are the brothers Brennus and Balinus, who overthrow the Romans and laid siege to Rome, which they took all but the Capitol. From them, too, sprang the valiant King Arthur, and the British romancers declare that Constantine, who endowed the Church, came from the same stock. But through war and dissension their progeny came to an end, and England fell under the sway of divers nations, the Saxons, the Frisians, the Danes, the Spaniards, and others. At the present day the land is ruled by one sprung from the Duke of the Northmen, who by his prowess and valour made himself king thereof, and broke the sway of divers unjust nobles.

After the death of Ascanius, Sylvius Postumus, the son of Æneas and Lavinia, was King of the Latins, and he reigned twenty-nine years with great wisdom and valour, what time Saul was King of the Hebrews. Moreover, after him ruled twelve kings of his race for three hundred and fifty-eight years, all of whom took his cognomen. After Sylvius Postumus came Æneas Sylvius, his son, who ruled thirty-one years, a contemporary of Saul, King of the Hebrews; and after him Latinus Sylvius, his son, ruled fifty years, in the days of David, King of Jerusalem. After Latinus Sylvius, his son, Albus Sylvius, reigned thirty-nine years, in the days of King Solomon; and then his son, Capetus Sylvius, ruled twenty-six years, during the reigns of Abijah and Asa, Kings of Judah; and then his son, Capis Sylvius, reigned twenty-eight years, and built Capua in Campania, in the days of Asa, King of Judah. Calpetus Sylvius, the son of the aforesaid, reigned thirteen years, in the time of Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, and after him

Tiberinus Sylvius, reigned eight years, also in Jehoshaphat's time. He was drowned in the river Albula, and for this reason they changed the name of the river, and called it hereafter the Tiber.

After Tiberinus Sylvius, Agrippa Sylvius, his son, reigned forty years, in the days of Jehoram, Ahaziah, and Joash, Kings of Judah, and after him his son, Alladius Sylvius, ruled nineteen years, in the days of Joash, King of Judah. After Alladius, Aventinus, his son, reigned thirty-seven years, in the time of Amaziah, King of Judah; and after his death he was buried on the top of a hill which, after his name, was called Mount Aventine. And then came Procas Sylvius, the son of Aventinus, who ruled for twenty-three years, in the reign of Uzziah, King of Judah; and after these, in the days of Jotham, King of Judah, reigned Amulius Sylvius, son of Procas Sylvius. He reigned forty-four years, and through spite he chased out of the land Numitor, his elder brother, and seized upon his kingdom. Moreover, he incarcerated in a religious house Numitor's daughter, so that she might not bring forth children, but she, being appointed to the service of the goddess Vesta, became the mother of two boys by the god Mars, as she afterwards confessed, and she called one of them Romulus and the other Remus. But it is rather to be believed that they were begotten by one of the priests of the temple of the god. On this account Amulius caused her to be buried alive on the spot where the city of Rieti now stands, and he ordered the children to be cast into the Tiber; but his servants, taking pity upon them, threw them instead into a thicket of thorns. A certain shepherd found them there, and took them home to his wife, and gave them nurture."

NOVEL II.

A continuation of the argument of the foregoing novel.



WHEN Saturnina's story was finished, Aurette began his own, continuing the discourse:

"At Rome, in the time of Numa Pompilius, by the working of a divine miracle, there fell from the sky a crimson shield, which was held by the Romans to be an augury, and was adopted by them as their ensign. To this they added the letters S.P.Q.R., that is to say, *Senatus Populusque Romanus*. They likewise gave this crimson shield as ensign, but without the aforesaid letters, to certain

cities which they built, to wit, Perugia, Florence, Viterbo, and Pisa, what though the Florentines, as the name of their city tells, used already the white lily, and the Perugians the white griffin, and the men of Orvieto the white eagle. True it is that when the white eagle appeared upon the Tarpeian rock the Roman senators took the eagle for their standard, and we find also that Marius in his campaign against the Cimbri bore as an ensign a silver eagle, which sign Catiline also had when he was overthrown upon the plain of Pistoia. Julius Cæsar carried a golden eagle with two heads upon an azure field, while Octavius, his nephew, afterwards had an eagle in its natural form upon a golden field, and all the emperors who came after him bore the same, except Constantine and his successors, who retained the eagle in its natural form, but with two heads.

I will now tell you somewhat concerning the Roman kings, the first of whom was Romulus, who reigned for thirty-seven years, in the time of Hezekiah, King of Judah. To him succeeded Numa Pompilius, who reigned forty-three years as contemporary to Manasseh, King of Judah, and then Tullus Hostilius, who ruled thirty-two years, in the days of Manasseh and Ammon, Kings of Judah. This last was a cruel man, altogether given over to warfare, and he was the first of the Roman kings who wore the purple and received worship as a king. He broke the truce with the Sabines, and after divers battles overcame them, and died afterwards by a stroke of lightning. Then came Ancus Martius, who reigned twenty-four years, in the time of Josiah, King of Judah, and who was grandson of the good Numa Pompilius, having been born of Numa's daughter. He carried on a mighty warfare with the Latins of Laurentum and Alba, and in the end brought them under his dominion. He built the temple of Janus at Rome. And Tarquinius Priscus succeeded him, and reigned thirty-eight years, contemporaneously with four kings of Judah, to wit, Jehoahaz, Eliakim, Jehoiakim, and Zedekiah. This king greatly enlarged the city of Rome by building the Capitol, and he was the first who was minded to celebrate his victories by a triumph in Rome. He built the temple of Jupiter, and reigned in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, and of the captivity of the sons of Israel, dying at last by assassination. After which Servius Tullius became king, and reigned forty-four years, what time the Israelites were captives in Babylon. In his day Servius Tullius carried on fierce wars against the Sabines, and added greatly to the city of Rome, and was at last slain by Tarquinius Superbus, his son-in-law, who was moved to this deed by his wife, the own daughter of

Servius. Then Tarquinius reigned for twenty-five years in the days of Cambyses, King of Persia, and proved to be the worst and most cruel of all by the deeds he wrought. He slew many of the chief Romans whom he knew to be opposed to his despotic rule, and divers others in order that he might seize their wealth, amongst whom were Marcus Junius, his brother-in-law and his eldest son. When Lucius Junius, the younger son of Marcus, saw that Tarquin had slain all the chief men of the city, and amongst them his father and his brother, he thought of a scheme for the conservation of his own life from Tarquin's cruelty. He feigned to be half witted, letting Tarquin take possession of all his wealth; whereupon Tarquin kept him in his household as a fool, giving him the name of Brutus, which signified a fool or stupid person.

Now this Tarquin had three sons, Sextus, Aruns, and Titus, and a daughter called Tarquinia, and in the twenty-fourth year of his reign there befell him a certain marvel which filled his soul with terror. This was a serpent which crawled through his palace; and on account of this portent he sent to inquire of the oracle of Apollo, which was wont to give answers as to hidden mysteries, at Delphi, a city of Greece. He despatched thither his two younger sons, Aruns and Titus, who took with them Brutus, so that he might afford them diversion during the journey, for, as it has been remarked already, he set himself resolutely to appear to be a fool. Brutus took with him a stick made hollow like a cane, in which was enclosed a golden bar, and when they all arrived at the temple of Apollo, they did sacrifice to the god, Brutus laying his stick upon the place for the offerings. After the youths had inquired of the god concerning the wonder which had happened in their house, they were seized with desire to ask which of them would rule in Rome after the death of their father, and the oracle made answer in these words: 'O youths, whichever of you shall first kiss your mother shall hold the chief power in Rome!' Aruns and Titus both thought how they should keep this speech a secret from their eldest brother, and cast lots as to which of them should first kiss their mother on their return to Rome, but Brutus deemed that the words aforesaid referred not to the mother who bore them; so as soon as he issued from the temple he kissed the earth, saying to himself that she was the common mother of all.

In these same days another prodigy was exhibited. A pair of eagles built their nest on the top of a lofty palm-tree which stood close to the royal palace, when there came a vast flock of vultures, which chased the

eagles away and threw the nest down upon the ground. The young ones were therein, and, not being yet feathered, they could not fly, wherefore they were dashed to the earth and killed. At this time Tarquin had set his host about the city of Ardea, and, since the Romans had failed to carry the place at the first assault, they lay inactive before it, waiting the turn of affairs. It chanced that one day the captains of the army sat at table with Sextus, Tarquin's son, and amongst them was Lucius Collatinus. After supper the talk fell upon women, and each one of those present began to praise his own wife; whereupon Collatinus cried out, 'In this matter there is no need of words. I will prove the truth of what I say by demonstration. Let us to horse, and then in a few hours' time I will let you see how much more worthy of praise my Lucretia is than any of the others.' All the company were heated with wine, and each one cried out, 'Let us go;' and thus having taken horse they rode to Rome, where they found the king's daughters-in-law feasting in lascivious wise with their companions, and sporting and dancing; but when they went to the house of Collatinus they found Lucretia, not spending her time like the others in games and dances, but sitting in the midst of her maidens at home spinning and working at other wifely tasks, wherefore to her was given the highest praise of all.

Collatinus invited the youths to a draught of wine, and while he tarried there Sextus Tarquinius determined to enjoy Lucretia by force, being so greatly inflamed by her beauty and modest bearing, and then they all returned to the camp. A few days afterwards Sextus, unknown to Collatinus, went with one servant to his friend's house, where he received the most friendly welcome from Lucretia, who knew nought of his evil intent; and after supper he was conducted to his chamber. He, being hotly inflamed with lust, waited till it seemed to him that all in the house must be asleep, and then went with a naked sword in his hand, and accompanied by his slave, to the chamber of Lucretia, whom he found sleeping. Touching her breast with his left hand he said, 'Keep silence, Lucretia. I am Sextus Tarquinius. I have a drawn sword in my hand, and if you cry out I will slay you.' When the lady had been aroused from sleep by terror, he went on to beseech her, confessing his love for her, and mixing his prayers with threats. When he perceived that she could be moved neither by the one nor by the other to yield herself to his desire, nor even by the fear of death, he added the fear of dishonour, saying, 'If you still refuse to yield yourself to my wishes, I will slay you forthwith, and with you I will slay this naked slave of

mine. Then I will declare I found you in adultery with him.' In this wise he overcame the obstinate chastity of Lucretia.

After he had wrought this shameful deed he went his way, and Lucretia, sorrow-stricken through so great evil fortune, despatched a messenger to Rome to her father Spurius Lucretius, and another to her husband, who was with the army encamped round Ardea, begging them to come to her at once with their trusty friends, for a fell calamity had overtaken her. Spurius Lucretius repaired to Rome with Publius Valerius, and Collatinus with Lucius Junius Brutus. They found Lucretia sitting woebegone in her chamber, and at the coming of her father and her husband the tears rose in her eyes; whereupon her husband said, 'Are all our goods in safety?' and Lucretia replied, 'What can be safe to the woman who has lost her honour? In your bed, O Collatinus, there are the traces of another man, if in sooth he who did such a brutal deed can be called a man. But my body alone has suffered defilement, my soul is scathless, and death shall bear testimony to what I say. But first swear to me that my betrayer shall not go unpunished. Sextus Tarquinius is the foe, for he last night while under the shelter of your roof violated me by force.' All those present gave her their pledge and consoled her, withdrawing all blame from her and putting it upon the doer of the offence. Then Lucretia said, 'You understand what is due to him; but I, what though you clear me of all fault, cannot let myself go free of penalty, nor shall any unchaste woman ever live on through the instance of Lucretia.' And with these words she drove into her heart a dagger which she had hidden in her garments, and straightway fell dead.

The husband and the father at once broke out into lamentation, and while they were giving way to their grief Brutus drew from the bosom of Lucretia the dagger all dripping with her blood, and over this he swore to be avenged, and he made the others swear likewise. Then, having taken out the body of Lucretia into the public place, they let the people know of Tarquin's wicked deed; and next they went to Rome, where, having assembled the citizens, Brutus made a speech against Tarquin and his sons, and so powerfully were the people moved thereby that they chased Tarquin and his family from the land, and swore together that they would never more suffer a king to reign in Rome. They made two consuls, Lucius Junius Brutus and Lucius Collatinus; and in this fashion the state was regulated, the consuls being changed every year. This was the end of the kings of Rome, after the state had thus been ruled for 244 years; and Tarquinius Superbus, after

he was driven from Rome, warred mightily against the Romans by the aid of Porsena, King of Tuscany. Thus having come against Rome with a great army, he took by force that part thereof which is called to-day Trastevere, and having advanced with a very powerful column to force the passage of the bridge, he would have easily done this, and taken the city, if Horatius Cocles, a very valiant knight and Roman citizen, had not set himself in this supreme peril of the state to guard the bridge against the foe, careless of all danger to himself. Such great valour did he show in barring the passage to the invaders, that he gave to the Romans good time to cut the bridge in the midst thereof, and when the brave champion knew this, he jumped with his horse fully armed into the Tiber, and in spite of the impediments which vexed him he swam across the river and rejoined his comrades.

But afterwards the Romans prevailed in divers battles, and the republic was governed by consuls and by the senate 450 years, and during this period arose many changes in the state, and wars, not only with adjacent countries, but with all the nations of the world. In the end, after great slaughter and ruin, the Romans subdued the whole world, and this dominion lasted till the civil wars between Julius Cæsar and Pompey the Great. After the civil war Cæsar ruled alone, calling himself emperor, and after him reigned Octavius Augustus, in whose time Christ was born, 700 years after the foundation of Rome."

When the fair Saturnina perceived that the story was come to an end, she said, gracefully glancing at Aurette, "I will now sing you a song which, in days past, a lover of mine wrote for me, and it is this":

Ah, cruel Fate! thy pity I implore;
Let go thy rancour, for I can no more.

Soften thy savage blasts, nor let them beat
Upon my shattered bark with strokes so dire,
Since she who walks the skies with stately feet
Has laden it with sighs and tears of fire.
Alas! that sweet time flies, and my desire,
Unsatisfied, torments me as of yore.

Since the first word I spake for her to hear,
Fortune unkind has plagued me day and night;
And if my woeful case I should repair,
Straightway she pours on me afresh her spite;
I spend my weary days a stricken wight,
Since thou for me no succour hast in store.

Two battling forces urge me to and fro,
And each one smites me in tempestuous wise ;
Through violence my case is brought so low,
I roam the desert in a savage guise.
The beasts all bid me don their own device,
And such disgrace doth grieve and irk me sore.

My song, say nought to mortals tossed about
By wild cross currents, as hath been my fate ;
I know those luckless ones, now racked with doubt,
As I was racked in days unfortunate.
But if some paladin or hero great
Should read thee, tell him straight, I can no more.

Saturnina having brought her song to an end, they clasped hands, and thus, sporting pleasantly, they took leave of each other, and departed happy in their fortune.





The Seventeenth Day.

NOVEL I.

A discourse concerning the country and the power of the Tuscans.



WHEN the lovers went back to their accustomed meeting-place on the seventeenth day, Aurette, speaking in very pleasant fashion, began as follows : “ Since it is my turn to speak to-day, I will tell you somewhat of the country and the power of Tuscany.

On the eastern side Tuscany begins at the river Tiber, which rises in the Apennines, that is, in the mountains of the Falterona, and flows by the country of Massa Tribara, Borgo San Sepolcro, Città di Castello, and then to Perugia and Todi, and descending through the Sabine and Roman lands, and gathering to itself many other streams, it flows through the midst of Rome and enters the sea by Ostia, twenty miles from Rome. The part of Rome beyond the Tiber is called Trastevere, and in sooth it may be said to serve as the entrance to the Church of St. Peter at Rome and of the province of Tuscany. On the southern side Tuscany has the Tyrrhenian sea, which likewise beats upon the shores of Maremma and Piombino and Pisa, and stretches along the regions of Luni and Lucca as far as the mouth of the Magra, which enters the sea beyond the point of the mountains of Corbo beyond Luni and Serezana. On the western side is the river Magra, which flows down from above Pontremoli in the Apennines, between the seacoast of Genoa and the territory of Piacenza in Lombardy, in the marquisate of the Malespini. To the north lie the Apennines, which divide it from Lombardy and Bologna and a part of Romagna, its boundary line being seven hundred miles long.

This province has divers rivers : the Arno, which rises, as does the Tiber, in the mountains of Falterona, and running through the heart of

Tuscany it passes Casentino and the base of Mount Lavernia, where the blessed Francis did penance. And mark here that the hills around Casentino are indeed godly places, for therein are three spots famous in religion. First, the most holy place on Mount Lavernia, where many saints have done penance; second, the pious and secluded hermitage of Camaldoli; and third, the abbey of Vallombrosa. But to resume, the river Arno turns eastward at the foot of Bibbiena, passing three miles distant from Arezzo; then it flows through the upper Val d'Arno, and, descending the same, passes through the midst of Florence, and runs down through the plain below Signa, and Monte Lupo, and Capraia. Next it goes through the lower Val d'Arno, passing through the midst of Pisa, and, gathering many other streams, it reaches the sea five miles from that city, having measured in its course two hundred miles. Virgil names this stream in *Æneid VII.*, in telling of the people who helped Turnus against *Æneas*, '*Sarrastes populos, et quæ rigat æquora Sarnus.*' Paulus Orosius tells in his history how Hannibal, after passing through the intense cold in the Apennines, came down into the marshes of the Arno, where he lost all his elephants, and the greater part of his horses and cattle; moreover, he himself from the same cause lost one of his eyes. I deem that Hannibal must have descended from the Apennines between Modena and Pistoia, and that the marshes aforesaid must have been those lying below Florence towards Signa. This also proves that Signa and Monte Lupo stood aforesaid in the direct course of the river, where for a little space it is confined between mountain rocks, where there was a mighty rock which was, and still is, called *La pietra Golfolina*, which at that time, by its breadth and height, filled the whole course of the river in such wise that it caused a great gathering of water near to where Florence now stands. By this stoppage the water of the Arno and the Ombrone and the Bisenzio overspread the plain below Signa and Settimo as far as Prato; thus all the plain below Florence was marsh.

In after time the *Pietra Golfolina* was reduced in bulk by certain workmen, labouring with pick and chisel; wherefore the river ran its course, and, the marshes being dried up, fruitful land appeared, upon which Hannibal pitched his camp. Before that time the province of Tuscany had wielded great power. The King of Tuscany, Porsena, who ruled at Chiusi, went with Tarquin to the siege of Rome, and was the ruler, not only of Tuscany, but of all the country as far as Adria in Romagna, a town on the gulf of Venice, which is called the Adriatic gulf after the city aforesaid. And towards Lombardy his confines went

beyond the Po and the Ticino. The Gauls and the Germans, called now the French and the Tedeschi, first entered Italy under the guidance of an Italian from Chiusi, who had crossed the mountains as an envoy in order to stir up all the barons of Germany to take arms against the Romans. He had carried with him some wine, which was not then drunk beyond the mountains, forasmuch as no vines grew there, and when the chiefs tasted the same it seemed to them very good; thus, amongst other causes, the lust of wine led them on to invade the land, when they understood that Italy was well furnished and abounding in good things. Moreover, in these lands over the mountains men had multiplied so vastly that they could scarcely be contained therein, which was another of the reasons of the coming of this people. At the time when the Gauls and the Germans entered Italy their leaders were Brennus and Belinus, who devastated a great part of Lombardy and the Tuscan land, and then laid siege to Rome, which they took all except the Capitol. But with all this, before they withdrew they were overthrown in Tuscany by the good Camillus, who was then disaffected with the Roman power, as Titus Livius writes in his history. Afterwards many other chiefs of the Gauls, and Germans, and Goths, and other barbarous nations, crossed the Alps from time to time, fighting in Lombardy and in Italy divers great battles, as Titus Livius relates.

Now I am minded to tell you of the Tuscan cities and bishoprics. First there is the church and see of St. Peter, which is on the Tuscan bank of the Tiber, the bishopric of Fiesole, the city of Florence, the city of Pisa, which is also an archbishopric, the city of Lucca, and the ancient bishopric of the city of Luni, the cities of Pistoia, Siena, Arezzo, Perugia, Castello, Volterra, Massa, and Grossetto, the bishopric of Suana in Maremma, the ancient cities of Chiusi and Orvieto, the bishopric of Bagnoraggio, the cities of Viterbo and Toscanella, the bishopric of Castro, the cities of Nepi, Sutri, and Dorti, and the bishopric of Cività Rensi. Having set down the names of twenty-five Tuscan bishoprics and cities, I will next tell you of the origin of these famous places. First, the city of Perugia is very ancient, and, according to its chronicles, was built by the Romans in this wise; to wit, when a certain Roman army was returning from Germany, it halted at this spot and built the city of Perugia. Arezzo was formerly called Aurelia, a great and noble city, wherein in old days the most skilful workmen made vases with various inlays and of divers forms; in sooth, so delicate was the work thereof, that those who looked on the same believed not that such things could have been wrought by man, and it is so to this day. It is said

likewise that the air and the site of Arezzo are so healthful that the dwellers therein grow wondrous subtle of wit. It was overthrown by Attila, *flagellum Dei*, who ploughed the site and sowed it with salt, and from this time forth it has been called Arezzo, that is to say, *Civitas Arata*. The city of Pisa was formerly called Alfea; it was a port of the Roman empire, whither were carried by sea all the tributes and taxes which the kings and nations of the world paid to the empire. There they were weighed, and afterwards taken to Rome. And because the original place of weighing was not sufficient, they made another; wherefore the name Pisa is declined in grammar only in the plural number. Because of the business of the port and the weighing-places, men came to abide there and multiplied, and thus arose the city of Pisa some long while after the coming of Christ.

The city of Lucca was first called Fridia, or by other accounts Almiga. It was named Fridia because it, first of all the Tuscan cities, became Christian, and had for its first bishop San Fridiano, who by a miracle caused the Serchio to run near the city, and confined it within bounds, because it had been a source of danger and had caused great damage to the country. And because this saint first let shine the light of faith in Tuscany, they took away from the city its old name, and called it Luce, and now, the word being changed and corrupted, it is Lucca. The city of Luni, now destroyed, was of great antiquity, and by what is written in the history of Troy, ships and armies went from Luni to the aid of the Greeks against the Trojans. Then it was destroyed by a people living beyond the mountains, because a lady, the wife of one of the chiefs thereof, being on her journey to Rome, was debauched what time she tarried there; wherefore her husband came with an army and overthrew it, and to-day it is a desert and pestilential. It is known that the seacoasts were in old times thickly peopled, and that most of the inland towns had few inhabitants; but in Maremma, in the coast regions about Rome and the Campagna, were many cities which are now come to nought through the deterioration of the air, to wit, Popolonia, Suana, Talamone, Grossetto, Civita Vecchia, Moscona, Lansedonia, Baia Pompea, Comino, Laurento, and Albania. Now as to the reason why all these seacoast regions are desert and unwholesome, and even Rome worsened, the great masters of astrology declare that it arises through the action of the eighth sphere of the heavens, which every hundred years shifts a degree towards the North Pole, which motion will continue till it shall have moved fifteen degrees in fifteen hundred years; then it will move back in like fashion, if by

God's pleasure the world shall last so long. By this celestial change the qualities both of earth and air are changed ; thus, where aforetime it was peopled and healthy, it is now deserted and sickly, and *vice versâ*. And beyond this, we see that by natural course all worldly things change and perish.

The city of Viterbo was built long ago by the Romans, and was called Vergezia, and thither the Romans were wont to send their sick on account of the baths which issued from the springs. Wherefore it came afterwards to be called Viterbo, that is, life to the infirm, or rather city of life. The city of Orvieto was built by the Romans—*Urbs Veterum*—the city of old men, for the old men of Rome were sent there for the purer air, so as to keep them in health. The city of Cortona was built in the time of Janus and of the first dwellers in Italy, and was then called Turna. The city of Chiusi was also of great antiquity and power, and built in these same times, long before Rome was. The ruler thereof was Porsena, of whom Titus Livius writes. The city of Volterra was first called Antona, and is of vast age. It was founded by the progeny of Italus, as we read in romance, and hence its lord was called Buovo d'Antona. The city of Siena is quite modern, having been begun in the year of Christ 670, when Charles Martel, the father of Pepin of France, marched with his Frenchmen into the kingdom of Apulia for the sake of the Church, and for the conquest of the Arian Lombards, whose king, Grimaldo di Morona, held sway at Benevento, and persecuted the Romans and the Church.

When the allied armies of the Romans and the French came to this spot, they left there the aged and the sick and those unfit for arms, so as not to take them into Apulia, and so that they might rest. Thus they took up their abode there, and they built two shelters in form of castles on what is now the highest ground in Siena, for greater security, both of which they called Siena, taking this name from the aged seniors who were left there by reason of their years. As their numbers increased they joined their dwellings, and thus by the rules of grammar the city came to be called in the plural, *Senæ*. Amongst the people of Siena, as they increased, was a certain comely, rich, and influential hostess, called Madonna Veglia, and it chanced that one day a cardinal-legate, returning from France, alighted at her inn. The hostess gave him very honourable reception, for which she refused to take any payment ; whereupon the cardinal, having had such great courtesy at her hands, asked her whether he might not procure her some favour from the court. The hostess begged him in devout spirit that he would of

his kindness see that Siena might be made a bishopric. The cardinal promised to do all he could, and advised her to persuade the commune of Siena to send an embassy to the pope, which was duly done. Moreover, by the entreaties of the legate to the pope on this matter, a bishop was granted to Siena, and the first to hold the office was Messer Gualterano; and to endow the bishopric they took a parish from each one of the bishoprics of Arezzo, Perugia, Chiusi, Volterra, Grosseto, Massa, Orvieto, Fiesole, and Florence, and by these means Siena obtained a bishopric, and was called a city. To do honour to Madonna Veglia, by whom the favour was first demanded, it was always called Siena La Veglia. Wherefore now you may well understand all concerning the situation of the cities and bishoprics of Tuscany."

NOVEL II.

How San Miniato with divers other saints suffered martyrdom in the time of Decius the emperor, and how Constantine and all his people became Christians.



HE foregoing novel being finished, Saturnina began one of her own, telling how San Miniato was martyred at Florence in the reign of the Emperor Decius.

"In the year of Christ 252, it chanced that the Emperor Decius came to Florence, and having taken up his abode there, he held an imperial court and persecuted the Christians at his will, wherever he might chance to find them. One day he heard tell how the blessed hermit, Miniato, was living with his company and disciples near the city, in a wood called Arisbetto Fiorentino, beyond where now his church stands. This Miniato was a son of the King of Armenia, who had left that kingdom for the faith of Christ, and, in order to do penance, had crossed the seas to Rome, and there had betaken himself to this wood, which was then very solitary, because Florence had not extended its bounds, nor were there houses beyond the Arno over against where San Giorgio now stands. There was only the bridge which was between Girone and Candagli, called the old bridge of the Fesulians; it was, moreover, the direct road for Rome and Fiesole. Thus, while the holy Miniato was doing penance in the wood, Decius caused him to be taken—so the legend runs—and offered him rich gifts, meet for a king's son, in order to induce him to deny the Christian faith; but

he stood firm and constant, and would have none of the gifts aforesaid ; wherefore he was made to suffer divers torments, and at last Decius cut off his head at the spot where now stands the church of Santa Candida at the Porta alla Croce, a place where many friends of Christ have received the martyr's crown.

After his head was severed, the blessed Miniato, by a miracle of God, put it back on his shoulders with his own hands, and went afoot across the Arno, and climbed the hill where his church now stands. Then there was only a little oratory, called after St. Peter the Apostle, where many bodies of saints were buried ; and, when he had come hither, the holy man gave up his soul to Christ, and the Christians buried his body privily in that same place. After the Florentines became Christians they paid him there the most devout service and honour, and built him a church.

But the great church which is standing to-day, which was dedicated in the time of Bishop Aliprando, a Florentine citizen, in the year of Christ 1013, was begun and completed by the beneficence of the holy and catholic emperor, Henry II. of Bavaria, and of Santa Cimiconda, his wife, who ruled in those days. Moreover, they endowed it with rich estates in Florence and the country round, for the good of their souls. When the church was finished, they transferred the body of San Miniato into a resting-place by the altar which is beneath the vault of the church, with great rejoicings by the aforesaid bishop and all the clergy and people of Florence. But afterwards this church was finished by the Florentines, and they made also the steps in the rock up the side of the hill, and directed that this work should be under the care and ward of the consuls of Calimala. It came to pass that when Decius abode in Florence that he persecuted the blessed Crisco and his disciples, Crisco being a gentleman from Germany who had come to do penance in the wood of Mugello, where his church now stands, that is, San Cresci in Valcava, at which spot he and his followers were martyred by the officers of Decius for the faith of Christ, and in this wise many have suffered martyrdom.

The true faith of Christ was first brought to Florence from Rome by Frontinus and Paulinus, disciples of the Apostle Peter ; but this was done privily, and few dared to avow themselves Christians from fear of the officers of the emperor, who were idolaters and persecuted the Christians wherever they found them, and they changed not till the times of the Emperor Constantine and Pope Sylvester. The truth is, that the city of Florence ruled itself under the guardianship of the Roman power about three hundred and fifty years after its foundation, observing

the pagan laws and worshipping idols, so that the Christians could seldom show themselves openly, but remained hidden in caves and cells outside the city. Those who dwelt in the city did not openly profess Christianity through fear of the persecution of the Roman rulers. This went on till the days of the great Constantine, the son of St. Helena, who was the first Christian emperor. He dowered the Church with the whole empire of Rome, and gave liberty to the Christians in the time of the blessed Pope Sylvester, who baptized him and made him a Christian, and cleansed him from leprosy by the power of Christ in this wise. Constantine, being afflicted with an incurable leprosy, was advised by his physicians to take a bath of the blood of innocent children; whereupon he sent commands through all the city that those women who had young children should take them at once to the palace, which was where St. John Lateran now stands, when they should receive rich gifts from the emperor. Crowds of women with young children at their necks went thither, and when they were assembled in the court, where all was prepared to cut the throats of the children, great lamentation arose from the women as soon as they perceived what was to be done, and they began to tear their hair and beat their faces. Constantine, when he heard the sound thereof, inquired what was the cause, and they answered, 'Sire, it is the crying of the mothers of the children whom you have had brought here to take their blood.' Constantine considered for a moment, and then, overcome by pity, he said, 'Please God I will never consent to do such a cruel deed for the sake of my health. I would sooner die.' And forthwith he sent away the mothers and their children, having giving them what had been promised; and so he did this compassionate deed.

So greatly was Christ pleased with Constantine's pity, that in that same night Peter and Paul appeared in a vision, and spake thus to the emperor: 'If you desire to be healed, send for Sylvester, the pope of the Christians, who dwells outside Rome on Monte Soraçte.' The vision having disappeared, and Constantine awakened, he sent to Soraçte for Sylvester, and when he had come, spake thus to him, 'My father, I have seen this night a vision in this wise: two men, one aged, and the other with a beard, said to me, that if I wished to be healed, I should send for thee, which thing I have done.' Then Sylvester replied, 'Wouldst thou recognize these two who came to thee?' And Constantine said that he would; whereupon Sylvester sent for a small tablet on which were painted the effigies of St. Peter and St. Paul, and showed it to the emperor, who cried, 'Certes, these are the men; they were made

exactly like these.' Then Sylvester began to consider whether this might not be some of God's handiwork, and said to Constantine that if he was minded to be healed, it behoved him to become a Christian with all his people, whereunto Constantine agreed. And thus it came to pass that Sylvester made him enter naked a large vessel of water, which water he blessed; whereupon, by a divine mystery, Constantine was healed of his leprosy, and through this sign of grace became a Christian, and built many churches in Rome in honour of Christ, and destroyed the pagan temples. He likewise confirmed the liberties of the Church, and granted all the temporalities of the empire in return for a tribute. Moreover, he went to reside at Constantinople, a city in Thrace upon the Bosphorus, which he filled with fine buildings and other ornaments. Heretofore it had been called Byzantium, but now he called it after his own name, and made it a place of great state and power, fixing his abode there, and leaving in Rome his vicars to keep the city and the empire by arms.

After Constantine, who reigned at Rome and at Constantinople more than thirty years, came his three sons. The first was called Constantine after his father, the second Constantius, and the third Constans; and between these three great wars and discords arose. One of these, Constantine, was a Christian, but Constantius persecuted the Christians, and was infected with a form of heresy promulgated by a certain Arius, which began at Constantinople, and was known as the Arian heresy, and through the same many errors were spread abroad in the Church of God all over the world. By their dissensions these sons of Constantine wrought great evil to the empire, and wellnigh let it go to ruin; indeed, from this time forth it seemed always to fall back and decline, and to lose its power. Two or three emperors would reign at the same time, one ruling at Rome and another at Constantinople, one a Christian and the other an Arian persecuting the Christians and the Church all through Italy. At the time when the great Constantine became a Christian, and Sylvester was openly Pope of Rome, the faith of Christ was spread into Tuscany; then it was carried all over Italy, and then into all the world. In Florence they began to live in the true faith of Christ and to forswear paganism in the days of a holy bishop sent there by Pope Sylvester. In the city there was a temple dedicated to the god Mars, and the image of the god which stood therein was carried forth and placed on a tower close to the Arno; and the Florentines were careful neither to break nor injure it, nor place it in unseemly situation, for ancient tradition said that this image of Mars had been consecrated under certain starry

influences which were of such nature that, should the image aforesaid be set up in base surroundings, great danger and loss and revolution would fall upon the city of Florence. And for all that the Florentines became Christians they kept many of their pagan customs for a long time, and held in great respect their ancient statue of Mars,¹ being very unsteady in the faith. The temple aforesaid was dedicated to the glory of God and of the blessed St. John the Baptist, and it was ordained that there should be celebrated therein a solemn function on the nativity of the saint, and a race run for a prize of a velvet mantle.²

In the midst of the church the baptismal fonts were set in order in which infants are baptized on Holy Saturday, and in these fonts they blessed the baptismal water, and they blessed fire as well, which fire they commanded to be strewn about the city, as it was done in Jerusalem, and that a minister should go through every house with a lighted torch. And from this ceremony arose a certain office of dignity, which in time became vested in one of the chief families of the city, that of the Pazzi, for an ancestor of the same named Pazzo, a man strong and tall in stature, bore a larger torch than anyone else, and was the first who took up the holy fire, all the others following his example. The church aforesaid was enlarged, after it was dedicated to Christ, in that part where now are to be found the choir and the altar of St. John the Baptist. But when the church was the temple of Mars it had neither the turret nor the great stone above, but was open at the top, like the church of Santa Maria Rotonda at Rome, so that the statue of Mars, which stood in the centre thereof, might have no covering but the sky. In after times, when Florence was built a second time, 1150 years after Christ, a turret borne upon columns was placed above, and the stone cover was made of gold. According to the report of those who have scoured the world, this church is the fairest that is or ever was, as far as the memory of man goeth.”³

When the novel was finished Aurette said, “This story has assuredly pleased me mightily, and now I will sing you a canzonet,” and he sang as follows :

¹ This statue was standing on a column at the foot of the Ponte Vecchio in Dante's time. It was swept away by a flood of the Arno in 1333. In Ser Giovanni's time its site was used as a fish market, and there Buondelmonte was slain. *Vide* Day VIII., Novel I.

² The corsa del pallio at Verona is alluded to by Dante, *Inferno*, xv.

³ “*Mio bel San Giovanni.*”—Dante, *Inferno*, xix.

No one may look to me for boon or ruth,
 For one I loved hath broken faith with me.
 My heart I gave to a most noble youth,
 And deemed he loved me well and faithfully ;
 In loyal faith I gave my heart and soul,
 And now I go forsaken and alone.
 She is forsooth a simpleton and fool,
 Who trusts the word and troth of anyone.
 Into my soul a conqueror he came,
 And to his beauty I became the slave.
 My heart was melted in the rapturous flame ;
 Wherefore to him my maidenhead I gave.
 Now he hath fled, after this cruel geste,
 And none may know the grief that rends my breast.

Ye ladies who are sworn in Love's sweet band,
 I bid you all take lesson from my woe.
 Nathless no other one shall hold my hand,
 Save him who ruthless from my arms did go ;
 But should I see him to my side returning,
 I'd say a woman must be fool and blind,
 However fierce the fires of love were burning,
 To trust her welfare to his fickle mind.
 Go now, my song, go forth and tell my pain
 To all who pitcous are for those who mourn ;
 Tell them the love I gave and give again
 Hath failed me, and hath left me all forlorn.
 But if I might in his dear arms have slept,
 My faith with him I ever would have kept.

When the canzonet was finished the lovers brought to an end for that day their pleasant interview, and, taking each other by the hand, bade farewell and joyfully departed.





The Eighteenth Day.

NOVEL I.

Concerning certain kings of Italy, and what deeds they wrought.



AS soon as the two lovers had returned to the convent parlour on the eighteenth day, Saturnina began her novel in these words:

“As I have said already, the imperial crown of Rome remained with the rulers of France for about a hundred years, during which time seven French emperors ruled, that is to say, from Charles the Great to Arnolfo, who was the last of the Franks. By reason of the prevailing discord the power of France and of Germany as well was brought to nought, and these kingdoms were helpless to aid the Church and the Roman people against the warlike Lombards. On this account it was ordained that the imperial power and dignity should be taken away from the French, and it was therefore transferred to the Italians by decree, the first Italian emperor being Louis, the son of the King of Apulia, and sprung on his mother’s side from that Louis who was the second of the Frankish emperors. He was crowned in the year of Christ 901,¹ and reigned six years. He warred against Berengar, who then held sway in Italy, and drove him out; but he was afterwards taken prisoner at Verona and blinded, whereupon Berengar was restored to power and made emperor in Italy. Berengar reigned four years, and was a skilful warrior, fighting many battles against the Romans; and in his days a certain Conrad of Saxony was King of the Romans in Germany, and besides this ruler of the Franks; so that one of these reigned in

¹ He was crowned in 899. But in this story Ser Giovanni’s chronology becomes chaotic.

Italy and the other in Germany. In these days the Saracens invaded Italy, devastating Apulia and Calabria, scattering themselves abroad and ravaging divers regions up to the walls of Rome, but, having been repulsed by the Romans, they retired into Apulia.

After Conrad his son Henry, Duke of Saxony, ruled Germany, and this Henry was father of Otho I., the first emperor in Germany; and he was over-lord of Italy, and was consecrated by the Pope after Berengar I., who had ruled as emperor in Italy. Berengar II. reigned for eight years, what time Pope John X. of Tosigliano and his brother the Marquis Alberico marched into Apulia against the Saracens, whom they met in battle by the river Garigliano, and happily overcame them, and rescued Apulia from them. But on returning to Rome strife arose between the pope and the marquis, who was driven out of the city, and, having fled to Hungary, he spitefully brought into Italy a vast horde of Hungarians, who laid waste almost all Tuscany and the Roman states, killing men and women and carrying off treasure. But the Romans drove them out at last, and afterwards they invaded Hungary every year, warring against the people. King Lothaire reigned about seven years, and great strife arose in Italy during his time, for the city of Genoa was destroyed by the Saracens from Africa in the year of Christ 932, the people being slain and the treasure carried away. The year before this happened, a fountain which flowed with blood sprang forth in the city, which was a portent of the ruin which befell. After Lothaire Berengar III. and Albert his son reigned in Italy for eleven years. These were Romans, and their sway was harsh, for they laid in hold Alvenda, the widow of the dead Lothaire, in order that she should not marry some ruler who might take from them the empire; wherefore Otho, King of Germany, at the prayer of the pope and the Church, on account of the strife between Berengar and the Romans and of his tyranny, marched into Italy with a great force, and, having driven out Berengar, he took the empress aforesaid out of prison and married her at Pavia. Otho forgave Berengar, and gave him the lordship of Lombardy, except the Mark of Treviso, Verona, and Aquileia, and then, having returned to Germany, he overthrew the Hungarians in divers battles and reduced them under his sway.

But while he tarried in Germany the Albert aforesaid, son of Berengar, supported by a following of Roman nobles, raised his son Ottaviano to the papacy, by high-handed power, under the title of John XI., and this pope proved to be a man of evil life, keeping women publicly, and hunting and fowling as if he had been a layman, and working

even greater iniquities than these. Wherefore the cardinals and clergy of Rome, and divers of the Italian nobles, moved by the shame of the pope's carriage as a churchman, and by the evil doings of Berengar in Lombardy, sent ambassadors privily to Otho, King of Germany, begging him to return to Italy to call the pope to account, and to set right the government, which Berengar and Albert were bringing to ruin. Otho entered Lombardy with a vast army, and having captured Berengar sent him a prisoner to Bavaria, where he brought his life to a miserable end. Albert fled the country, and Pope John was thrust out of the papacy, this being the end of the rule of Berengar and Albert his son in Italy, which rule had lasted fifty-four years under six emperors, after the French were made to quit. And henceforth no emperor ruled in Italy, and the empire returned to Germany in the year of Christ 955. In these days the Church was sorely vexed, for sometimes there would be one pope, sometimes two, and sometimes three, one chasing out another and either slaying him or putting out his eyes, according to his superior strength, or the support of the reigning emperor, or of the powerful nobles of Rome, or of the various rulers of Italy. In any case the Church underwent long tribulation.

It came to pass that Otho, King of Germany, having deposed Pope John for his wicked deeds, caused Pope Leo VIII. to be chosen, and a decree to be made that henceforth no pope should be elected without the assent of the emperor. Then Otho was elected emperor and consecrated by Pope Leo in the year of Christ 955, granting rich endowment to the Church. This Otho was of the Saxon house ; he reigned as emperor twelve years, doing many and great things for the exaltation of the Church and giving peace to all Italy, and this done he returned to Germany with his wife Alvenda, who bore him a son whom he called by his own name, and this prince became Otho II. After he had gone back to Germany Pope Leo was deposed by the evil-disposed Romans, who put in his place Pope Benedict V. ; and Otho, having heard report of this, marched from Germany with a great host, with which he besieged Rome. In the end he captured Pope Benedict, and sent him a prisoner to Germany, where he died in wretchedness. He restored Pope Leo and gave peace to all Italy, and hereby raised many of his barons to great wealth and power, amongst whom were the Counts Guidi, the first of whom was named Guido, and him the emperor made count palatine and gave him the county of Modigliana in Romagna, where the Guidi lived as lords of all Romagna till they were expelled by reason of their ill deeds, save one youth, Guido Besague, so called because all his

kinsfolk died a bloody death,¹ who was made lord of Casentino by the Emperor Otho. He it was who took to wife at Florence the Countess Gualdrada,² daughter of Belincone Berti di Ravignano, an honourable citizen. And it likewise happened that Otho I., through his love for Florence, gave thereto all the country within a circuit of six miles; and when he went back to Germany, divers of his barons became Florentine citizens, amongst whom were that Hubert from whom afterwards sprang the house of the Uberti, and Lambert from whom the Lamberti are descended. After the death of Otho I., Otho II., his son, was made emperor, and he reigned fifteen years. Pope John XIII.,³ who had crowned Otho II., was seized by the prefect Peter and thrown into the castle of St. Angelo, but Otho restored him to the papacy, and punished with a cruel death many of the Romans who had been concerned in this deed. In this reign the Saracens seized Calabria, and the emperor marched against them with a great army of Romans, Germans, Lombards, Tuscans, and Apulians, but through ill-conduct, and the flight of the Romans and the men of Beneventum, Otho was defeated, and great hurt was done to the Christian cause. He himself was taken by Greek pirates, but he induced them by craft to take him to Sicily, where he was recognized and contrived to escape from his captors. He next laid siege to Beneventum, which he took and destroyed, and carried to Rome the body of St. Bartholomew, with the intention of taking the same into Saxony, but he died in Rome, and soon after his son, Otho III., was elected and crowned by Pope Gregory V., in the year of Christ 979. He reigned nineteen years, and, having restored peace to Italy, he returned into Germany. Crescentius, consul of Rome, drove out Pope Gregory, and put in his place a very learned Greek, who was Bishop of Piacenza. When Otho heard this, he marched from Germany with a great army, and, having entered Rome, he laid hands upon Crescentius, whom he beheaded, and upon the pope whom Crescentius had set up under the name of John XVI. He cut off the pope's hands, and tore out his eyes, and restored Pope Gregory. Then, having left Rome and all Italy in peace, he returned to Germany, where he made a good end.

There had come from the parts beyond Brandenburg a certain

¹ Boccaccio speaks of him as Guido Beisangue.

² Dante, *Inferno*, xvi. The father of Gualdrada, Belincone Berti, is mentioned in *Paradiso*, xv., and Villani speaks of him as one of the best and most honoured gentlemen of Florence.

³ Orig., "terzo."

Marquis Hugh, who remained in Florence as the vicar imperial, and, because the situation of the city pleased him greatly, he sent for his wife to join him there. It came to pass that, by God's will, he went hunting in the region of Buonsollazzo, and while in the woods he wandered away from his people, and seemed to see before him in a vision a workshop, wherein were working divers men, deformed and strange to look upon. He saw that these were putting certain others to the torture of the scourge, and, having inquired as to what this might be, he was told that those under torment were damned souls, and moreover that the soul of the Marquis Hugh was damned to a similar fate on account of his unclean life, unless he should repent and turn from his evil ways. Stricken with fear he commended himself to the Virgin, and, the vision having vanished, his soul was so smitten with remorse that on his return to Florence he sold all his goods, and his wife's as well, and founded seven abbeys with the price thereof. The first was Santa Maria in Florence; the second, Buonsollazzo, where he beheld the vision; the third, Arezzo; the fourth, Poggibonsi; the fifth, Verucula di Pisa; the sixth, Città di Castello, and the seventh, Settimo. To all these he gave rich endowment, and with his wife he lived a life of holiness, begetting no children, and when he died he was buried in the abbey at Florence.

On the death of Otho III. it seemed good to the pope and cardinals and nobles of Rome that the imperial power should be conferred by the choice of the Germans, seeing that they were on the spot and were the bulwark of the Christian cause. This having been confirmed by the Church was held worthy of approval, and seven electors of the empire were nominated by decree, and to these alone was given the power of electing the emperor. The first was the Bishop of Mainz, the chancellor of the empire; the second, the Archbishop of Trier, the chancellor in Gaul; the third, the Archbishop of Cologne; the fourth, the Marquis of Brandenburg, the chamberlain; the fifth, the Duke of Saxony, who carried the sword of empire; the sixth was the Count Palatine of the Rhine, and the seventh, the King of Bohemia, without whose voice no election was valid. Now I am minded to tell you of all the emperors who have lived from that time till now, and how long they reigned, and briefly to compare one with another. After Otho III. died, the electors chose Henry I., Duke of Bavaria. He was of the blood of Charles the Great, and was elected in the year of Christ 1000. He reigned twelve years, and played a bold part in all fighting of the time, and converted to the faith of Christ, King Stephen of Hungary and all his people, giving him his sister to wife. After Henry's death Conrad I. was

chosen as emperor, and consecrated by Benedict VIII., in the year of Christ 1015. He was Duke of Swabia, and reigned twenty years in peace, being a just man, and after him came Henry II.,¹ who is said to have been his son, but he was really son-in-law of Conrad, and son of Count Leopold, the Palatine of Bavaria, nephew of Henry I. This Henry was elected in the year of Christ 1040, and reigned seventeen years, having been crowned by Pope Clement II. This emperor raised the pope aforesaid to the papacy by force, and after his death Henry III., the son of the afore-mentioned Henry of Bavaria, became emperor in the year of Christ 1055, and reigned twelve years.

In this emperor's reign divers strange things came to pass in the world, great famines and pestilences; and this Henry III. made Victor, a German, pope by force, and was in all things the foe of the Church. After him was elected his son, Henry IV., in the year 1107, who reigned fifteen years, and he was the enemy of the Church, and the last emperor of the Bavarian house. After him came Frederic Barbarossa, of the house of Swabia, who was crowned at Rome by Pope Adrian IV. in the year of Christ 1154, and reigned thirty-seven years. He was generous and noble-minded and fortunate in his enterprise; and during his lifetime his son, Henry, was elected King of the Romans and was crowned by Pope Celestine in the year 1192, bringing to pass divers worthy deeds in his time. On the death of Henry great discords arose amongst the electors, and one part thereof elected Philip, Duke of Swabia, Henry's brother, and the other, Otho, Duke of Saxony, and, had it not been for the favour shown by the pope to Otho, Philip would have been elected. Thus he lost the empire because he was the brother of Henry, who had vexed the Church, and Otho was crowned King of the Romans in the year of Christ 1203. This Otho was very wicked, and, having been pronounced an enemy of the Church, was deposed by a general council, and the Church ordered the electors to choose as King of the Romans the young Frederic, King of Sicily, who was then in Germany, instead of Otho. This Otho, having sailed over seas to Damietta, died there; whereupon Frederic repaired to Rome and was crowned King of the Romans by Pope Honorius III. in the year 1220. Now, as he proved an enemy of the Church, he was deposed from his title, and the pope sent word to the electors to elect another King of the Romans; whereupon they chose William, Earl of Ireland, a gallant prince who waged long wars with the son of Frederic; but when he died the empire

¹ This is the emperor who is said to have founded San Miniato in Florence, *vide* preceding novel. The dates are quite different in the two stories.

remained long time vacant, and at last the electors chose two emperors. Three of them chose Alfonso of Spain, and the others declared for Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the brother of the King of England, but the pope favoured Alfonso because he had come with his army to oppose the pretensions of Manfred.

Next King Rudolf of Germany was made King of the Romans; but he went not to Rome to receive the pope's blessing, but spent his time over his rule at home, caring not to interfere in Italian affairs. He died in the year 1291, and in his place the electors chose Adolf, Count of Nassau, a German, but he did not live to enjoy the dignity of emperor, for he was slain in battle by Albert, Duke of Austria, son of Rudolf, in the year of Christ 1299. Albert, having overthrown Adolf, caused himself to be chosen King of the Romans, and to be confirmed by Pope Boniface; and in the year 1308, after King Albert's death, the electors were once more in conflict over the choice of an emperor. The King of France, now that the empire was vacant, deemed that his plans and intentions might be brought to pass with little trouble, on account of a promise which Pope Clement had secretly made when the king aforesaid had helped him to the papacy; so, having assembled his privy council and Charles of Valois, his brother, he laid bare his plans and the desire he had so long felt to procure the election of Charles as King of the Romans. When he had placed the whole issue before them, he asked for their advice; whereupon all his council encouraged him to attempt this enterprise, and advised him to employ over the same all his own resources, and those of the crown and the kingdom to boot, in order to accomplish the same, both for the honour of Messer Charles of Valois, who was well worthy thereof, and in order that the imperial dignity might be restored to the French. When the king and Messer Charles were informed of the good will and support of their councillors, they rejoiced greatly, and it was settled that the king and Messer Charles, with a great force of barons and knights, should repair to the pope's court at Avignon before the Germans should hold another election, and show by word and deed that their coming was the result of the decree which had been issued against the memory of Pope Boniface, and demand of the pope the fulfilment of his secret promise, to wit, the election and confirmation of Charles of Valois as emperor. To a proposition backed by such force as this, none of the cardinals would refuse to consent.

Thus he gave command to all his barons and knights to get them in order, forasmuch as he was minded to go visit the pope at Avignon,

and he issued like orders to the Seneschal of Provence; wherefore his host numbered more than six thousand knights. But, seeing it was God's pleasure that the Church should not be made subject to the house of France, news of this movement was brought secretly to the pope; whereupon he, fearing the approach of the king and his host, and recalling the promise he had made—which in sooth was mightily hurtful to the liberties of the Church—took counsel privily with the Cardinal of Prato, and told him how he was wroth with the King of France by reason of his excessive demands. The cardinal made answer, 'Holy Father, there is but one remedy for this; to wit, that, before the King of France shall prefer his demand, you send secret instructions to the German princes and command them forthwith to elect an emperor.' The pope was much pleased with this advice, and said, 'Whom shall we send as envoy to bid the electors choose an emperor according to our will, and whom shall we suggest as emperor?' Then the cardinal, who was a far-seeing man and anxious, not so much for the liberties of the Church, as for his own interests and for the revival of the Ghibelline cause in Italy, said, 'I deem the Count of Luxembourg is at this time the best man in all Germany; the most loyal and honest, and the best Catholic to boot, and I doubt not if he should be chosen emperor that he will prove obedient to the Church and one from whom great things may be expected.' These words met the pope's approval on account of the good name which the count bore, and he said, 'But how can we bring about this election by sending letters under our private seal about which the college shall know nothing.' Then the cardinal replied, 'Write to him, and to all the electors, letters under your secret seal, and I will write likewise to them, setting forth more fully what is your will, which letter I will send by a servant of mine,' and it was done as the cardinal advised.

By God's will, when the messengers arrived in Germany and the letters were opened, the electors at once made choice of Henry of Luxembourg as King of the Romans, which election came about through the busy working of the Cardinal of Prato, who had written in this wise: 'See that you agree to elect this prince; if you fail in this the election will end in the transfer of the empire to the French.' After the election the tidings thereof were carried to France, and to the papal court; whereupon the King of France saw that he had been duped, and let go his friendship for the pope. In the same year, after the election of Henry of Luxembourg, he was consecrated emperor by the pope, and he proved to be a wise prince, skilful and courteous, and steady in war-

fare ; moreover, he was crowned with his sword in his hand, and he laid siege to many places in Tuscany, attacking Florence with especial vigour, and setting his camp at San Salvi and at San Cassano. He was a great foe to King Robert, and after working many great deeds in Tuscany he marched to Pisa in order to return to his kingdom, but he died at Buonconvento, which is twelve miles from Siena, in the year of Christ 1313, on St. Bartholomew's day. After the death of Henry great strife arose in Germany by reason of the wars between the Dukes of Austria and Bavaria, both of whom were elected Kings of the Romans. Their forces were set one against the other for some time on the banks of the Rhine, and with them, on one side or the other, were assembled almost all the chivalry of Germany ; but in the end they struck camp without fighting, because the Duke of Bavaria could not support the charges of the campaign. Shortly afterwards he worsted in the field the Duke of Austria, and, having been elected King of the Romans, he went to Italy, and was crowned emperor at Rome, taking the title of 'the Bavarian.' After him came Charles IV., King of Bohemia, who as everyone knows has been deposed. So now you have heard of all those elected, and all those who came to receive the benediction as emperors after the empire passed to the Germans. And indeed the first of these was John of Bohemia, but he did not receive the blessing aforesaid."

NOVEL II.

Of the lineage of the Countess Matilda,¹ her riches, the buildings she erected, and her marriage and death.



ATURNINA having finished her novel, Aurette began and said, "I will now tell you of a lady of great worth, who was called the Countess Matilda," and thus he began :

"The mother of the Countess Matilda was the daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople, who had at his court a certain Italian gentleman of gracious manners and high birth, skilled in arms and kindly and courteous to all. This gentleman began to have great regard for the daughter of the emperor, and finally wedded her in

¹ This is mythical. The true version is to be found in the paper on Canossa in Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."

matrimony. Then, having taken certain jewels and precious stones and all the money they could lay hands on, they withdrew privily from Constantinople and landed in Italy, and next betook themselves to the bishopric of Reggio in Lombardy. From this union the great Countess Matilda was born, and the father of the lady, the Emperor of Constantinople, having no other children, searched far and nigh for her before he could find her, and, when the searchers found her, they told her that it behoved her to return forthwith, and they besought her earnestly to consent, saying that her father was minded to marry her to some great prince. But to this she replied, 'This is he whom I desire beyond all other, and I can on no account leave him. Should he die I would never wed another man.'

When these words were reported to the emperor he sent straightway letters confirming the marriage; he sent also untold money, bidding them buy therewith towns and villages at any price, and erect new buildings, which was duly done. The lady built an impregnable fortress which she called Canossa, and here afterwards the Countess Matilda erected a monastery and endowed it. She built afterwards many other religious houses and many bridges over the rivers of Lombardy, and in Garfagnana; in the bishopric of Modena she held great possessions, and in the Bolognese, Arzelata and Medicina, large and spacious towns, and all these were part of her patrimony. She had many castles in Tuscany, where divers nobles became her vassals, and she built numerous churches and cathedrals, and endowed the same. The Countess Matilda, being heiress of all this, resolved to marry, and, having heard reports of the fame and goodness and excellent parts of the Duke of Swabia, who was called Guelf, she sent a solemn embassy with lawful powers to him in order that the parties, as it happened that the principals would not be present, might confirm a treaty of marriage between herself and him; that they might ratify the treaty and name the place where the ring should be given and the nuptials celebrated: and the place they fixed upon was the noble castle of the Counts of Cinesi, which castle is now destroyed. When Duke Guelf of Swabia came to the castle aforesaid, the Countess Matilda went to meet him with a great following of knights, and afterwards the nuptials were celebrated with merriment and jocund feasting. But sadness full soon followed this rejoicing through lack of offspring, which in sooth is declared to be the special purpose of marriage, forasmuch as Guelf was not able to have carnal knowledge of his wife, or of any other woman, through the coldness of his nature, or through some other impediment. And Guelf, wishing to

defend himself from this disgrace, declared to his wife that the evil had come upon him through witchcraft, practised against him by some who were envious of his happy lot. But the Countess Matilda, full of faith in God and in all truthful men, understanding nought as to these malefic arts, feeling herself neglected, and full of distrust as to her husband, gave orders that the furniture and couches and raiment and all other things should straightway be cleared out of her bed-chamber, and a bare table set forth instead. Then, having called for her husband, she stripped herself naked of all her clothes, and let down her hair, and said, 'There can be no witchcraft here; wherefore come and do your duty as a husband.' But when he failed therein the countess said, 'Thou hast schemed to work imposture on my high estate, but for the sake of my honour I will pardon thee; but I bid thee depart without delay and return to thine own place. If thou shouldst fail to do my command thou wilt assuredly stand in peril of thy life.' He, overcome with fear and confessing the truth, made haste to return to Swabia, and the countess, distrustful as to the burdens of matrimony and holding her peace, led henceforth a life of chastity, giving her mind to pious things, that is to say, she built many churches and hospitals. This Countess Matilda made a will offering the whole of her patrimony on the altar of St. Peter, and appointing the Church of Rome her heir. Shortly afterwards she died at peace with God, and was buried in the church which she had built and endowed so magnificently. She died in the year of Christ 1114, and has ever been held to be the most potent and worthy lady of her time."

When Saturnina had brought her novel to an end, she sang in very pleasing fashion the song which follows :

What graceful moods these ladies manifest
Who fain would shine more lovely than the rest.

Such gracious signs they make with nod and beck
To win their lover's glance as they go by.
Of what they spend in gauds they nothing reck,
So they may seem sunk in Love's ecstasy.
And these are they who catch the roving eye,
For that so nimble is each glance and geste.

A mantle French, a cloak of country size,
Girt at the waist as men are wont to go;
Broidered with stitches long in German wise,
All clean and neat like ermine white as snow.
At dames like these Love draws his choicest bow,
Whose faces are with star-like beauty blest.



From the "Bustle"



Masks wear they 'neath their hoods, and mantles short,
For ladies meet who ride with horse and hound ;
And 'cross their bosoms handkerchiefs are brought,
And lovely breasts, in English fashion bound.
The gayest there, I wis, her freshness found,
Because she was in that sweet band imprest.

Now go, my song, to that flower-blessed city,
Where fair and loving ladies chiefly dwell ;
Say why, and say to whom, I write my ditty :
To widows, damsels, married dames, as well ;
That in their present guise they far excel
The beauty wherewith they have heretofore been drest.

After the canzonet had been sung, the lovers brought their conversation to an end for that day, and each one departed glad at heart.





The Nineteenth Day.

NOVEL I.

The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa wages war against Pope Alexander the Third, whereupon the pope goes to France and excommunicates the emperor. Of the wars waged against the Church, and the princes who supported the pope. After divers events, Frederic endeavours to make peace with the Church, and, as an atonement, goes over seas for the rescue of the Holy Land.



AS soon as the two lovers returned on the nineteenth day to their wonted meeting-place, Aurette said, "My Saturnina, since it is my turn to begin, I will tell you how the Emperor Frederic, called Barbarossa, was elected, being the first emperor of the Swabian house. After the death of Conrad of Saxony, King of the Romans, Frederic, called Barbarossa, and known besides as Frederic the Great, was chosen emperor. He himself possessed two electoral votes, wherefore he voted for and made himself emperor. Then he went to Italy and was crowned at Rome by Pope Adrian IV. in the year 1154, and reigned as emperor thirty-seven years. On the day of his coronation a great broil arose between the Romans and his following in the Prato di Nerone, where his camp was pitched, which broil proved a grievous hurt to the Romans, forasmuch as all the houses around the entrance of St. Peter's were burnt, that is to say, all the quarter about St. Peter's. Then, when the emperor returned to his Lombard dominions in the first year of his reign, because the city of Spoleto had denied its obedience to him as being subject to the Church, he took the field and overcame and destroyed the place because it had concerned itself with the rights of the Church, and so he made of the Church an enemy.

After the death of Pope Adrian, Pope Alexander III. of Siena was

electd, and ruled twelve years, and because he was set to maintain the rights of the Church he was forced to war against Frederic. On this account the emperor raised up against him four schismatic antipopes, one after the other, three of whom were cardinals. The first was Antonianus, who took the name of Victor; the second was Guido of Cremona, called Pascal; the third was Giovanni Stamense, called Calixtus; and the fourth Landone, who was called Innocent. Wherefore great divisions and evils afflicted the Church of God, because these antipopes, through the support of Frederic, held all the power, and none remained to Pope Alexander. But he fought bravely against them, and excommunicated them, and they all made a bad end. But while they were bearing rule with Frederic's help, Pope Alexander could not maintain himself in Rome; wherefore he repaired to the court of France, where King Louis received him graciously. The story runs in France that, as the pope journeyed by stealth, with a small following, and in the garb of an obscure prelate, when he was come to St. Maur, near Paris, a voice was heard, as by a miracle from heaven, crying out, 'Behold the pope, behold the pope!' and all the bells in the towers began to ring, what though no tidings of the pope's coming had been spread in the land. Whereupon the king and all the clergy and people of Paris went forth to meet him, at which the pope marvelled, seeing that no man knew of his approach, and, having thanked God, he laid bare to the king and the people the reason of his coming. The pope held a council at Paris and excommunicated Frederic, and deposed him from the empire, and absolved from their oaths all his barons; moreover, he deposed all those of the house of Colonna at Rome, so that neither they nor their successors might ever enjoy their rank, for that they had supported Frederic against the Church. In this council all the kings and nobles of the west joined with the King of France in pledging themselves to aid the Church against the Emperor Frederic, and thereby they stirred up certain cities of Lombardy, Milan, Cremona, and Piacenza, which revolted and adhered to the Church.

Frederic traversed Lombardy on his way into France to attack King Louis, who was sheltering Pope Alexander, and he passed by way of Milan, which had rebelled against him, which place he took after a long siege in the year 1162. He cast down the walls, and ploughed the site, and sowed it with salt, and he sent from Milan to Cologne in Germany the bodies of the three Magi, who had come to worship Christ by the sign of the star. Frederic, having crossed the Alps to destroy the kingdom of France, invaded Burgundy by the help of the Kings of

Bohemia and Denmark ; but the King of France, being aided by the King of England, his son-in-law, and by divers other barons and lords, found himself able to resist the attack, and by the grace of God the emperor made no way, nor did he win any territory. Through lack of victual he retreated, and began a war against the Romans who had rallied to the Church. They had taken ground at Tusculum, where they were assaulted by Frederic's chancellor with his squadron of Germans at a spot called Monte del Porto, and so many Romans fell that they bore the dead in carts to Rome for burial. This rout is said to have been brought about by the treachery of the Colonnas, who always sided with the emperor against the Church ; and, because of the same, the pope deprived them of all temporal and spiritual office, and the people drove them out of Rome and destroyed their fine fortress called Augusta, which had been built by Cæsar Augustus, which thing was done in the year 1167. Later on the emperor laid siege to Rome to destroy it, and, being reduced to sore straits, the Romans brought forth from the clergy-house the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul and carried them in procession through the city. By the will of God, and the miraculous power of the holy Apostles, the emperor and his host raised the leaguer of Rome, and retreated to Viterbo, and Rome was relieved.

After Pope Alexander had tarried some time in France, he returned to Italy by sea, through the help of the Kings of France and England, and landed in Sicily, where he was received by King Giles with much reverence and many professions of loyalty to the Church, in return for which the pope confirmed his rights as King of Sicily and gave him Apulia. The king with his fleet escorted the pope to Venice, whither he was minded to go for safety, to be free from the assaults of Frederic, and to show favour to the faithful in Lombardy. He fixed his abode in Venice, and was most reverently welcomed by the people ; moreover, it was under his favour that the Milanese rebuilt their city in the year 1168. Soon after the Milanese, with the help of the men of Piacenza and Cremona and other Lombard cities, built a city upon the river Tanaro to serve as a barrier against Pavia, which was always hostile to Milan and sided with the emperor. The city was built by Pope Alexander and called by his name Alessandria, and made a bishopric. And it happened that the Emperor Frederic, when he saw how many cities had revolted from him and joined the Church, which was now mightily strengthened through the support of the Kings of France and England and Sicily, endeavoured to make peace with the pope, in

order that he might not lose altogether the imperial dignity, and sent a formal embassy to Pope Alexander at Venice to ask for peace, pledging himself to make due amends to the Church.

These overtures were favourably heard by the pope, and then the emperor himself repaired to Venice, and, having thrown himself at the pope's feet, besought pardon; whereupon the pope placed his right foot on Frederic's neck and recited the verse from the psalter, '*Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis, et conculcabis leonem et draconem.*' The emperor replied, '*Non tibi, sed Petro;*' and the pope answered, 'I am the vicar of Peter,' and he forgave the emperor for all the hurt he had wrought the Church, obliging him to give up all he had taken from the Holy See. Frederic made a solemn pact that whatsoever the Church held at that time should belong to it for ever, and it was found that Beneventum was a part of the papal dominions. This matter having been settled, Frederic made peace with the Romans, and with Manuel, Emperor of Constantinople, and with the King of Sicily, and with the Lombards. By way of amends he promised to go over seas for the recovery of the Holy Land, forasmuch as Saladin, the Sultan of Babylon, had seized Jerusalem and divers other places where Christians abode. This he did in the year 1178,¹ when he set forth with a great army of Germans and journeyed by land through Hungary and Constantinople, whence he took ship to Armenia. Having come there in the great heats of summer, he bathed in a little river, and by ill adventure was drowned therein, which thing, in the judgment of some, happened to him because of the persecution with which he had vexed the Church. He left behind him a son named Henry, whom he had induced the pope to confirm as King of the Romans before he set sail. Frederic died in the year 1186,² and immediately afterwards his son and all his following returned from Syria to the west, without having gained anything they sought."

¹ 1187.

² 1190.



NOVEL II.

Of the descendants of Richard, King of England, and how they took their rise from Normandy.



WHEN Aurette's novel was finished Saturnina said, "I am minded to tell you of the progeny of Richard, King of England, and how the same sprang originally from Normandy. The family of Richard, King of England, formerly settled in Normandy, began in this wise. To that first Duke of Normandy who was converted to the Christian faith by the Emperor Charles the Fat, was born William called Long Sword, and he had sons Robert and Richard. This Richard begat another Richard, who was the father of Robert Guiscard, King of Apulia; to Robert, the eldest son of Long Sword, who became Duke of Normandy, was born William the Bastard, in this manner. One night he lay, as he believed, with a rich citizen's daughter, of whom he was much enamoured, but he had in sooth been tricked by the damsel's mother, who, in order to keep her daughter from such disgrace, sought out a poor girl, who was very beautiful and resembled strongly the damsel aforesaid. This girl she let enter the chamber with Duke Robert instead of her own daughter, and from this union was born William the Bastard. On the night when she conceived this child, the girl saw in a vision how an oak tree issued from her body and grew to so great bulk that the branches thereof stretched as far as England. In sooth this vision was of the nature of true prophecy, as you will hear later. And albeit this William was a bastard, he may not be passed over in silence, inasmuch as, when he grew up and knew of his birth, he proved to be a marvel in prowess and wisdom and in courtesy. He made a valorous descent upon England and fought against Taul, who was then king, and overcame and slew him in battle; then, having made himself King of England in the year 1066, he reigned twenty-six years. After him came his son William, and next Henry, son of William, who had to wife the daughter of Louis, King of France. This Henry was on the side of Louis and Pope Alexander against Frederic Barbarossa when he invaded Italy and Burgundy, as has been already told. He likewise slew the Blessed Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, on account of reproofs of his vices, and because he retained the tithes of the Church.

For these sins God sent heavy judgment upon him, for a little time after, when he was riding through Paris with King Louis, a pig ran between his horse's legs and caused it to fall, whereby the king fell likewise, and died immediately. He left a son named Stephen, after whom reigned another Henry, who had two sons, King John¹ and King Richard. This John was the most courteous prince in all the world. He waged war against his father through the persuasion of one of his barons, but he died early and left no heir.

After him reigned Richard his brother, who went with King Philip on an expedition to Syria. He was very brave and skilful in arms, and with his twelve barons he held his ground against Saladin, the Sultan of Babylon, and all his army. To Richard was born a son Henry, who succeeded him, but he was a weak-minded man, honest, and wanting in courage. After him came the good King Edward, who wrought many great and noble deeds, and now thou hast heard the history of the royal house of England."

The novel being finished, Aurette began his canzonet and sang as follows :

Alas ! my ill-starred case, I am undone,
 All through my love for that dear mate of mine.
 Ladies, for God's own sake give ear to one
 The victim of misfortune most malign ;
 Stung with desire my loving heart I gave,
 And eke myself, to a youth brisk and gay.
 Now he without a cause has left his slave,
 Without a word to me he went his way ;
 With handfast true his faith to me was spoken,
 With none but me to taste love's choicest sweet.
 Now he has traitor proved, his word is broken ;
 Wherefore no more content and I shall meet.
 Let him who doubts my tale but taste the woe
 I feel, and have felt, and shall ever know.

¹ The text runs "*il re Giovanni*," but the writer probably confused King John with Dante's "*re giovane*," Henry, eldest son of Henry II.

*"Sappi ch'io son Bertram dal Bornio, quelli
 Che al re giovane diedi i mai conforti.
 Io feci 'l padre e 'l figlio in sè ribelli."*

Inferno, xxviii.

Ser Giovanni probably went wrong by following Dante, as a vast majority of the MSS. of the *Divina Commedia* read "*Re Giovanni*." The subject is fully discussed by Ginguené, *Hist. Litt. de l'Italie*, ii. 586.

Now, who can say how dire the pain and fell
Which pierced my heart when first the news I heard,
Writ by the hand of one who loved me well,
And loyal as the stars in deed and word?
And for the blight that on my passion came
His faithful soul was vexed with ill and smart.
Ah, might I see that traitor brought to shame,
Who with his guile hath tricked my foolish heart!
Now go, my little song, and take thy flight,
And find the loon who brought this bane on me ;
Tell him it is no sign of courteous knight
To treat his love with scorn and contumely,
And if he had not left me to my fate
No other should have hailed me as his mate.

As soon as the song came to an end, the two lovers ceased for that day their delightful converse, and joyfully took one another by the hand and departed.





The Twentieth Day.

NOVEL I.

Of the Tartars, and of their first emperor named Can. Of his deeds and his descendants.



WHEN on the twentieth day the lovers returned to their meeting-place in the convent parlour, Saturnina said in a joyful tone, "I am going to tell you about a race of men called Tartars," and she spake as follows :

"In the year of Christ 1202, a race of men who were called Tartars issued from the mountains of Gog and Magog, and some declare that these were sprung from those tribes of Israel which Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the world, confined within the limits of the mountains aforesaid, so that they might not mix with other natives, and that, on account of their cowardice, they had remained there until these days, believing that the host of Alexander was still anear. For, when they were first driven into the mountains, Alexander caused to be made by cunning art certain mighty trumpets, which he placed in the hills, so that they gave a loud blast whensoever the wind blew, whereat the Tartars were terrified amain, believing that the army was still encamped there. But, according to the story, the screech owls, of which there were vast numbers in the mountains, did great hurt to the trumpets, for they built their nests in the mouths of the same ; wherefore, when the wind blew, the trumpets gave no sound, and in time they were all spoilt and no more did their office. Whereupon the Tartars, having plucked up courage to climb the mountains, discovered the trumpets, and how they had been set up to hold them in check by fear, and how the owls had rid them thereof. On this account the Tartars held the owl in great reverence, and here-

after their Grand Signor bore always in his cap the feather of an owl as a memorial of how the owls had blocked up the trumpets aforesaid.

The Tartars, who had lived like beasts and increased mightily, now took courage and passed over the mountains, and, finding no people on the heights thereof, they descended to the plain and the land of India, which was very fruitful. Then they went back and carried this news to their kinsmen; whereupon they held an assembly, and by reason of a vision from heaven they made their leader and lord a poor blacksmith, who was called Cangius. Him they seated on an untanned skin, and hailed him as emperor under the name of Can, which word in their tongue signifies emperor. This Can was very wise and valiant, and, having issued forth from the mountains with all his people, he set them in order by tens and hundreds and thousands, with captains ready to direct them in battle. To secure greater obedience, he began by requiring each one of the leaders under him to slay his first-born son with his own hand, and, finding that he was obeyed in this, he set his host in array, and marched into India, where he overcame Prester John, and subdued all the land. Can had divers sons, who made vast conquests after his death, and brought nearly all that part of Asia and the nations and the kings thereof under their domination, as well as that part of Europe lying towards Caramania and Albania, as far as the Danube. The descendants of this Cangius Can are at this time rulers of Tartary, and they have no fixed laws, some of their people being Christian and some Saracen, but the greater part idolaters. I have told you of their origin and emigration, because no other people ever gained such vast dominion in so short a time, nor did any other nation or ruler enjoy such vast power and wealth. And whosoever would know farther of their doings let him read the book by Fra Antonio, the chief of the Mount of Armenia, written at the bidding of Pope Clement V., and also the book called Milione, writ by Messer Marco Polo, the Venetian, in which are set down many instructive things concerning the Tartars, for the reason that he abode long time in India while Can the Great was ruling."

NOVEL II.

Virginius slays his daughter Virginia in order to save her honour. Through her death comes to an end the tyranny of the Decemviri in Rome, to wit, of those who exercised the highest office in the republic.



WHEN Saturnina had finished her novel, Aurette said, "I will tell you how Virginius slew his own daughter in order to spare her good name.

After Tarquinius, called Superbus, and all his house had been driven out of Rome on account of the outrage put upon the Roman lady Lucretia, all the people swore an oath that they would henceforth acknowledge no king in Rome, but would govern themselves under the rule of the senate and consuls; nevertheless, the nobles and the people were divided by the bitterest discord. At last, after the people had persistently demanded a reform of the laws, the senate was obliged to assent thereto; wherefore they sent into Greece three legates, who should bring back from thence a written copy of the laws which Solon had laid down for the Athenians in the time of Tarquinius Priscus, who began to reign in the hundred and thirty-eighth year after the city was built. The legates were Spurius Postumius, Servius Sulpicius, and Aulus Manilius, and their journey took place in the three hundred and first year after the building of the city, and fifty-five years after the expulsion of the kings, Publius Oratius and Quintus Sestilius being consuls. After the return of the legates with the copy of the laws, the senate named ten men whose duty should be the reform of the laws and of the republic, and further ordained that, during this task, for the space of a year these men should wield kingly power, and that all authority whatsoever should be taken from the other magistrates. These ten were Appius Claudius, Titus Genutius, Publius Sextius, and the legates afore-mentioned who had brought back the laws from Greece. Four more were added, Titus Romulius, Caius Julius, Titus Veturius, and Publius Oratius. These ten men, of whom Appius Claudius was the chief, set forth the laws which they had drawn up on ten tables, so that they might be read by all, and that everyone might give his views thereanent, and they declared, moreover, their desire to make these laws agreeable to all, and to let them be fully considered.

And when this year, during which these men should hold authority,

had wellnigh expired, it was decided by the public will that ten other men should be chosen for the following year, since the laws were still short of completion, and all men demanded that Appius Claudius should again be one of the decemviri, for he appeared better suited for the duties and for the magistracy than any other. He, after feigning to refuse the office, finally accepted it, and with him were named Quintus Fabius, Marcus Cornelius, Marcus Servilius, Lucius Minucius, Titus Antonius, Manius Rabuleius, Quintus Petilius, Ceso Duellius, and Spurius Oppius. These ten men added divers laws to those already enacted, and set them on two tables, and the laws written thereon, taken together with those on the other ten, were ever afterwards known as the laws of the Twelve Tables. After this they swore an oath together secretly that no one of their number should ever do aught that was displeasing to the others, but that the act of any one must be done with the approval of all; that they should hold for good the power they possessed, and admit no fresh colleagues; by which means they resolved to make themselves ten absolute rulers. Each one had brought into his service a large following of the offscourings of the city, who would defend them, if need should arise, from the attack of the people, and, under show of justice, they put to death all those who they feared might band themselves together against their tyranny.

When the Sabines, the foes of the Roman people, saw how the city was vexed with discord, they took counsel how they might stir up a war, and tidings of this having been brought to the decemviri, they determined to march against their foes; and, after they had brought together their forces, they set forth, Appius Claudius and one of his associates being left to guard the city. Now Lucius Virginius, one of the leaders of the people, the captain of a company and a valiant man in war, had one daughter ripe for marriage, and one of the fairest damsels of the city. Her he had promised to a youth named Icilius, the son of one of the tribunes; but Appius Claudius, having cast eyes on her, became enamoured of her, and, for that he might not have her to wife, being married to another woman, and because the laws which had recently been made declared that patricians and plebeians must not intermarry, he set himself to corrupt her with gifts. When he saw that his bribes profited him nought, for the damsel kept herself secluded and he scarcely ever saw her, he went to work in more sinister fashion. He despatched a certain Marcus Claudius, a man of evil life, who, in company with a band of ruffians like himself, seized the damsel one day in the street, and would have carried her off by force. The damsel

and an old woman, her companion, began to cry out; whereupon a crowd of people gathered together and forbade him to take the damsel away. The people went with Marcus to the judgment hall, where Appius Claudius sat alone, and protested that no doom should be given until the kinsfolk of the maiden, who had been already summoned, should have come, and Appius gave order that it should be as the people demanded. After a little came Publius Numitor, the girl's uncle, a man of worship amongst the plebeians, with many of his friends and kinsfolk, and a little later came Icilius with a goodly following of young men. Icilius, having come into court, and being disturbed in mind, began to complain and to demand who the fellow was who had dared to touch a freeborn maiden and honourable Roman lady, and that this man should be made to declare what rights he claimed over her. Silence being restored, Marcus Claudius, who had seized Virginia—for so was the maiden named—spake thus: 'I, O Appius Claudius, have wrought no violence to this damsel, or to any other; but, being her lawful master, I desired to take her to my house. Now I beg you listen to me, so that you may say whether I am acting within my rights or not. I own a woman-slave who was born in my father's house, and it chanced that in days past she became with child, which fact having come to the ears of the wife of Virginius, she persuaded the woman to hand over the child, whether male or female, as soon as it should be born. After the woman had been brought to bed, she invented a story that her offspring was born dead, but in sooth she gave this damsel of whom she had been delivered to Numitoria, the wife of Virginius, and the sister of the man here present; and she, who had never brought forth either son or daughter, educated the girl in her own house. All this has been kept secret from me up to this hour, but to-day information has been given me, and I can bring forward testimony abundant and worthy of belief; moreover, I have inquired of the woman there, and, having heard the truth from her, I sought the help of the common law, which lays down that children shall belong, not to those persons who give them supposititious nurture, but to their own mothers; that is to say, the free child to the free parent, and the bond-child to the bond-parent, and that the children born of bond-parents should be subject to the masters who own the parents aforesaid. Wherefore I demand that I may be suffered to take into my house the daughter of my slave, being willing to abide by the decision of the magistrate; and, if anyone may lay claim to rights over her, I will give full security to bring her again into this court whenever it may be required of me. But if such

as these desire that the matter may be despatched without delay, I am ready with my proofs, and then there need be no hindrance; still, let them take which course pleases them best. But in this affair I beg you, Appius Claudius, that this cause of mine may be set right, and that you will not let me suffer injury at the hands of my adversaries.'

When Marcus Claudius had finished speaking Numitor said: 'Appius Claudius, the father of this damsel is Lucius Virginius, one of the leaders of the people, who is now warring in defence of the state, and her mother was my sister Numitoria, who died a few years ago, a woman of the most virtuous conduct. The damsel was brought up in her house as a free woman of the state, and in that righteous nurture demanded by the honour of her house. Afterwards she was promised, as the law allows, in marriage to Icilius, and the nuptials would have been celebrated before now had not the war intervened. Now she is more than fifteen years of age, and why therefore has this Claudius kept silence over this business so long? We demand that no judgment be given thereanent till Virginius shall have come back from the wars, and I will give security that she shall be brought into court whensoever she may be required.' Then all those in court declared that Numitor's request was a just one, and Appius, having given pause somewhat as if to consider, said: 'I know full well that the law dealing with suits as to slavery will not suffer the person in dispute to be in the custody of the one who desires to assert possession at the end of the trial. Now here are two persons claiming rights over this damsel, the master and the father; and, if both of them were present, I should decide that the father should have custody of her until the declaration of the law, but in his absence I decide that the master may take her with him, giving however full security that he will bring her into court on the father's return. Wherefore, O Numitor, with regard to your security and the weighing of evidence in the lawsuit, I will have a care that no wrong be done to you, but as to the damsel, leave her with Claudius until Virginius shall return from the wars.'

When Appius thus put an end to the cause for the time being, a great sound of weeping on the score of the damsel arose from the women her kinsfolk, who were come there, and mighty outcry and tumult and indignation from the crowd around the tribunal; and Icilius came forward to lead away his promised wife, and said: 'O Appius, no one shall take her while I am alive; but if you are minded to violate the law, to bring justice into confusion, and to rob us of our liberties, be not amazed if we call you tyrant. But now cut off my head, and

take this damsel where you will, and these other freeborn Roman women as well, so that the people may in sooth learn that they are become slaves instead of free men.' These words Icilius spake and divers others alike thereto; whereupon Appius ordered the officers to drive him forth from the court, and Marcus Claudius took hold of the damsel to lead her away, her uncle and her betrothed trying to withstand him, while the people about the tribunal all began to cry out when they heard the weeping which arose, especially from the women. Holding the authority of Appius of small account, they rushed upon Marcus Claudius, and he, greatly afeared, let go the damsel and went up beside Appius, who, being disturbed in his plans, and seeing that if this humour should increase a tumult must needs arise, bade the bystanders keep silence, and, having called Marcus, spake privily to him, and next addressed those who had come forward in the cause of the damsel: 'Forasmuch as I perceive you have lost your heads in anger, I have persuaded my client here to leave the damsel in charge of Numitor, in order to meet your wishes, while I require him to give surety to bring her before the magistrate to-morrow at the third or fourth hour of the day, for this will give time to let Virginius be fetched from the camp.' The kinsfolk of the damsel asked for more time, but Appius left the tribunal without another word.

Appius departed, full of rage and chagrin, deliberating how, when the damsel should be brought before the court, he might seize her by force and not let her go back to her parents; wherefore he determined to post around the court a crowd of his clients and associates, so that he might be free to carry out his intention by reason of the presence of the same. And in order that he might seem to have some justification for what he did, he put hindrance in the way of Virginius, so that he might not be able to attend at the fixed hour. He wrote secretly to Antonius, one of the decemvirs, who commanded the troop in which Virginius was serving, bidding him keep such guard over Virginius that he might not absent himself on that day from the army on any pretext. But Numitor had already despatched thither one of his sons and the brother of Icilius, who went forthwith to Virginius and informed him what had come about; and he, as soon as he heard the news, asked Antonius for leave of absence, hiding the real reason of his request, and saying that he desired to go home because one of his kinsfolk was dead, but that he would return without delay. Antonius, who had not yet got the letter from Appius, granted this prayer; whereupon Virginius and the young men set forth at the hour of lighting the lanterns, and fared by

a little-used cross road, fearing attack both from the army and from the city. He had reason for his fears, seeing that Antonius, after the letters of Appius had reached him, about the first watch, sent a squadron of horse, who searched all night along the road leading to the city in order that they might seize Virginius, but they could not find him, and others who issued from the city did the like.

In the morning, when Appius heard that Virginius had arrived, he betook himself, almost mad with rage, to the court with a great following, and ordered the maiden to be brought before him. She appeared with her father and kinsfolk, and there likewise was Marcus Claudius, who repeated what he had said before, and brought many witnesses to confirm the justice of his assertion. Virginius with his kinsfolk spake for the damsel, bringing forward their true and just rights; wherefore all those present, when they beheld the beautiful maiden in tears, began to weep likewise, and cast hostile looks upon Marcus while they waited the decision of Appius, who, caring nought for what Virginius had said on his daughter's behalf, and casting his eyes here and there upon the bands of his supporters whom he had posted around the square for his defence, bade all keep silence and said: 'Virginius, it is long time since I first knew of this thing, before ever I held this office of mine, and I became advised thereof in this manner. The father of this Claudius, my client, left me at his death the guardian of his son, who was then very young, and in the time of my guardianship information was brought to me how a slave of Claudius had given to Numitoria the child which she had borne. I, having made a diligent inquiry as to these statements, found them to be true; but, as the business concerned not me, I deemed it meet to let the claim be made by the youth when he should be grown up; whether he should wish to have the girl for himself, or leave her in the charge of those who had brought her up, taking a price for her, or giving her for nothing. But, now that the matter has come to litigation, I bear witness and decide that this damsel is a slave, and that Claudius is her master. Wherefore, O Claudius, take her where you list, having fear of no man, for my officers with their axes shall bear you company.' Claudius laid hold of the maiden to take her away, but she clung to her father, embracing him and crying out. Then said Virginius, 'Appius, I have given my daughter in marriage to Icilius, and not to you. I have reared her for honest wedlock, and not to be the slave of your lust nor for a harlot's life. If these others be willing to submit to this disgrace I know not, but certes I will not endure it.' And Appius, seeing that the crowd of women who protected the

maiden were driving Marcus back, cried out to one of his officers, ‘Go and send away this rabble, so that Marcus may take away his slave;’ and because he spake these words in a terrible and threatening voice the crowd dispersed of its own accord. Then Virginius, when he saw no hope of aid, said, ‘Make excuse, O Appius, for my grief as a father, in case I may have spoken over-freely in your presence, and grant to me at least that I may put a question to the nurse in the maiden’s presence, and learn whether the matter really stands thus; for, if it should prove that I am not indeed her father, I shall endure the future more patiently.’ Appius granted this request, and Virginius, having taken his daughter somewhat apart, snatched from a neighbouring butcher’s shop a knife of the sort used in killing beasts, and cried out, ‘My daughter, I give you the only freedom I can,’ and as he spake he slew her; and, looking towards the tribunal, he said, ‘Appius, I crown you and your head with this blood.’ And straightway a great outcry was raised amongst the crowd, and Appius bade his officers lay hold of Virginius; but the people made room for him wherever he went, bearing in his hand the knife still dripping with his daughter’s blood. Icilius and Numitor took up the dead body of the maiden, which they showed to the people who came together from all sides, and told them of the wicked deed wrought by Appius; and straightway the people, excited by this terrible thing, arose in fury and drove Appius out of the tribunal, and compelled the decemvirs to lay down their authority. Some of the ten died in prison, and some of them in despair sought death by their own hands, and thus the city was freed from the dominion of these ten men. Wherefore, as the city was delivered from the tyranny of Tarquinius Superbus through the death of Lucretia, so the death of Virginia gave cause for the liberation of the state from the ten tyrants aforesaid.”

The story being finished Saturnina began her canzonet, and sang as follows :

A lover false has falsely dealt with me,
 And charmed my heart from me disconsolate.
 Now is he gone, ah, weary, wretched fate !
 For well I know forgotten I shall be.
 Here must I bide in woe and misery.
 Ah me ! I knew not love would be my bane,
 And slay me, till a faithful friend was fain
 The working of my fate to let me see.

When first my love for him began to waken,
 I did not dare to look upon his face.

I greeted him, with his allurement taken,
 And, in his eyes, my own found resting-place ;
 Now with my heart in bonds I am forsaken,
 What though I made him own my winsome grace.

How was my mind fulfilled with sweet content
 And joy, when first I saw this goodly youth ;
 And through his pleasant ways he seemed in sooth
 To grow each hour more fair and excellent.
 And flattering hope a vision to me sent
 That I upon my hand should wear his ring,
 And need no longer seek my bosom's king ;
 So pass my days in joy and ravishment.

All day to me my lovers sang and played,
 And begged within my bower to abide ;
 With jest and merry sport each one essayed
 To win my grace, and seat him by my side.
 I glanced at them, my face in smiles arrayed,
 For that my heart was filled with joy and pride.

But that same day he took me by the hand
 I felt a joy I never knew before ;
 And now this trickster false hath wronged me sore,
 And fled his country for some distant land.
 Here I, a stricken woful watcher, stand ;
 But should fate once more let me see his face,
 I straight would cry, to work him some disgrace,
 "Who trusts in thee is weaving ropes of sand."

Now, my sweet song, I sing to those who fain
 Would hear thee tell the tale of my undoing.
 Tell how I first was fettered with love's chain
 By one who left me after such sweet wooing.
 Tell how I seek my early love again,
 And heed no more this traitor false pursuing.

When the song was finished, the lovers made an end of their conversation for the day, and, having clasped hands, departed, God speeding.



The Twenty-first Day.

NOVEL I.

The Florentines overthrow the Sieneſe at the foot of the hill of Val d'Elsa.



AS soon as the lovers came back to their meeting-place on the twenty-first day, Aurretto ſaid, "I will tell you how the Florentines overthrew the Sieneſe at the foot of the hill of Val d'Elsa," and thus he began :

"In the year of Chriſt 1069, in the month of June, Meſſer Provenzano Salviani¹ being ruler of Siena, the Sieneſe with Count Guido Novello, and the band of Germans, and the Ghibelline exiles from Florence and the other parts of Tuscany, numbering fourteen hundred horſe and nine thouſand foot, took the field at Caſtel di Colle in Val d'Elsa, which was under the protection of Florence, becauſe the May before the Florentines had come and ravaged the parts around Poggibonſi, and the Sieneſe now pitched their camp near the abbey of Spugnuole. This news having come to Florence one Friday evening, on the Saturday morning Meſſer Giovanni Bertaldo, the vicar of King Charles in Tuscany, ſet forth with four hundred French horſemen ; and, having let ſound the bell, all the Guelfs, horſe and foot, followed after and repaired to Colle, where were aſſembled about eight hundred horſemen with a few of the people, for the maſs of the citizens could not reach Colle ſo quickly as the horſemen. On a Monday morning in June, the feſtival of St. John, the Sieneſe, having perceived how the Florentine horſemen were approaching, moved from their poſition to one of greater ſecurity ; but Meſſer Giovanni Bertaldo, when he ſaw they were about to change their ground, attacked them with what following he had already with him, without waiting for more,

¹ Dante, *Purgatorio*, xi.

getting his cavalry in order step by step, and massing the others into squadrons. But on account of the hasty assemblage of the Florentines, no one had been appointed captain nor as standard-bearer of the city; and when Messer Giovanni Bertaldo begged the knights, who were there on behalf of the commune and the Guelf families of Florence, that one of them would act as standard-bearer, they one and all refused, either through cowardice or rivalry of each other. After spending much time over this dispute, Messer Aldobrandino, of the house of the Pazzi, advanced and boldly said, 'I will carry the flag in the name of God.' Wherefore he won great praise for his bravery, and all the horsemen followed him and fell hotly upon the Sieneſe. Albeit the Florentines were not led with overmuch judgment, they completely routed the Sieneſe and their allies, what though they were twice as numerous. Many of them were taken, and the Count Guido Novello fled, and almost all of the Sieneſe were either slain or captured.

Messer Provenzano Salviani of Siena, captain and leader of the Sieneſe forces, was taken, and his head was stricken off and carried through the camp on the point of a lance. Thus was fully brought to pass the prophecy which the devil had spoken to him after an incantation, a prophecy he did not understand. For having put force upon the devil in order that he might be certified how he should prosper with his army, he got this lying answer: 'Thou shalt go and fight; thou shalt conquer not die in the battle, and thy head shall be held the highest on the field that day.' He, deeming from these words that the victory would be his, did not make note of the trick therein when it was said, 'Thou shalt conquer not, but die.' However, it was great foolishness to put faith in a counsel like this, coming from the devil. This Messer Provenzano was a gentleman of consideration in Siena during his lifetime, after the victory he achieved at Monte Aperto, and he swayed all the city, and the Ghibelline party made him their head; but he was an overbearing man, and one with a strong will. In this battle of Colle, Messer Giovanni Bertaldo bore himself like a valiant gentleman in battle against the foe, when all the Guelfs of Florence made great slaughter of their enemies in revenge for that wrought upon themselves at the battle of Monte Aperto. They took prisoners scarcely any, but put them all to the sword, and for this reason the city of Siena, in comparison to the numbers of its people, suffered in this war a greater loss than that which befell the Florentines at Monte Aperto, and, moreover, in this defeat the Sieneſe lost all their munitions of war. As a consequence of the same the Florentines soon afterwards drove

the Ghibellines out of Siena and put the Guelfs in their place, and peace was made between the two towns, which hereafter remained friendly. In this way came to an end the war between the Florentines and the Sieneſe which had laſted ſo many years.”

NOVEL II.

How the Guelfs were driven out by the forces of the Emperor Frederic.



URETTO'S novel having come to an end, Saturnina began and ſaid, “ I will tell you how the Guelfs of Florence were driven out by the might of the Emperor Frederic. While Frederic the Emperor was reigning, being then at feud with Pope Innocent, who had deposed him from the empire, he ſet forth to deſtroy all the Guelfs of Tuscany and Lombardy in whatever cities they held power. He began by demanding hoſtages from all the Florentine cities, Ghibellines as well as Guelfs, and theſe he ſent to San Miniato il Tedesco; but ſhortly afterwards he let the Ghibellines go, and kept in hold the Guelfs, who, being left to their fate, were forced to live for long time on alms like wretched priſoners. And, forasmuch as the city of Florence was one of the chief cities of Italy, the emperor was minded to ſcatter the poiſon of ſtrife therein, and to bring to maturity the accuſed ſtrife between Guelfs and Ghibellines, which a ſhort time before had appeared on account of the death of Meſſer Buondelmonte, thoſe calling themſelves Guelfs being devoted to the ſtates of the Church, and thoſe calling themſelves Ghibellines to the emperor and his followers; but the people and the commune were chiefly diſpoſed to work together in brotherly love for the welfare of the republic.

But the emperor, by letters and by envoys, beſought thoſe of the houſe of Uberti, the leaders of his party, and all their followers who called themſelves Ghibellines, that they ſhould drive out of Florence their foes the Guelfs, offering them the ſupport of his army, and thus he ſtirred up his adherents to break the peace in divers tumults in the ſtreets. On this account the city began to be agitated and to divide into factions, ſome men holding with one and ſome with the other. Broils aroſe in divers parts of the city, and more eſpecially in the neighbourhood of the palace of the Uberti, which ſtood where now ſtands the great palace of the people. There they collected their

following, and fought with the Guelfs of the quarter of San Pietro Scheraggio, where the chiefs were the Bagnesi, members of the house of Bagno, and the Pulci, and the Guidalotti, and with all their following of the quarter aforesaid. Moreover, the Guelfs dwelling beyond the Arno often crossed from thence to help the Guelfs on this side of the river, when they fought with the Uberti.

Another fight took place near the Porta San Pietro, where the Tedaldini Ghibellines had made their headquarters, because they had there many very strong houses and towers and palaces, and their allies were the Caponsacchi, the Asmi, the Giuochi, the Abati, and the Caligari. They fought against those of the house of Donati, the Visdomini, the Pazzi, and the Aldimari. Another battle was fought by the gate of the Duomo, near the towers belonging to Messer Lanza dei Catanai, to the Castiglioni, and to the Corsini, where were assembled the chiefs of the Ghibellines, the Agolanti and the Brunelleschi, and many other citizens of their faction, against the Toschi and the Arrigucci. And another fight took place in San Pancrazio, between the Ghibelline leaders, the Lamberti, the Toschi, the Amieri, the Cipriani, the Migliorelli, and a great following of citizens against the Tornaquinci, the Vecchietti, and some of the Pigli. These had their stronghold in the towers of Scherafaggio and of Soldanieri, and of their number was Messer Rustico Marignuoli, who bore the standard of the Guelfs, to wit, a scarlet lily on a white field. An arrow struck Messer Rustico in the face, and he fell dead the day when the Guelfs were driven out, and his comrades came armed to bury him in San Lorenzo, and they gave him due sepulchre there before they left the city. After they withdrew the canons removed the body, fearing lest the Ghibellines should dig it up, for Messer Rustico was a great leader of the Guelfs. The Ghibellines had another force in that quarter, where dwelt the Scolari, the Soldanieri, and the Guidi, to hold in check the Buondelmonti, the Giandonati, the Bostichi, the Cavalcanti, the Scali, and the Gianfigliuzzi.

Beyond the Arno were the Ubriachi and Mannelli, but no other families of name except townsfolk, against the Rossi and the Nerli. The riots aforesaid lasted a long time in combats and in blockading one part of the city from another, and the towers as well, of which there were great numbers in Florence at that time, built some hundred cubits in height, and fitted for the use of crossbows and other weapons, with which they fought day and night. In the midst of these riots the Emperor Frederic sent to Florence Frederic, his bastard son, with several hundred German horsemen; whereupon the Ghibellines, who were close to Florence, took

fresh heart, and attacked the Guelfs fiercely, who were without allies, seeing that the pope was beyond the Alps, at Lyons on the Rhone, and that the might of Frederic in Italy was too much for them. In this fight the Ghibellines showed great skill in warfare, forasmuch as the Uberti gathered together wellnigh all the strength of their faction around their palace, and, having begun the fighting in the places aforesaid, they advanced in a body to attack the Guelfs; and on this account they were victorious in almost every part of the city, except in that in their vicinity, and over against the enclosures of the Guidalotti and the Bagnesi, which maintained themselves more stoutly. Against these posts they set themselves valiantly, driving the greater part of the Guelfs into one place, with the whole force of the Ghibellines against them. At last the Guelfs, finding themselves so severely handled—for the horsemen of the emperor had already entered the city—after holding their ground from Sunday morning till the Wednesday following, decided that they could no longer resist the strength of the Ghibellines and of the emperor combined, and gave up the defence, and left the city on the night of Santa Maria Candelara in the year of Christ 1248.

The Guelfs having been thus forcibly expelled by the emperor, a portion of them withdrew to Monte Varchi in the Val d'Arno, and part to Castel di Capraia, and Pelago, and Ristonchio, and Magnale, and as far as Lasca. All these places were held by the Guelfs, and were called the League, because they allied themselves together, and made war upon Florence, and the townfolk of this faction withdrew to their farms in the country, while the Ghibellines, who remained in the city, ruled the same by the support of the emperor, and did with it what they list. They destroyed thirty-six strong places of the Guelfs, to wit, towers and palaces, the first being that of the Tosinghi by the old market known as the Palace. This was ninety cubits in height, built with marble columns, and a tower attached a hundred and thirty cubits high. But the Ghibellines were guilty of worse and more impious deeds. It happened that the Guelfs had greatly frequented the church of San Giovanni, where also the gentlefolk were accustomed to meet on Sunday mornings for the celebration of marriages; and while they were overthrowing the towers of the Guelfs they came upon one, very fine and lofty, on the Piazza di San Giovanni, near to the entrance of the Corso degli Aldimari. This was called the tower of the Guarda Morto, because in old times all the chief people were buried in San Giovanni, and now the Ghibellines dug under the foundations, and underpinned it, so that, when they should set fire to the wooden supports, the tower

would fall on the church of San Giovanni. But, by the pleasure of God and San Giovanni, the tower, which was a hundred and twenty cubits high, gave plain token, when it came to fall, that it would not fall upon the church; for, turning itself, it fell straight along the piazza, whereat the Florentines marvelled amain, and all the people rejoiced. And let it be known that, since the city of Florence had been rebuilt,¹ no house had ever been ruined, until this time when the Ghibellines began to show themselves as destroyers. In after times they determined to keep in Florence eight hundred imperial horsemen under the leadership of Count Giordano. In this same year it came to pass that the Guelfs in Monte Varchi were attacked by this band of Germans, which then garrisoned the castle of Gangheretta in the market-place of Monte Varchi. Though the numbers were few, the battle was fierce, and in it many Germans were taken and slain, and the troop posted at Gangheretta was overthrown, which thing happened in the year of Christ 1248."

When the novel was finished, Aurette began his canzonet, and sang as follows :

I long for him who first my fancy won,
Because his loving heart is mine alone.

For all the rest have played the traitor's part,
In that, without due cause, they all have left me;
But thou dost follow me with loyal heart,
And amongst lovesome dames hast paid me honour meet.
So fate hath not bereft me
Of thee, my lover sweet,
Who for my sake hast felt and borne love's keenest smart.

Love tempts me not, since I am loved no more
As I was loved, in that sweet time now dead;
Yet would I be where once I was before,
With him who hath to me his heart's abundance given.
Let him who now is fled,
Go in the name of Heaven.

I trow he is no truer than he was of yore.

My lover leal hath not forgotten me,
Nor wavered as a leaf before the wind;
He holds me in his heart right valiantly,
And for my sake hath suffered torture, teen, and woe.
May his desire and mind
With mine in unison flow;
For ever hath his eye sought mine most lovingly.

¹ Day XI., Novel II.

Go, tender song, seek that dear swain of mine.
Tell him, who loves me well and faithfully,
All others I to other dames resign,
Because he gives me service leal and true of heart.
His lady I would be,
And let the rest depart ;
What though in waiting him in solitude I pine.

When the song was finished, the lovers kissed each other on the lips, and glad at heart they went their ways.





The Twenty-second Day.

NOVEL I.

Of a marvel which came to pass in Toledo in the time of Ferdinand King of Castile and Spain.



WHEN the two lovers had returned to the parlour where they were wont to meet on the twenty-second day, Saturnina began the following story :

“ In Spain a most mighty miracle once happened, and one which ought to be well remarked by every Christian. In the reign of Ferdinand, the King of Castile and of Spain, it came to pass that a certain Jew in the country of Toledo, when digging out the side of a hill to add ground to his vineyard, found beneath the earth a great stone, which seemed outwardly to be sound and without crack of any sort, but when it was broken the Jew found in the midst thereof a hollow place, and inside the hollow place there was, as it were enclosed in the stone, a book with leaves of the most delicate tissue, like wood shavings. It was the bigness of a psalter, and was written in Greek and Hebrew and Latin, containing within itself three divisions of the world's history, from the time of Adam to that of Antichrist, and describing the qualities of mankind in each particular epoch. At the beginning of the third period, that is, of this present age, it was set down as follows : ‘ In the third world will be born of a virgin, called Mary, the Son of God, who will suffer death for the sake of human nature, or, in truth, the whole generation of man.’ As soon as the Jew aforesaid read these words, he and all his house became Christians straightway, and were baptized. Besides this, there was written at the end of the book that the book itself would be discovered during the reign of King Ferdinand over Castile. This miracle, which was seen by many people whose report was trustworthy, was told to

King Ferdinand, who caused a record of the same to be made, and the book moreover was translated into divers tongues."

NOVEL II.

Of certain strange doings in Florence. The factions of the Bianchi and Neri at strife with one another. Of a fire which broke out and caused irreparable loss.



AS soon as Saturnina's novel was finished, Auretto began and said, "I am minded to tell you of some strange events which came to pass in the city of Florence." And he spake as follows:

"In the year of Christ 1304, on the calends of May (as was the custom in Florence in the good old days of peace and prosperity), certain companies and gatherings were wont to divert themselves by merry-making in different parts of the city, using their utmost effort and wit to excel one another, and amongst the other quarters the Borgo of San Friano, which in times past had always been wont to make show of new and ingenious recreations, sent a message to all parts of Florence, bidding anyone who might desire to learn tidings of the other world to repair on the calends of May to the Ponte alla Carraia and the parts thereabout. In the river there they had caused to assemble a number of boats with platforms built therein, upon which was exhibited something intended to be a representation of hell, with fire and other torments, and men in the guise of horrible demons, and others like men, and naked souls, whom the devils would thrust into various tortures with loud shouts and cries and uproar, a hateful and terrible sight to behold. This new representation of doom and torment drew all Florence to gaze thereupon, and the Ponte alla Carraia, which was then fashioned of wood, one framework upon another, was so heavily loaded with people that it brake in several different places, and fell with those standing thereupon; wherefore many perished from drowning, and many others were injured.¹

Thus the game begun in sport finished in earnest, and, as the message had promised, many went to learn news of the other world—through the gates of death, with mighty weeping and lamentation of the

¹ Dante, *Inferno*, xxvi.

whole city ; forasmuch as many citizens had suffered loss, this one a son, that one a brother, and others lost various kinsfolk. This accident, in sooth, served as a token of the loss which a short time afterwards fell upon Florence in the following wise. The Cardinal of Prato found that he must after all quit Florence without having made peace between the citizens, wherefore Florence was still in evil case. Moreover, the party of the Bianchi, which the cardinal favoured, was led by the Cavalcanti, the Gherardini, the Pulci, the Cerchi, the Bianchi del Garbo, and by many leading citizens, and all of these were moved by fear lest the great nobles should crush the people and usurp the supreme power. The same course was followed by the leading families of the citizens of Florence, such as the Magalotti, the Mancini, the Peruzzi, the Antellesi, the Baroncelli, the Acciaiuoli, the Alberti, the Strozzi, the Ricci, the Albizi, and divers other houses, all well furnished with men and arms. Of the Neri the leaders were Messer Rosso della Tosa, with his following of Neri, and Messer Pazzino de' Pazzi, with all his kinsfolk, and the party of the Aldimari called Cavicciuli, Messer Gieri Sipiери and his friends, and Messer Berti Brunelleschi. Messer Corso Donati stood neutral, partly because he was afflicted with gout, and partly because he had taken affront at the leaders of the Neri, and almost all the rest of the nobles were likewise neutral, and the townfolk as well, save the Medici and the Guigni, who were opposed to all. The fight began between the Cerchi Bianchi and the Guigni round about their palaces. They fought day and night, and in the end the Cerchi disengaged themselves from the fray by the help of the Antellesi. On this account the power of the Cavalcanti and the Gherardini, and of their followers, grew so mightily that they overran all the ground as far as the Mercato Vecchio and the Piazza di San Giovanni without opposition or need of defence. Then, because their strength and their position were greatly bettered, both in the city and in the outlying parts, many of the townfolk flocked to their side, and those of Volignano came to reinforce them with over a thousand soldiers. And on this day the Ghibellines¹ were certainly the conquerors, and they would have driven out their foes, the leaders of the Guelf party, who had cut off the heads of Messer Berto Gherardini and Masin

¹ The introduction of Ghibelline and Guelf into a quarrel of Neri and Bianchi makes this passage very obscure. Taken roughly, the Ghibellines were Neri, and the Guelfs Bianchi ; but the Bianchi and the Neri, being Pistoian factions, did not preserve their strict boundaries in the course of civil broils in Florence, and it was not uncommon to find Ghibellines who were Bianchi, and Guelfs who were Neri. In this case Gherardini and Cavalcanti were Bianchi, and friends of the Ghibelline leaders,

Cavalcanti and certain others of their friends, just when they were in a fair way to become masters of the field, inasmuch as fighting was going on in divers parts of the city. But it pleased God, for the punishment of the sins of the Florentines, that a certain Abbati, one of the Neri, the priest and prior of San Pietro Scheraggio and a man of evil and dissolute life to boot, should be moved to set fire to the houses of his allies round about Or San Michele and in Calimalla Fiorentina, and to the house of the Caponsacchi near the going in to the Mercato Vecchio.

Through the blast of a strong north wind which was blowing, the fire waxed so furious that in one day were consumed the houses of the Abbati and the Mazzi, the porch of Or San Michele, certain houses of the Ameri, the Toschi, the Cipriani, the Lamberti, the Bachini, the Bivamonti, and the Calimalla, the palace of the Cavalcanti, and all the parts round the Mercato Nuovo, S. Cicilia, and the whole of the Porta S. Maria as far as the Ponte Vecchio, and Vaccarezza, and all lying thereabout and backwards to San Pietro Scheraggio, and the houses of the Gherardini, the Pulci, and the Luccardesi. In short, the whole of the Tuorlo and the Campidoglio quarters of the city of Florence were burnt; that is, of palaces and houses together, more than seventeen hundred were ruined, while the loss of treasure and munition and merchandise was immense, because this quarter was the one in which the chief trade of the city was carried on; and whatsoever of the same was cleared out of the houses was stolen by the evildoers who were attracted thither. So while this quarter of the city was in flames, the fight went on in other parts, and divers societies and families and noble houses were ruined and brought to poverty, on account of this arson and robbery.

This trouble came upon Florence on the 10th of June, 1304. Wherefore the Cavalcanti, and those who were richest in houses and wealth, and possessions and followers, that is to say, the Gherardini, the heads of the party, lost their power and position, through the burning of their houses and of those of their neighbours, and were driven out of Florence as rebels. Their foes grasped the powers of government and swayed the state, and then men began to suspect strongly that those in office would destroy the rights of justice and of the people, and this they would in sooth have done, had it not been for the divisions which ensued on account of discord. Wherefore each party was compelled to pay court to the people in order to retain the reins of power. And it came to pass on the fifth day of August in the same year that Talano, the son of Messer Brancaccio Aldimari, having been seized in the palace of the Podestà,

was about to be mulcted of his life on account of the ill he had wrought, but his comrades attacked the Podestà and smote him and divers of his household, and bore the said Talano to his home, whereupon the Podestà, out of vexation, laid down his office. Now think what must then have been the condition of this city of Florence.”

When the novel was finished, Saturnina began her canzonet and sang :

Ah, leave thy churlish ways, thou knowest well
How dear thou art to me no words can tell.

I know not, Love, why thou art rough with me,
And dost with rudeness my deserts repay.
Come give me solace in thy courtesy,
And show thy face benign and sweet alway.
For since my dearest Lord hath gone away,
The hours ring out with melancholy knell.

If Fortune ever more let turn her wheel,
And let me see his face so fair and bright,
His cheek a hundred times my lips shall feel,
For that so long they have been parted quite.
Nor more in his soft glances I delight,
Since undeserved his anger on me fell.

If love, or charity, or strength, or wit,
Should bring me weary to a port of rest,
So thou give sign thy rancour to remit,
And let me in tranquillity be blest,
Wilt thou be satisfied, and cease molest
Me with fresh plague, in wrath implacable ?

My song, to ease my pain, now take thy flight
To him for whom alone I draw my breath ;
And be thou careful then to speak aright,
And bring me back as prize the olive wreath.
Then joyful will I live its shade beneath,
And love him better far than words can tell.

The canzonet having come to an end, the two lovers took each other by the hand and gave due salutation, then they went their several ways.



The Twenty-third Day.

NOVEL I.

How in the beginning the orders of the Friars Minor and of the Preachers were established.



ON the twenty-third day, when the lovers had come back to their accustomed meeting-place, Aurette began and said, "I will now tell you the origin of the Friars Minor and of the Preachers.

In the year of Christ 1098 Innocent III., a native of Campagna, was made pope, and reigned seventeen years. He was wise and virtuous as well as learned and urbane. In his time the Friars Minor began, taking their origin from the lowly and devoted St. Francis, who lived a life of poverty. He was the son of Pietro Bernadoni, of Assisi, and the pope forthwith accepted and approved of his work, and granted him divers privileges, inasmuch as this work was founded upon humility, and love, and poverty, following in all things the holy gospel of Christ, and keeping clear of the pleasures of life. Now the pope in a vision had sight of St. Francis holding up with his hands the church of St. John Lateran, and in like fashion he saw St. Dominic, which vision was to him a prophecy that, through these two, he should uphold the Church and the faith of Christ. And, as it is written, the order of the Preaching Friars began at the same time, the work having been taken up by St. Dominic, a native of Spain; but the pope aforesaid did not confirm them in his lifetime, what though he had seen in a vision how the church of St. John Lateran was falling down upon him, and St. Dominic holding up the same by the support of his shoulders. By reason of this vision he was fully set on confirming the order, but death overtook him, and his successor, Pope Honorius, gave the order his sanction and authority, in the year of

Christ 1216. Now in sooth the visions of Pope Innocent concerning St. Francis and St. Dominic signified how the Church of God had fallen into manifold error, and divers wicked practices, and no longer feared God ; and how St. Dominic, by his learned preaching, should correct the same, and prove the extirpator of heretics ; and how the blessed Francis, by his humility and apostolic life, should restore those who were given to lasciviousness. Certes, the Erythræan Sibyl spake a prophecy concerning these two orders when she said that two stars would arise for the illumination of the world."

NOVEL II.

A stepmother causes one of her slaves to prepare poison for her stepson, because he would not consent to her wishes. Through mischance the potion is drunk by a younger son of her own. The stepson is accused of the crime, and the slave bears witness against him, but an old physician comes forward and deposes how he had given the draught to the slave, and how it was nought more than a narcotic. They all repair to the tomb, where the youth is found alive. The doom that afterwards was given upon the slave and the lady.



URETTO'S novel having come to an end, Saturnina began and spake as follows :

"In Romagna there lived formerly a gentleman of great wealth, who was also blessed with a son well trained in letters and adorned with every virtue. The mother of this youth being dead, the father married a second wife, and begat by her another son, who was already twelve years old when his elder brother had reached his twenty-second year. The stepmother, who was better furnished with good looks than with good manners, let her eyes turn so readily upon the fair figure of her stepson that she became hotly enamoured of him. For a time the lady endured her passion in silence, so long as it was in its early stages, and did not overmaster her powers of resistance, but when once her marrow became inflamed by this accursed fire of lust, she found she needs must obey the call of passion ; wherefore she feigned to be sick in body, and gave out that she was tormented by fever within, by way of concealing the wound which had been dealt to her heart.

Thus at last, stirred thereto by her hot and lustful imagination, she bade one of her maids go summon her stepson; and he, who recked nought of what was afoot, straightway repaired to her chamber, and with friendly regard asked her what might be the cause of her sickness; whereupon the lady, persuading herself that these words of his exactly fell in with the thing she had in contemplation, became somewhat bolder, and, having covered her face with the sheet, out of shame, and let fall a flood of tears as she spake, addressed him in these terms: 'The cause and the beginning of the ill which now weighs upon me, and the grief I feel, and the cure thereof, and my own well-being, are—yourself. Those radiant eyes of yours, sinking through my eyes to the very girdle of my heart, have kindled within my ill-starred breast a fire of love too fierce for me to bear. Have pity, then, on one who is like to die for your sake, and let not my marriage bond and duty to your father affright you, forasmuch as you are the one who alone can save your father's wife; without your aid she will never be able to bear the burden of life. She, in sooth, will with good cause recognize her husband in your seeming and in your loved face. The condition in which we two here find ourselves, alone and undisturbed, gives us the security and opportunity which we need; and that of which the world knows nought, though it be done, is, in sooth, as if it were not done.' At hearing this abominable proposition the gentle youth stood as one confounded; and albeit he was so much overcome with horror at the enormous wickedness thereof that he was moved to rush out of her presence without making any reply, still, having taken farther thought, he deemed it might not be well to enrage the woman by giving her direct denial, and determined that it would better suit his purpose to engage her fancy by somewhat of delay, and to see whether he might not be able thereby to rid her mind of this strange and unclean imagination. Wherefore he answered that it behoved her to await till she should be once more in health, and keep a kind thought for him, adding that he was ready to repay her for her love with a handsome offering on his own part; which words for the time pacified her.

The young man, duly considering that a trouble so heavy as this called for the ripest counsel, judged that it would be well to relate everything which had befallen him thereanent to one of his friends, an old man of great forethought, in whose company he had passed his boyhood with no small advantage, and who was now a trusty support to him in the slippery paths of youth. The sage, knowing well how great wickedness a woman infuriated by lust might be moved to commit,

perceived that it would be well for the youth were he to fly with all speed from the coming storm of exasperated fortune. But before he could let ensue this prudent resolve the young wife, impatient, and finding every day as long as a year, knew well enough how to bring to pass the gratification of her execrable lust ; for, having given her husband to understand that he would do well to pay a visit to one of his estates, since news had been brought to her that the man in charge of the same had fallen into evil courses, she induced him to leave home for several days. As soon as her husband had taken his departure she importuned the young man every hour that passed to make good the promise he had given ; and he, advancing now this and now that excuse, did his best to appease her longing with words until he should be able to rid himself of her presence by going to some place afar. The lady, filled with unwonted longing by reason of the ardent hopes she had nursed, and perceiving from the weak excuses the young man put forward that the more he promised the farther removed he seemed to be from giving effect to his words, waxed wroth ; and, having displaced her wicked love to make room for a hatred still more wicked, she took counsel with a certain slave, who was in her inmost confidence, how she might at once set to work to take vengeance upon this young man who was unmindful of his promises, and finally determined to rob the ill-starred victim of his life by poison.

The villainous slave delayed not to carry out this barbarous project, and, having gone forth from the house, did not return till late at night, when he brought back with him a certain potion in a glass vessel, and this he mingled with some wine in the chamber of his mistress and then put it in a cupboard where the viands were kept, with the intention of giving it to the youth next day at table. But by the will of fortune the son of this wicked woman, who, as it has been said, was about twelve years old, came back from his morning's schooling ; and, for the reason that he had taken a very scanty breakfast, was somewhat athirst. Whereupon the goblet of wine mingled with poison, which out of carelessness had been left in an unlocked cupboard, fell into his hands, and he drank the same to the last drop, and in a short time fell to the ground like one dead. As soon as the household knew of this mishap, they raised a great uproar, and the mother, having rushed to the spot, the word went forth that the boy was poisoned. Then the mother and the slave who had purchased the potion withdrew themselves somewhat apart, and privily held discourse over the matter, resolving in the end to lay the blame of this misdeed upon the elder son. On this account

the slave declared in the hearing of all how he knew for certain that the elder son had wrought this crime, because a few days previous the youth aforesaid had promised him fifty crowns if he would kill the boy. Moreover, when he refused to have aught to do with such evil deed, the young man threatened him with death in case he should speak thereof to anyone.

The lady straightway bade the tipstaves come to her house and take her stepson off to prison, on account of the charge which the slave had preferred against him, and next she despatched a messenger to her husband to let him know what had taken place. He came back without delay, whereupon she caused the slave to repeat in his presence the charge which he had made already, and then she went on to say that his son had done the deed because she had refused to let him gratify with her his accursed lust, and that, over and beyond this, he had threatened to kill her. The wretched father was hugely grieved at beholding his younger son borne away to burial; and, feeling that the other must needs die a felon's death for fratricide, and being duped by the false grief and lamentations of his wife, his anger against his own son grew greater every hour. The funeral rites had scarcely been performed before the wretched father, just as he was, with his face stained with tears, made his way to the justice hall, and there, weeping and using the most urgent prayers, he did his utmost to compass the death of the only son who was left to him, calling him incestuous wretch on account of the defilement he had attempted to shed upon his father's couch; fratricide for that he had slain his brother; and murderer because he had threatened his stepmother with death. With these words of his he stirred up the people who heard him to such violent indignation, so that they all cried out that, without losing more time over accusation and defence, the officers should straightway deal out public punishment for this sin by stoning the young man to death.

But the officers of justice replied that, according to ancient custom, it was meet that the judgment should be diligently investigated, and that they were unwilling to allow so barbarous an instance to take rank as a custom, to wit, that any man should be sent to his death by the clamour of indignation, rather than by righteous proof. Therefore, according to the legal usage, the accused was bid stand forward so that the accuser should charge him with his offence. Then the father declared that his elder son had poisoned the younger, of which thing he had trustworthy evidence, namely, that only a few days past the accused had attempted to compass his brother's death by the hand of the slave, promising him

fifty crowns as a reward. The young man having been questioned denied every word, and when the speeches on this side and on that had been brought to an end, the judges were not minded to allow this case to come to an end merely by conjecture and suspicion, rather than by solid proofs and unquestioned truth, wherefore it seemed good to them that the slave should be summoned before them. Then this gallows-bird of a slave was brought unconfounded into the presence of the judges, to whom he told the same story which he had told to the father; furthermore, he professed himself ready to undergo torture with the young man to prove the truth of his speech. None of the judges felt a bias in the young man's favour strong enough to resist the proposal that he should first be put to the question, and the slave afterwards, if the young man should persist in his denial under the torture. But at this juncture, a physician, a man of integrity and of great weight in the city, rose and spake thus: 'By good fortune I am able to declare that, up to this present time, I have borne a good name with you, and I feel I cannot allow this innocent youth to be either tortured or put to death. But what profit will ensue if I alone traverse the accusation of another? Still you may estimate the value of my words in relation to my character, which is well known to you, and you may also remark that to oppose me you have nought but the testimony of this rascally slave, who deserves to be hanged not once merely, but a thousand times. I am well assured that my sense of right and wrong will not have deceived me, wherefore let me now tell you how the matter really stands. This villain came to me, desiring me to give him a quick-working poison, offering in exchange for the same fifty golden ducats, and affirming that he wanted to give it to a certain sick man, who was tormented day and night by an incurable dropsy and by a thousand other pains, and who was anxious by such means to find a way out of his heavy affliction. Now when I perceived how this thief went on with his lying words, now and again finding some cunning excuse for his blunders, I began to suspect that he was bent on some foul crime, and was just on the point of bidding him begone. But then I considered, if I should deny him what he wanted, he would certes betake himself to some other one of my calling, less given to foresight, peradventure, than myself, who might furnish him with that he desired. Wherefore I judged that it would be wise to give him a potion, and this I did, but I will let you know, after a little, what manner of potion it was. I was well assured that the business was one which would call for inquiry in the course of time, so I would not then and there accept the money which the slave offered in payment, but said to him: "Because I am some-

what suspicious that some of these ducats here may be either base or of short weight, I will bid you put them back in the bag and seal the same with your ring. Then, some other day, when it may be more convenient, we will go together to the bank and conclude the business." Thus, having brought the matter to this pass, I made him seal the bag with his own seal, and I have just despatched my servant to bring it hither, and when he arrives I will make the whole thing clear to you. Let the slave come and acknowledge his own seal, and say how and why he would fasten upon this innocent young man the charge of having given to his brother the poison which he himself bought.'

While the worthy physician was speaking, the infamous slave became as ghastly to look upon as a disinterred corpse; in the tremor which seized upon him drops of sweat as cold as ice fell from him; he moved his feet now backwards now forwards, and rolled his head from side to side. Then in a failing voice he began to mutter divers foolish words, in such wise that no reasonable person listening to the same could have deemed him innocent; nevertheless, the desperate villain summoned boldness enough to face the peril and to drive away his fears, and, using the cunning mood which had hitherto served him, he now set to work with the same plausible readiness to accuse the physician of falsehood, and to deny the truth of every word he had spoken. But the excellent old man, eager to save the last years of his spotless life from any suspicion of falsehood, straightway proceeded with all urgency to show where the truth really lay, and, having caused the ring on the slave's finger to be drawn off by one of the officers of the court, and to be compared with the seal on the bag, it was found to tally exactly with the same. The judges deemed this evidence strong enough to put the slave to the question, but, though they gave him several turns of the strappado, he remained firm in his denial of his offence.

Then the physician began to speak once more and said, 'You must know that when this wretch came begging me to give him the poison, as I have already told you, it was strongly borne in upon me that it behoved not a good physician to cause the death of anyone (for whosoever knows aught of medicine will know that it was revealed to man by heaven for the welfare of the human race, and not for its undoing); moreover, suspecting, as I have told you before, that he would have gone to some other, who out of lack of pence might have given him what he wanted, I handed over to him, not poison, but a drink of mandragora, which brings on a sleep so profound that whosoever may have taken the same remains as one dead, so long as the working of the

drug lasts. Thus, if this boy has in sooth drunk the potion which I mixed, he is still alive, resting and sleeping; and, as soon as the powers of nature shall have driven away the heavy cloud of slumber, the light of heaven will greet his eyesight as brightly as ever, but, if he should be really dead, seek the cause elsewhere.'

As soon as the physician had finished speaking, all those who were present deemed that it would be meet to repair without further delay to the place where the boy had been buried, in order to let the question be cleared up. Wherefore, having shut up in prison the slave and the elder son, they went at once to the sepulchre, and, having come there, it was the father of the boy who took away with his own hands the stone which lay on the top of the monument. And it was full time that the rescuers should come, forasmuch as the boy's natural strength had by this time cleared away the thick drowsy humours, and he was as one returned from Pluto's kingdom. With what tender affection his father embraced him you may well imagine for yourself; and, because he could not find words fitted to make known the joy which possessed him, he led his son in silence from the tomb, and presented him to the Podestà just as he was, clad in his graveclothes. The slave, when he saw the boy still alive, was persuaded that he would be pardoned because death had not taken place, and in order to escape further torture confessed all that had been done. Thereupon the lady was at once seized and brought before the judges; whereupon, after she had been lightly put to the question, she confessed everything concerning the affair.

The sentence of the judges was that the slave who had wrought the deed, albeit the issue thereof had not proved fatal, should be hanged. The lady, on account of the supplications of her husband and her son, was granted her life, but she was condemned to perpetual exile. The physician, with the approval of all the people, was allowed to retain the price which the slave had given him in exchange for the drowsy potion. And in this wise the father, after being in danger of losing both his sons, recovered them living and blameless in exchange for his infamous wife."

At the conclusion of the novel Aurette began his canzonet and sang:

Ah, winsome lady, let no doubts assail thee
Of my true service, what though others fail thee.

Who serves his master with true loyalty,
A twofold guerdon should receive;



Anna Taylor

1881



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Likewise the one who would true love deceive,
His due reward should see.
But Love indignant leaves no scourge untried
For those ungrateful ones who sin through pride.

Thou knowest well my glances do not stray,
Nor has my faith been ever broken ;
If thy dear lover hath his farewell spoken,
Right loth he went his way.
So, lady, be not vexed with me, nor treat
With scornful anger this my service meet.

For ill the proud ungrateful lady fares,
Who treats her lovers in such wise ;
All look on her with cold censorious eyes
Who such a record bears.
Lady, be kind if thou wouldst live to fame,
And let high heaven receive thy glorious name.

Now speed, my song, to ladies sweet and kind,
Who let rejoice their servants true ;
So thy the sweetest of love's flowers my find,
Nor hide their charms from view.
Ladies like these true grace and favour gain,
Because their lovers never sue in vain.

The song having come to an end, the lovers brought their converse to a close for that day, and said farewell, after clasping one another by the hand.





The Twenty-fourth Day.

NOVEL I.

Giano della Bella, a leading citizen, is driven forth from Florence.
The portrait of the same.



WHEN on the twenty-fourth day the lovers met once more at their usual place of converse, Saturnina began and said, "I desire now to tell you in what wise Giano della Bella, that great citizen, was expelled from Florence," and she went on as follows :

"In the year of Christ 1294, in the month of January, when Messer Giovanni Lucino da Como had newly taken upon himself the office of Podestà, it chanced that there came before him the suit of one who brought an accusation against Messer Corso Donati, a noble and powerful Florentine gentleman, for the reason that Messer Corso had slain a certain townsman, the servant of Messer Simone Galastrone, in a broil which had arisen between them. Messer Corso went before the Podestà with all boldness, supported by the advocacy of his friends and the nobles, and meantime the people of Florence were awaiting his condemnation and the gonfalonier of justice¹ had gone forth to do execution upon him. The Podestà, however, decided in his favour ; and when his acquittal and the condemnation of Messer Simone Galastrone were read out, the baser people exclaimed, 'Death to the Podestà!' and rushed forth from the court into the Corso crying out, 'To arms, to arms! Long live the people!' and brought forth from his house their leader, Giano della Bella, so that in a brief time the

¹ This officer was the executor of the ordinances of justice. He bore the banner of the people, a red cross on a white ground, and was allowed a force of a thousand soldiers and a posse of masons to pull down the houses of condemned persons.

greater part of the common people were up in arms. And the story runs, that he bade the crowd go with his brother to the palace of the priors and demand that they should duly carry out the execution ; but, because the priors refused to do this, the people ran straightway to the palace of the Podestà, and attacked it furiously with armed force. Moreover, they burnt the door thereof and broke in, and plundered the Podestà, and laid hands upon him and his household in shameful fashion.

Messer Corso fled over the roofs of the houses, fearing for his person ; and this outbreak was a cause of great offence to the priors, who were met together close to the palace aforesaid ; but, by reason of the unbridled rage of the people, they could do nought to remedy the same. As soon as the uproar had subsided, certain of the nobles, who had kept their wits about them, took counsel how they might overthrow Giano della Bella, because he had been the leader of those who had made the Ordinances of justice,¹ and because, in order to compass the downfall of the nobles, he had shown himself ready to take away from the leaders of the Guelf party the seal of state, and likewise their household goods, which were of great value, and to transfer the same to the commune, not because he was alien to the Guelf party, but in order to overthrow the power of the nobles. Now these *grandi*, perceiving how the case stood, closed their ranks by the advice of the judges and the notaries, who also felt that they were suffering detriment through Giano's action, and joined themselves to others of the well-to-do citizens and certain friends and kinsfolk of their own, who looked askance at the exaltation of Giano in the commune above themselves. They determined, therefore, to call together as numerous a meeting of the priors as possible ; and, this having been settled, they went forth before the appointed time. As soon as they were all assembled, they held a conference with the Capitano del Popolo and instructed him to institute an inquiry concerning the doings of the aforesaid Giano and his supporters and followers, concerning those who had led the crowd when the palace

¹ These ordinances made the kinsfolk of any offender responsible for his misdeeds, and allowed any deed of violence to be proved by two witnesses on oath ; they also sanctioned the destruction of the house of the accused. Without the consent of the priors no *grande* could testify against a *popolano*. *Grandi* might not live in any part of the city where they had committed an offence, nor dwell within a certain distance of the bridges, nor leave home during time of disturbance, nor attend public functions with armed retainers, nor show themselves in the streets while the gonfalonier of justice was abroad. Any *popolano* becoming a *grande* incurred all these disabilities, and many others too numerous and minute to particularize.

of the Podestà was burnt and the town set in uproar, and likewise concerning the Ordinances of justice.

When this rumour was noised abroad the lower orders of the people broke out once more, and hastened to the house of Giano della Bella, shouting that they had taken up arms in his defence and to beat up the city. His brother took into Or San Michele a flag with the arms of the people thereupon; but Giano, who was a wise man, albeit somewhat proud and overbearing, saw that he had been tricked and deceived by the very men who had stood beside him in furtherance of the popular cause; that the forces of these, united with the forces of the nobles, were very great, and that the priors in arms had already assembled before the house. Wherefore he was not minded to put his fortunes to the hazard of a street fight; so, from reluctance to injure the state and from fear for the safety of his person, he withdrew from Florence on the 5th of March, hoping that hereafter the people would restore to him his rights. But, on account of the accusation aforesaid and of contumacy, judgment was pronounced against him as to his person, and he was exiled. In this banishment he died; all his goods, as well as those of certain other citizens who were accused at the same time, were assumed by the state; and by his fall the city of Florence suffered heavy loss—loss which fell especially upon the common people, forasmuch as he was the most straightforward and loyal citizen and lover of the public good of any man in Florence. And for what he gave to the commune he took nought in return. He showed presumption in his desire to work his private vengeance, which thing he did more than once by the arm of the commune against the Abbati, his neighbours, and it was his ill fortune to be condemned, albeit he was guiltless, by the very same laws which he himself had enacted.

And it may be noted how this is a valuable example for all citizens in times to come, to wit, that they should guard against over great presumption and rest content with their due rank of citizenship. In sooth, this example has found such clear demonstration in these our days amongst divers of our citizens, that I will now say no more thereanent. On account of this change, there arose amongst the people of Florence great instability and disturbance, which evils have continued until the present time, and the craftsmen and the lower orders of the people have wielded little power.”

NOVEL II.

Of the death of Messer Corso Donati, a great and powerful citizen of Florence, and a description of him.



AS soon as Saturnina's novel was finished, Aurette began his and said, "I will now tell you how Messer Corso Donati, a chief and powerful citizen of Florence, met his death," and he spake as follows: "There lived once in Florence a certain Messer Corso Donati, a man of great power and eminence. In his time it came to pass that dissensions arose and grew between the nobles and influential citizens who ruled Florence, through envy of the state and of the government, which dissensions came to a grievous issue by reason of the sins of pride and envy and avarice which marked them. These nobles and burghers were divided into two parties, one of which had for its head Messer Corso Donati with a following of nobles and certain of the burghers, amongst whom were the members of the house of Bordoni. The other party was led by Messer Rosso della Tosa, followed by Messer Pazzino dei Pazzi, Messer Geri Spini, Messer Berto Brunelleschi, and by members of the Cavicciuli and of divers other houses. Messer Corso and his following were persuaded that they did not get their due share of honours and offices, and at the same time held themselves to be the more worthy thereof, forasmuch as they had won back the state for the Neri and had chased into exile the party of the Bianchi.

On the other hand, their opponents declared that Messer Corso was scheming to grasp the chief power, and that the governors, chosen by the people, held him in great hatred and suspicion, inasmuch as he was a kinsman of Uguccone dalla Faggiuola, a Ghibelline and enemy of the Florentines. Likewise they feared him greatly on account of his force of mind and power, and of the great following he had, and for that he might, peradventure, oust them from the government, and drive them out of the country, especially now that they found he had sworn to a league with Uguccone dalla Faggiuola, his father-in-law, and had sent to him for aid. By reason of this ill-feeling the city rose one day in revolt, the bell of the priors was beaten with hammers, and quickly all the people, horse and foot, flew to arms, as well as all the outland soldiers who were in the service of the rulers of the state. As it had been planned by the leaders aforesaid, an accusation was made before

the Podestà, Messer Pietro della Branca da Ogobbio, against Messer Corso, charging him with a design to betray the people, and subjugate the city, and to enlist the aid of Uguccone dalla Faggiuola in this enterprise. This petition was granted, and in less than an hour, without adding further conditions to the process, Messer Corso was proclaimed and condemned. He was denounced as a traitor and rebel to his country, and then straightway the priors, the gonfalonier of justice, the Podestà, and the executioner, and their servants, and the captain, and the gonfaloniers of the companies, and all the people, and the horse and foot soldiers, went, amidst the shouts of the crowd, to the house in San Pietro where dwelt Messer Corso, in order to carry out the sentence. Messer Corso, as soon as he heard the noise which seemed to be coming nearer, acted like a brave man and one prompt to carry out his intention, and, while waiting for the support of Uguccone dalla Faggiuola, who had already arrived with a strong force, barricaded himself in the Borgo di San Pietro Maggiore, at the foot of the towers of the Cigno, in Torricada, and in the Via Vecchia, which runs to the prison and to San Procolo, having put up strong barriers and assembled a goodly number of adherents.

The people began their attack upon the barricades from two points, while Messer Corso and his band defended themselves valiantly, and the fight lasted a great part of the day; in sooth, it was so general that the people brought thither their whole force, and if Messer Corso had been supported by the force of his allies assembled outside the city—and he was anxiously awaiting the same—the people would have needed all their strength for that day's work; for, albeit they were many in number, they were badly disciplined, and in ill accord one with another, some of them having little heart for the work in hand. But when the troops led by Uguccone learned how Messer Corso had been attacked by the people they retreated, and many of the townsfolk, who had gone behind the barricades with him, now withdrew and left him with a weak following. The populace outside broke down the wall of a garden which was opposite to the prison, and a great crowd forced an entrance at the rear. As soon as Messer Corso perceived what had happened, and that the force outside came not to relieve him, he left the house and fled from Florence. The people forthwith began to plunder and destroy the house, and certain citizens, who were hostile to Messer Corso, went in pursuit of him on horseback. Messer Boccaccio Cavicciuli, his companion, was overtaken by Gherardo Bordoni, who slew him, and cut off his hand, and threw it into the Corso degli Aldimari, and Messer Corso rode on alone.



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But when he had ridden up to Rovezzano, he was captured by certain Catalan horsemen and taken towards Florence, and as they were passing by San Salvi he made earnest prayer to his captors, and promised them rich reward of money if they would let him go; nevertheless, they determined rather to take him on with them, since the leaders had specially told them off for this duty. But Messer Corso was loth to fall into the hands of his foes and undergo the judgment of the people, and, being greatly vexed with gout in the hands and feet, he let himself fall from his horse; whereupon one of those who had him in hold, seeing him on the ground, pierced him in the throat with a lance and left him there for dead. The monks of San Salvi took him up and bore him into their abbey, where he died, and the next morning was buried there with scant ceremony and a small following, out of fear of the commune. This Messer Corso Donati was the wisest and most valiant gentleman of Florence in his day, skilful, and gifted with fine art of speech, of great bravery and renown, seemly of person, and of courteous manners. But he was very worldly in his nature, and he did many unwonted and irregular deeds in Florence in order to win power. He died in the year of Christ 1308." As soon as the novel had come to an end, Saturnina sang the following canzonet :

Ah! weary, wretched, and unfortunate
 Am I, deceived through loving all too well.
 But never will I in my bosom quell
 The love that feeds my soul insatiate,
 The wish to be a true and loyal mate;
 Humble and reverent to be, in sooth,
 As I was ever to that winsome youth,
 Who without cause has left me desolate.

And strangest thing of all it is to me,
 That fate hath thus prevailed to work her will.
 What force, what chance, what counsel can it be,
 Which keeps us thus apart in sorrow still?
 Wherefore I'll hie me to a nunnery,
 And quench my passion in those confines chill.

In God's name, ladies, put no faith at all
 In youths who stand not good and true confest;
 For I was duped by him I trusted best,
 And all my pleasant honey turned to gall.
 Perchance some blame upon my head must fall;
 Still surely he hath most discourteous grown,
 To leave me in my sorrow all alone,
 And never once our time of love recall.

And now, my lovesome song, go take thy way.
See that you speed my lover's ear unto ;
Fly as my embassy to him, and say
I gave to him my troth and service true ;
But should my hidden love the traitor play,
Lorn shall I live and his remembrance rue.

As soon as the song was finished the lovers made an end for that day of their converse, and having taken each other by the hand they departed.





The Twenty-fifth Day.

NOVEL I.

Democrate of Ricanati determines to entertain certain gentlemen of the outlands with a hunt of wild animals. One of these, a huge she-bear, dies, and some ruffians scheme how they may rob Democrate. One of them puts on the bear's skin, and is shut in a cage by the others, who present the same to Democrate, feigning that a friend of his, an Albanian, has sent the beast as a gift. The thief lets in his friends by night, but a serbing-man, hearing the noise, tells how the bear has broken loose. The beast is slain, and the ill-fated thief is discovered.



ON the twenty-fifth day, when the lovers came once more to their wonted meeting-place, Frate Auretto said, "I will now tell you a story which I think will be to your taste.

In the city of Ricanati there dwelt formerly a gentleman called Democrate, who was very wealthy and open-handed with all the goods he possessed. And because he was the chief man of the city, he gave every year to the townfolk an entertainment of games and spectacles, with which they were always mightily pleased; and it happened one year that he determined to prepare a great party for hunting the wild beasts in the forests round about the city, for the purpose of giving pleasure to certain gentlemen from foreign parts, who were about to come there on business.

With this end in view he brought together, at a vast expense of money, a very large quantity of wild animals, amongst which were several bears. But it chanced that the gentlemen aforesaid, on whose behalf he had specially set in order this hunt, delayed their coming longer than Democrate had anticipated, and many of the beasts which were shut up in cages died. These, being thrown out into the public

places, were gathered up by divers poor people, who skinned them in order to make food of them. Amongst others died a she-bear of huge size and very terrible of aspect; whereupon a gang of thieves, who had recently come into the city, devised a plan how they might, by the cunning use of the skin of this bear, rob Democrate by a method which I will explain to you.

They took the bear aforesaid and carried it away to their lodgings, where they skinned it most dexterously, leaving, however, the head and the feet untouched, and having removed from the hide all traces of flesh, they dressed the skin with ashes, and hung it in the sun to dry, feasting and making merry in the meantime with the bear's flesh. As soon as the skin was dry, they put therein one of their number called Trasileo, according to the plan which they had already settled amongst themselves, and sewed the skin carefully together, concealing the seam under the thick fur in such wise that no one could see it. They put Trasileo's head in the place where the bear's throat had been cut, thus allowing him space for seeing and breathing. In sooth, he appeared to be a real bear, and nothing else. Next they bought a cage, into which they put Trasileo, and, having brought their scheming to this point, they feigned to have knowledge of a certain Nicanore, an Albanian who was reported to be on terms of great friendship with Messer Democrate, and was moreover a great lover of the chase in his own country. The thieves also indited certain letters which set forth that what this friend of Democrate's did he did on account of the feast which was about to be held, and as a fellow votary of the chase.

Somewhat later, when night had come, the rogues carried the cage in which the bear had been placed, as well as the letters aforesaid, to Democrate, who, after he had praised highly the size of the beast, and rejoiced amain over the seasonable liberality of his friend, gave orders that his servants should count out to the men who had conveyed the bear thither the sum of ten ducats, and that the cage, with the bear inside, should be taken to the place where the other wild animals were bestowed. Then one of the thieves said, ' You should be careful what you do, signor, for the she-bear is greatly exhausted through the heat of the sun and the length of the journey, and on this account she should not be placed with the other beasts, which, according to the report I have heard, are not in the most healthy state. It would be better to let the bear be put in some open place within your house, where there is plenty of fresh air, so that she may find herself in the wonted surroundings of those animals which abide in thick woods and cool

caverns.' Democrate, when he called to mind how many of the other beasts had died, signified his assent to the words of this man, and told the thieves that they might bestow the bear in whatever place they might consider the best for the purpose.

Whereupon they forthwith placed the cage in a certain corner of the house, from which Trasileo could plainly espy in what places the servants were wont to put the vessels of silver after taking the same from their master's table, for he had plentiful store of these and of great value. Then the thieves said, 'We are prepared, if there should be need for our services, to lend our aid in this matter, forasmuch as we, being well acquainted with the nature of the beast, can give her the food she may require, now she is weary and exhausted, when the time seems fitting for her to be fed.' But Democrate made answer, 'I would not have you troubled with such a task as this, forasmuch as my servants are well versed in the management of beasts of this kind, and will know exactly what is needful to be done.'

After Democrate had spoken, the robbers went their way, and when they had come to a place a short distance outside the city, they caught sight of a tomb in a secluded position, near to a little church, and some distance from the road. Having raised the cover of the tomb, which, through the lapse of many years, had fallen all to ruin, they found that the bones of the dead man, who had been buried therein, were reduced to dust; wherefore they settled in their minds that this tomb would be an exceedingly convenient hiding-place for whatever plunder they might bear off from the house of Democrate. Then, having waited and taken note of the darkest hour of the night, to wit, the one when sleep by its first descent gains the mastery over the senses of mortals, they betook themselves, duly furnished with arms and needful implements, to the house of Democrate. Trasileo on his part had been no less on the alert within, seeing that, as soon as he deemed all the household were asleep, he got out of the cage and stabbed the door-keeper with his knife, and then, having opened the door, he let in his comrades.

As soon as the robbers had gained admittance to the house of Democrate, Trasileo pointed out to them a certain wardrobe into which he had seen the servants put the silver ware, and they, when they had opened the same with a tool made for the purpose, loaded themselves with as much of the silver as they were able to bear away, and betook themselves to the tomb afore-mentioned, leaving Trasileo in the house until they should return to fetch the residue, and bidding him remain near the door and take note of any stir which he might hear in the

house. But in sooth they were persuaded in mind that the very aspect of the bear would be enough to throw into panic fear any one of the servants who might by chance be aroused. And it happened that one of the serving-men of the house was awakened by the noise they made, and this man went to the door to see if aught was amiss with the porter. When he beheld the porter lying dead, and the savage beast roaming about the house, he withdrew without making the least noise, and went to tell to his fellow-servants the sight he had seen. In a very brief time the house was filled with men bearing lighted torches, wherewith the darkness was dissipated, and not one of the men aforesaid came unarmed, for some bore hand-spikes, some lances and spits, but most of them had drawn swords. Over and beyond this they took with them a lot of huge hounds of the chase, and they all together fell upon the bear, which they slew with many wounds and lacerations, without hearing a single cry or sound made by the beast. But the fierce brute had stricken the hearts of all who beheld it with so great fear that, albeit it was now dead, no one dare touch it. At last it came to pass that a certain butcher set to work to flay the bear, whereupon he came upon the body of the wretched and ill-starred thief."

NOVEL II.

Urban the Fourth chooses Charles, Count of Anjou, to be King of Sicily and Apulia, after having taken these lands from Manfred. Of the wars that ensued.



AS soon as Aurette had ended his story Saturnina said, "I will now tell you of the life of a very valiant prince, who was named Charles, Count of Anjou.

During the reign of Manfred, the natural son of the Emperor Frederic, and the foe of the Church and of all the Guelfs in Italy, the Florentines were overthrown at Monte Aperto, by which victory Manfred and the imperial party in Tuscany and Lombardy gained great power, while the Church and the Guelfs were weakened. In 1260 Pope Alexander died at Viterbo, and the chair was empty five months through the strife amongst the cardinals, who finally elected Pope Urban IV., of Cresi, a town in France. He was the son of a cobbler, and had neither worth nor wit. When he saw how the

Church was brought low by the violence of Manfred, who held well-nigh the whole of Italy and occupied the patrimony of St. Peter, he preached a crusade, to which a great multitude came; whereupon Manfred's army withdrew to Apulia. But Manfred did not cease to vex the Church, and in Sicily, and Apulia as well, gave himself over to pleasure, living as an Epicurean in luxurious fashion with many concubines, and caring nought for God and the saints. But the just God, who is gracious and merciful to those sinners who are penitent, and pardons not those who refuse to come to Him, sent ruin upon Manfred when he deemed himself at the height of his fortune. Pope Urban and the Church were under Manfred's power, and the two elected emperors, one of Spain and the other of Hungary, were too weak and disunited to march into Italy, and Conradin, the son of King Conrad, to whom Sicily belonged by succession, was too young to occupy the same; wherefore the pope, urged by divers of those expelled their lands by Manfred—and especially the exiled Guelfs of Florence, who followed the pope persistently and laid their plans before him—held a council of cardinals and prelates, and proposed that, as the chair of Peter was in the hands of Manfred, one of a house hostile to the Church, ungrateful and persecuting, he desired to rescue the Church from bondage. It seemed good to him to call upon Charles, Count of Anjou and Provence, brother of the French king, the most powerful, sagacious, accomplished, and virtuous prince of his time, who, being captain of the Church and King of Sicily and Apulia, would regain whatever Manfred—one damned and excommunicated—still held as a rebel contrary to the will of the Church. So fully did he trust to the powers of Charles and of his following that he was persuaded they would speedily recover the country from Manfred and restore the Church to power.

All the council agreed to this proposition, and they elected Charles King of Sicily and Apulia, with succession to his descendants of the fourth degree. The election being confirmed, they issued their decree in the year 1263; and Charles being informed of the same by the Cardinal Simone dal Torse, took counsel with the King of France and with the Counts of Artois and Alençon his brothers, and with the barons of France, all of whom advised him in the name of God that it was his duty to take up this task in the service of the Church, and bring honour to the crown of France. Moreover, his brother Louis promised aid of men and money, and all the barons did the like. His wife was daughter of the good Raymond of Provence, a most gracious gentleman, and one descended from the house of Aymon. The inherit-

ance of Count Raymond lay beyond the Rhone, where he spent his life in deeds of honour, and all the gentlemen of Provence and France and Catalonia flocked to his court. Once upon a time a certain pilgrim, returning from San Jacopo, arrived there, and, having heard of Count Raymond's goodness, tarried long, and, being a man of parts, won favour with the count and became ruler of all the state. So honest was he that in a short time the count's income was doubled, the court being honourably maintained the while. Now Raymond went to war with the Count of Toulouse, the most powerful noble in the world, who had forty counts his vassals, but the pilgrim aforesaid, by his wit and the gold he had saved, raised so great a force that Count Raymond won the day.

Count Raymond had four daughters and no son, and by the good pilgrim's prudence he married the eldest to the King of France with a rich dowry, the pilgrim saying thereanent, 'Let not this charge irk you; for, if you marry the first well, you will marry the rest better, and at little cost by reason of this kinship.' And so it was, for straightway the King of Hungary, in order to gain alliance with the King of France, married the second with a slender dower; then his brother, when he was chosen King of the Romans, took the third; and, the fourth being left, the good pilgrim said to the count, 'I desire to find for this one a proper husband as your son-in-law, one who will be your heir;' and when Charles, Duke of Anjou, the brother of the French king, came, the pilgrim declared she should be given to him, seeing that he was the most worthy gentleman in the world; and so it was done. But through envy, which ruins all righteous dealings, the barons of Provence charged the good pilgrim with ill management of the treasure of the count, who demanded a reckoning of the same, but the pilgrim said, 'Count, I have served you long, and have raised you from low to high estate; now by evil counsel you show small gratitude. I came a poor pilgrim to your court, where I have lived honestly. Now give me my mantle and my staff and my scrip; for, as I came, so will I depart.' The count hearing this would not that he should go, but he refused to stay, and, as he had come, so he went; and no man ever knew whence he came, or whither he went; but many were persuaded that he was the Holy Ghost himself.¹

Now as to the excellent lady, the wife of Count Charles of Anjou. As soon as she heard of her husband's election, she pawned all her jewels, and called all the bachelors of France and Provence to serve under her

¹ Dante calls him Romeo, *Paradiso*, vi.

banner and to help make her queen. She was stirred to this by vexation ; for, shortly before, her three elder sisters, all queens, had made her sit far below them at table, and, when she complained of this to her husband, he said, ‘ Trouble not ; I will soon make you a greater queen than any of these.’ Wherefore she strove eagerly for this dignity, and had in her service the most valiant barons that ever rode. Charles set in order his array with care and ability. He accepted the election of the pope and cardinals, and at once set forth for Italy with all his power to defend the Church against Manfred, whom he was minded to expel from Sicily and Apulia ; whereupon the Church and all the Guelfs took heart. When Manfred heard this news he made preparation of men and money by the help of the Ghibellines of Lombardy and Tuscany his allies, and commanded the equipment of more men than ever he had raised before, summoning divers from Germany to bar the coming of Charles into Italy on his way to Rome. By money and promises he won the support of most of the Italian cities, and made his kinsman the Marquis Pallavicino, whom he greatly resembled, his vicar in Lombardy. He let prepare many sailors in armed galleys of Sicily and Apulia and Pisa, who were in league with him, and he made light of the approach of Charles, whom he called Carlotto in scoffing wise.

By preparations such as these Manfred deemed himself master by sea and land. The Ghibellines ruled in Tuscany and Lombardy, and cared nought for Charles’s coming ; but in August, 1264, there appeared in the heavens a comet with a tail of rays, rising in the east and passing through the midst of the sky westward, and shining for three months. This comet denoted strange and various things, and many declared it foretold the coming of Charles of France, and those changes which befell Sicily and Apulia the next year. That these comets proclaim changes in kingdoms, the ancient authors bear witness in their verses, notably Statius, who writes in the first book of his *Thebaid* :

‘ *Bella quibus populis, quæ mutant sceptrâ cometæ ;*’

and Lucan, in his first book of the *Civil Wars*, says :

‘ *Ignota obscuræ viderunt sidera noctes,
Ardentemque polum flammis, cœloque volantes
Obliquas per inane faces, crinemque timendi
Sideris, et terris mutantem regna cometen.*’

Amongst other facts one was evident, to wit, that, when the star appeared, Pope Urban fell sick, and on the night when it waned he died

at Perugia, and was buried there. The coming of Charles being delayed by his death, Manfred and his followers were on the alert, reckoning that the death of the pope, who was a Frenchman, would hinder his rival's enterprise.

The papacy was vacant five months when, by God's will, Clement IV., of Saint Gilles in Provence, was chosen, a good man of holy life, given to prayer and fasting and almsgiving, what though he had hitherto been known as a layman with wife and children, and a skilful advocate in the king's court. But after his wife's death he became a priest and Archbishop of Narbonne and Cardinal of Santa Savina. He was pope four years, having favoured the project of Charles and repaired the fortunes of the Church. Charles was Count of Anjou by inheritance from his father, and Count of Provence beyond the Rhone from his wife, Count Raymond's daughter; and, as soon as he was elected King of Sicily and Apulia, he set his array in order to invade Italy as before told. But to make more clear what is to come, forasmuch as Charles was ancestor of the Kings of Sicily and Apulia sprung from the house of France, I will say somewhat of his virtues and qualities; for it is well to keep fresh the memory of so great a prince and protector of the Church. He was sage in counsel, skilful in arms, and well esteemed by all the kings of the world. He had great conceptions of great actions to be done, was steadfast in adversity, firm in his promises, of few words and many deeds, and little given to laughter. He was honest, religious, a good catholic, stern in judgment, and fierce of aspect, tall in stature, skilful in all he undertook, and kingly beyond all others. He slept little, saying that time so spent was lost. He was generous to his knights, and keen to win lands and lordships and money for the furnishing of his enterprise. Court people, such as pages and players, he held in small esteem. He bore the arms of France, gold lilies on an azure ground, with a red label above, and so far his device differed from that of the kingdom. By his wife Charles had two sons and many daughters. The elder, Charles, was lame. He was Prince of Capua, and afterwards King of Sicily. The other, Philip, was, by right of his wife, Prince of Morea, but he died young and childless, having hurt himself in bending a crossbow.

To return to the story. The exiled Guelfs of Florence were mightily heartened by the taking of Modena and Reggio, which happened as follows. The Guelfs, having been driven out of Lucca, tarried some time at Bologna in great poverty, some as foot soldiers, some horse, and some without pay of any sort. At this time it chanced that the

Guelfs and Ghibellines of Modena came to blows on the Piazza del Comune, after the way of the Lombards, and for many days they faced one another without either side getting any advantage; whereupon the Guelfs sought aid from the exiled Tuscan Guelfs in Bologna, who, like needy folk, set forth as best they could, some on horseback and some on foot, and, having come to Modena, the Guelfs inside opened a gate to them. When they reached the piazza they, like men versed in warfare, set upon the Ghibellines, who made a feeble resistance. They were routed, killed, driven out, and robbed of their goods, and with this booty the Guelfs bought them horses and arms, which they sorely needed. This happened in the year 1263. Some time after a like strife arose in Reggio; whereupon the Guelfs aforesaid marched thither, and, having made one Forese Animali their leader, they entered Reggio, and joined battle on the piazza. The fight was stubborn, for the Ghibellines of Reggio were doughty, and one of them, Cacca da Reggio, was a giant, and wondrous strong, who carried an iron mace of such weight that no one could come anear him without being overthrown or slain. He killed many and sustained the fight by his own arm. When the Guelfs saw this, they chose twelve of the bravest of their men, who should fall upon him with knives; and, after stout resistance, this brave fighter fell dead upon the piazza. The Ghibellines, seeing their champion fallen, fled, and were driven out of Reggio. Thus in brief time the Guelfs, expelled from Florence and other Tuscan lands, horsed themselves anew, and now mustered four hundred stout men-at-arms, all of whom were at Charles's service.

As soon as these heard of his coming they made haste to equip themselves properly, four hundred horsemen, all of gentle birth and versed in arms, and they sent messengers to Pope Clement to beg him commend them to Charles and to offer their services to the Church. He received them graciously, providing them with money, and desiring that the Guelfs of Florence should bear his own arms on their banner and seal, that is, a crimson eagle above a green serpent on a white field, which device they bear to this day, having added thereto a small crimson lily above the eagle's head. Under this banner they went along with the French horsemen, and proved the most valiant of all the followers of King Charles. In 1265, Charles, having assembled his knights and barons, and collected money for his journey and displayed his forces, caused Count Guy de Montfort at the head of fifteen hundred French knights to set forth for Rome by way of Lombardy. He himself, having kept Easter with King Louis and his kinsfolk, marched away and came without halt to Marseilles in Provence, where he had let pre-

pare thirty galleys, on which he embarked with all his following, and set out for Rome by sea, incurring no light danger, because Manfred had set in order at Genoa and Pisa more than eighty galleys, which kept at sea on the alert, so that Charles might not pass that way. But he, fearing nought, put out to sea, regardless of the watch kept by the foe, and quoting the saying of a certain philosopher, that 'A man prompt of purpose may overcome Fortune,' which stood him in good stead; for, while he was sailing with his fleet in the Pisan sea, he chanced to get separated from the rest, and with three other galleys came to the port of Pisa. When Count Guido Novello, Manfred's vicar in Pisa, saw what had happened, he prepared to go to the port with all his force to take Charles prisoner. But the Pisans, having seized the port and closed their gates, sent word to the vicar saying that they desired he should restore to them Cassero di Mutrone, which place he held for the people of Lucca, a place which they needed greatly, and this had to be granted before he could act. Through this delay the opportunity had passed before Count Guido sailed from Pisa; for Charles had put out far to sea, and thus escaped great danger. Then by God's pleasure he passed without hurt close to Manfred's fleet, and arrived safe and sound at the mouth of the Tiber near to Rome. His coming was so wondrous and unlooked-for that Manfred and his following would not believe it.

Great honour was done to Charles at Rome, and the pope and people made him senator; and, albeit Pope Clement was at Viterbo, he gave Charles all possible support, spiritual as well as temporal, against Manfred. But because his cavalry on its road from France was greatly hampered by Manfred, and found difficulty in joining him, Charles resolved to tarry all that summer at Rome and at Viterbo, and made plans meantime how he should enter his kingdom with his army. Count Guy de Montfort, whom Charles had made chief of the cavalry, and the countess, the wife of Charles, quitted France in the June of the year aforesaid. With De Montfort went Bernard, Count of Vendôme, and Jean his brother, Guy de Beauvais, Bishop of Auxerre, Philippe de Montfort, Guillaume and Pierre de Belmont, Robert de Bethune, son-in-law of the Count of Flanders, Gilles le Brun, Constable of France, governor and tutor of the aforesaid Robert, the Marshal of Mirepoix, Guillaume L'Etendard, and Jean Brefils, Charles's own marshal, and a valiant and courteous gentleman. These passed by Burgundy and Savoy, and, having crossed Mont Cenis, arrived at Asti in the territories of the Marchese di Monferrato, by whom they were honourably received, because he held for the Church against Manfred. By the

help of the Milanese they passed through Lombardy in armed squadrons, being somewhat in fear on the road from Piedmont to Parma, seeing that the Marchese Pallavicino was a close kinsman to Manfred, and was set with a force of Cremonese and other Lombard Ghibellines in league with Manfred to guard the passes ; but by God's pleasure the French marched on without fighting, and reached Parma. Men say, indeed, that Messer Buoso di Duera da Cremona, being bribed by the French, advised the withdrawal of Manfred's army from the opposing position they had taken up ; on which account the Cremonese in their fury made an end of the house of Duera. The French were graciously welcomed at Parma, and the exiled Guelfs of Florence, with more than four hundred well-armed horsemen, with Count Guido Guerra¹ at their head, went to meet them as far as Mantua ; and, when the French saw how well set these were with arms and horses, they marvelled amain thereat, seeing that they were exiles ; and they became close comrades. Moreover, they were escorted by the Florentines through the Lombard territory to Bologna, and through Romagna and the March and the Duchy. They dare not touch Tuscany, which was given over to the Ghibellines and to Manfred ; wherefore they spent much time on the way, and did not reach Rome before the December of the year aforesaid.

Count Charles was glad at the sight of them at Rome, and forthwith let prepare for his coronation. He was consecrated in Rome on the day of Epiphany by two cardinal legates sent by the pope, and he and his wife were crowned sovereigns of Sicily and Apulia. The feasting over, he tarried not to lead his army through the Campagna towards Apulia, winning the greater part of the Campagna without any resistance. King Manfred, when he heard of the coming of King Charles and the French, and how they had penetrated so far through the ill conduct of his forces, was greatly angered, and spent all his care in guarding the passes into his dominions. At the bridge of Ceprano he stationed the Counts of Giordano and Caserta, who were from Acquino, and with them a great company of horse and foot. At San Germano he posted the main body of his Germans, Apulians, and Saracens of Nocera with bows and crossbows, trusting more to this defence than to any other, on account of the strength of the position and the site, which lay between lofty mountains and a marsh, and was victualled for more than two years. When Manfred had set the passes in defence, he sent envoys to Charles with propositions for peace or a truce, and when these had

¹ Dante, *Inf.*, xvi.

delivered their errand, King Charles gave answer by word, and said : ' I wish for nothing so much as a battle in which one of us shall fall. If I kill Manfred, I shall send him to hell ; if he kills me, I shall go to paradise.' Thereupon he advanced at once, and at Frosolone in the Campagna he descended upon Ceprano. Count Giordano, who guarded the pass, would fain have defended it when he saw the king's forces advancing, but the Count of Caserta advised that they should let pass certain of the French, whom they might capture easily beyond the pass. Count Giordano, deeming the advice good, consented, and when he saw that many of the French had issued from the pass, he was minded to attack ; but the Count of Caserta, who had turned traitor, affirmed that the risk was too great, seeing that so many had made their way through. Then Count Giordano, perceiving the strength of the foe, abandoned the field and the bridge, either because of fear or because of the treachery of the Count of Caserta. This man had little love for Manfred, who in his unbridled lust had lain forcibly with the wife of the aforesaid count, who was mightily affronted thereanent, and desired to avenge himself by betraying his leader. Wherefore, having left Ceprano, the leaders did not return to San Germano, but withdrew to their castles. After King Charles had taken Ceprano, he captured Acquino without opposition, and the rock of Arci, the strongest place in the country, and then advanced on San Germano, the garrison of which, because the place was strong and well victualled, made light of King Charles's forces, and, by way of disparagement, called out to the knaves who watered the horses, ' And where is your Carlotto ?' Whereupon the French varlets began to bicker with those inside the town, and the whole host of the French was on the alert on account of the uproar, fearing lest the camp should be assailed, and running armed towards the field. The men of the town kept not due watch, and were too late in gaining the wall. Meantime the French delivered a fierce assault, and attacked in several places, those who had no better shields taking the saddles from their horses and advancing with these on their heads towards the wall. The Count of Vendôme and his brother were the first to arm themselves. They went after the varlets of Manfred, who had come out to skirmish, and in pursuit they followed them through a little door which had been opened for retreat. They ran into great danger, because the gate was strongly guarded, and many of the count's men were killed or wounded ; but he and his brother fought so stoutly that they held the gate, and entered and set their standard on the wall. The exiled Guelfs of Florence followed under the Count Guido Guerra, with Messer Staldo

Giacopi de' Rossi as standard-bearer, and they fought wondrously well. Then those outside took courage, and many entered; when the garrison, seeing the standard of the foe on the walls, fled, and only a few remained to fight. In this battle the host of King Charles won the whole of San Germano, and the day was the 10th of February, 1266.

This feat was deemed a wonderful one, because of the strength of the place, and because of its garrison of a thousand horse and five thousand foot, many of them Saracens of Nocera. But the night before a quarrel arose between the Christians and the Saracens, wherefore they were not well set for the defence of the place. This strife arose partly by God's will, and was in a measure the reason of the fall of the town. Many of Manfred's army were killed or taken, and Charles let his soldiers rest there awhile. Manfred, hearing of this loss and of the retreat of his beaten army, was greatly dismayed, and took counsel of the Count of Calvagno and others as to what he should do, and these urged him to fall back with all his force on Benevento, so as to accept battle on his own ground; to retreat towards Apulia, and also to bar the way to Charles, who could only enter Naples and Apulia by way of Benevento; and this was done. When Charles heard that Manfred was at Benevento he marched from San Germano in pursuit of him, avoiding the direct road by Capua and the Terra di Lavoro, because the bridge of Capua with its strong towers barred the way. The stream was in flood; so he marched by Lisi over the rough roads of the mountains of Benevento. He lost no time, being very short of munitions, and by midday approached Benevento by the valley opposite the city, about two miles from the river Calore which runs below. Manfred, when he saw the approach of King Charles, determined to give battle, and to lead his horse to attack King Charles and his wearied troops, but in this he acted unwisely; for, had he tarried a day or two, he might have seen his foe dead or captive without striking a blow, through lack of victual. In sooth, for several days divers of the French soldiers had lived on horseflesh, and the gold was all spent. The forces of Manfred were scattered, Conrad of Antioch being in Abruzzi, Count Frederic in Calabria, and the Count of Vintimiglia in Sicily; wherefore, had he waited till his forces had been joined, he must have won the day; but God takes away the wits of those whom He dooms to evil.

Manfred went forth with his army in three divisions, and crossed the river at Santa Maria della Bradella, at the spot called the red rock. The first division was of burly Germans, twelve hundred horsemen led by Count Calvagno; the second of Italians and Lombards, and a few

Germans also, a thousand strong, led by Count Giordano; and the third of Apulians and Saracens of Nocera, under Manfred himself, numbering fourteen hundred cavaliers, not counting the archers and footmen, who were many. Charles, when he saw that Manfred had set his host in order of battle, took counsel as to whether he should accept battle at once, or tarry somewhat. The greater part of his barons advised delay, to let the horses recover the fatigue of their heavy march; but Messer Gilles le Brun, the Constable of France, advised otherwise, declaring that delay would cause Manfred to take heart, that they were without supplies, and that, even though the rest held back, he and Robert of Flanders and his troop would try the risk of battle, for they trusted that God would give them victory over the foes of the Church. Having heard this counsel, King Charles gave heed thereto, and, being ardent for battle, spake thus to his barons, 'Come on boldly, for God is on our side, and we shall surely conquer.' Then he bade the trumpets sound, and that all should array themselves for the fight. He quickly set his host in three divisions: the first, a thousand French horsemen under Philippe de Montfort and the Marshal of Mirepoix; the second was led by King Charles and Count Guy de Montfort, and therein were many barons of Rome and Provence and nine hundred cavaliers, the royal banner being carried by Messer Guillaume, a worthy gentleman; and the third, seven hundred cavaliers, Picards and Flemings, was under Robert, Count of Flanders, and Gilles, Constable of France. Besides these were the exiled Guelfs of Florence and divers other Italians, four hundred cavaliers in all, many of them sprung from the great houses of Florence, and honoured by knighthood from King Charles himself. The standard was borne by Messer Corrado Montemagno of Pistoia.

As soon as Manfred saw this array he inquired about this last-named squadron, because it appeared so well provided with arms and horses, and it was told him how these were exiled Guelfs of Florence; whereupon Manfred cried in lamentation, 'Where is the succour I get from the Ghibellines, whom I have served so well?' and he went on to say, 'That troop cannot possibly suffer hurt to-day,' meaning thereby that, should he conquer, he would show himself friendly to the Florentines who had been so loyal to their leader. The armies of the two kings being thus set in array in the plain of Randella, each charged his men to bear themselves worthily, and King Charles gave as his battle-cry 'Montjoi' and King Manfred 'Soala.' The Bishop of Auxerre, the pope's legate, gave blessing and absolution to all of King Charles's host, because they fought for the Church; and then the leading squadrons, the

French and the Germans, met in sharp onset. The Germans attacked fiercely, and handled the French so severely that they had to fall back; whereupon Charles, perceiving things were going amiss for him, changed his plan, which was to trust the fortunes of the day to the second squadron, saying to himself that if the French, who made up the first, and in whom he chiefly relied, should be routed, he could hope for little aid from the others. Wherefore he rushed with his own division to support the French against the Germans; and, as soon as the troop of the Guelfs saw how he was throwing himself into the fray, they followed him, and did wondrous service that day, keeping anear the king, as did the good Gilles, the Constable of France, and Robert of Flanders, and his division. On the other side Count Giordano led his company to the attack, and then the fight grew sharp and bitter, and lasted long, so that it was hard to say which side was winning, forasmuch as the Germans, using their swords with great strength and valour, wrought sore havoc with the French, in whose ranks a great cry arose, 'Shorten your swords and stab the horses;' and this was done, whereupon the Germans were speedily discomfited, and, many being slain, the squadron took to flight. King Manfred with his body of Apulians went to the rescue, and, when he saw that his Germans could no longer bear the brunt of battle, he heartened the Apulians to follow him; but his words were ill received, and the greater part of the barons fled, amongst these being the chamberlain, the Count della Cora, those of Caserta, and others. This they did either through baseness of spirit as soon as they saw that Manfred was being worsted, or through treachery, like faithless folk desirous of a new lord, and, having forsaken Manfred, they fled, some towards Abruzzo and some to Benevento.

Manfred, being left with a few followers, willed, like a brave king, rather to die in battle than to fly shamefully, and, having donned his helmet, in which he carried a silver eagle as crest, this crest fell on his saddlebow, whereupon those who saw the same cried out to the barons around him, 'Certes, this is a sign from God.' He valiantly threw himself into the fight, but his followers soon gave way, for they had already turned to flee. Manfred was slain in the midst of the fray—some say by the hand of a French esquire, but no one knows the truth. In this battle many fell on either side, but the greater loss was amongst Manfred's troops, who, flying towards Benevento, were pursued by the soldiers of Charles, and, as night had fallen, they entered the place, and the soldiers of Charles having forced a passage at the same time, the city was captured. Many of Manfred's leaders were taken, Count Giordano

and Messer Pietro degli Uberti, whom Charles sent prisoners to Provence, and slew them in the prison of Aspra Morte. Other German and Apulian barons he imprisoned in divers places, and afterwards he took the wife and the children and the sister of Manfred, who were given up to him by the Saracens of Nocera, and these died in prison. Truly Manfred was accursed of God, and a manifest judgment was wrought upon him, seeing that he was an excommunicated foe of the Church. They searched three days for his body in vain, and no one knew if he were dead, or taken, or in flight, because he had not worn his kingly crest. At last a rough country fellow recognized him by certain marks on his body, and, having thrown the corpse across an ass, he went crying, 'Who will buy Manfred?' wherefore he was well beaten by one of King Charles's barons. The body having been taken before Charles, he called for certain of the captured barons of Manfred's following, and asked if this were their leader; whereto they, being full of fear, replied that it was, and Count Giordano, covering his face with his hands, cried out with tears, 'Alas, alas, my lord!' wherefore the French praised him greatly. Divers of the barons spake Manfred's praise, and begged King Charles to give his body burial. The king answered, 'Were he not excommunicated I would do what is due to him, but I am not minded that one excommunicated should be laid in hallowed ground.' On this account Manfred was buried at the bridge of Benevento, and every man in the camp cast upon the grave a stone, and made a mighty heap; but some say that, by command of the pope, the Bishop of Cosenza caused the body to be dug up, and sent it out of the kingdom, which was held to belong to the Church, and that it was buried by the river Verde. This battle was fought on Friday, the 6th of February, 1265.

After the defeat and death of Manfred the followers of Charles reaped rich spoil, especially from the domains held by Manfred's barons, and soon all the lands of the kingdom and of Apulia, and wellnigh all the island of Sicily, gave obedience to Charles, whose barons were invested with the lordships aforesaid. Having entered Naples, Charles was received with great honour, and he dismounted at the castle of Capua, built by the Emperor Frederic, in which he found Manfred's treasure. This he caused to be brought forth and laid on a carpet before himself, and the queen, and Messer Beltramo del Balzo, bidding Beltramo bring a balance and divide the treasure, giving each one some part thereof. But the high-souled Beltramo cried, 'What have I to do with scales and the parting of your treasure?' Then he leapt up, and divided the treasure with his foot into three heaps, and said, 'One part for the

king, one for the queen, and one for your barons;’ whereupon the king made him Count of Vellino. Soon King Charles grew weary of the German mode of life, and built a new castle in the French fashion near to San Pietro, on the other side of Naples, and then he liberated all the Apulian barons, and gave to many of them lands and heritages, so as to win more favour in the land; but with many of these his efforts miscarried, as will appear from what will be told hereafter concerning the sinister conduct of certain Apulian barons towards him. Shortly after he had won the kingdom, his cousin Arrigo, the second son of the King of Spain, who had been in the service of the King of Tunis, heard of what his cousin had done, and crossed from Tunis to Apulia with more than eight hundred valiant Spanish horsemen. King Charles received him graciously, taking him into his service, conferring upon him the senatorship of Rome, which he himself had vacated, and making him warden of the Campagna. Don Arrigo had gathered great wealth in Tunis, and he lent to King Charles, who lacked money, forty thousand golden doubloons which he never recovered, and in consequence there arose great strife, which was further aggravated by the endeavour of Don Arrigo to get from the Church the island of Sardinia. King Charles coveted this likewise, and by reason of their quarrel neither got it.

Through this strife Don Arrigo made of the king an enemy; but he had some right on his side, for Charles had all the land he wanted, and ought to have consented to let his cousin have some likewise, but envy and greed prevented him. Don Arrigo declared, ‘He shall slay me, or I him;’ and it came to pass that Charles, now master of all, sent back the Guelfs to Florence, which city was granted to him for ten years. He marched into Tuscany, drove out the Florentine Ghibellines, laid siege to Pisa and Siena, and recovered much territory for the commune of Florence. Meantime the Ghibelline exiles made a league with the Sienese and the Pisans, and Don Arrigo and divers barons of Sicily and Apulia, to seize upon certain lands there, and they sent to summon from Germany Conradin, son of Conrad, the son of the Emperor Frederic, to descend upon Italy and wrest the kingdom from Charles. Straightway Nocera, which was held by the Saracens, and the Terra di Lavoro, much of Calabria, all Abruzzi save Aquila, and all Sicily except Messina and Palermo, rose in revolt. Don Arrigo stirred up the Romans, the Campagna, and the parts thereabout, while the Sienese and Pisans sent to Conradin a hundred thousand florins to urge him on. Conradin, who was but a youth, set out against the will of his mother, a daughter of the Duke of Austria, and came to Verona with many barons and

worthy men-at-arms in February, 1267. It is said that nearly ten thousand horsemen followed him as far as Verona for the sake of pay, and returned thence to Germany through lack of money, but three thousand five hundred of the best adhered to him. They marched by Pavia through Lombardy to the coast of Genoa, and, having come to Savona, they embarked by help of the Genoese and landed at Pisa, where Conradin was received by the Italian Ghibellines almost as an emperor. King Charles, having heard of Conradin's approach, and how the traitor barons of Sicily, whom he had released, had rebelled, quitted Tuscany for Apulia with all speed, leaving in Florence Guillaume de Belleforêt, his marshal, with eight hundred French men-at-arms, to hold the city to his cause, and set himself to bar the advance of Conradin.

Pope Clement forthwith despatched to Conradin two legates, who charged him under pain of excommunication to halt and do nought against King Charles, the champion of the Church. But Conradin would not let go his enterprise nor obey the legates, deeming the kingdom of Sicily and Apulia to be his patrimony; wherefore he fell under the ban of the Church, of which he made light. At Pisa he levied money and soldiers, and all the Ghibellines of the imperial party joined him. He remained ten days in camp at Lucca, and then marched on Poggibonzi, which had revolted from Charles, and next to Siena, where the people made him sovereign. The marshal of Charles, marching from Florence to Arezzo, was overthrown by Conradin, wherefore all the Ghibellines rejoiced greatly; and Conradin, after tarrying at Siena, went to Rome, where he was greeted by the Romans and Don Arrigo as emperor with the highest honours. Here he raised more men and money, and pillaged the treasuries of Saint Peter's and other churches, and found himself at the head of over twelve thousand horsemen, German and Italian, besides the eight hundred stout cavaliers of Don Arrigo. When he heard that Charles was at Nocera in Apulia, he marched from Rome on the 10th of August with Don Arrigo and his force, avoiding the Campagna because Ceprano was well guarded, and taking the mountain road through Abruzzi and the valley of Colle, and came safely to Tagliacozzo in the plain of San Valentino. Charles, having heard of Conradin's march, advanced with his army from Nocera, and found his adversary at early dawn. Then he assembled his forces at Aquila, and after he had conferred with the townsfolk, he exhorted them to remain loyal and to victual his army; whereupon an old and wise burgher rose and said, ' King Charles, have done with counselling, and turn not from the task before you for the sake of resting

yourself. Delay not to attack your foe, and stop his further advance. We will be true and loyal.' The king, struck by this wise advice, advanced forthwith and encountered the foe on the plain of San Valentino. He had with him less than three thousand horsemen; wherefore Messer Alardo dei Valori, seeing the superiority of Conradin's host, advised the king that if he would conquer he must use strategy rather than force; and the king, trusting to Alardo's counsel, let him marshal the army as he would.

He made three divisions of the host; one under Messer Arrigo di Consanes, a horseman stout and tall, whom he caused to be clad in the king's own raiment, and the soldiers were Provençals, Tuscans, and Campagnini. Jean de Croi and Guillaume L'Etendard led the next division, composed of Frenchmen; and the Provençals were set to guard the river to keep Conradin from crossing. The last division, eight hundred knights of the flower of the army, was led by the king himself, and was placed ambushed in a valley, Alardo and Guglielmo di Villa Ordovina being with the same. Conradin made of his army three squadrons; the first of Germans under the Duke of Austria, the second of Italians under Count Calvagno, and the third of Spaniards under Don Arrigo. While the armies stood thus breast to breast, the barons who had forsaken Charles, by way of terrifying him, caused certain men, who feigned to be envoys of the town of Aquila, to be brought into Conradin's camp with the keys of the city and rich presents, and messages saying how the town council had sent them to offer him the lordship and their own true service, so that he might rescue them from the hands of King Charles. Whereupon Conradin's host, judging this to be the truth, raised a fresh shout of joy, and this shout, being heard by the soldiers of Charles, made them fear amain lest they should fall short of victuals; and the king himself, being informed thereof, became mightily anxious, and set forth by night with a small following and reached Aquila before morning. He asked the guards for whom they held the town, and they replied, 'For King Charles.' He entered, and, without dismounting, bade them keep good watch, and returned to the army in the early morning, and went to rest himself from the fatigue of his double journey.

Conradin, believing incorrectly that Aquila had revolted to him, drew together his force with great shouting, and advanced to cross the river and give battle; whereupon the king set his force in array as above related. The Provençals, under Messer Arrigo di Consanes, guarded the bridge against the Spaniards of Don Arrigo, who, finding the river



low, crossed it by a ford and began to surround the Provençals. When Conradin saw how the Spaniards had crossed, he advanced fiercely to the attack and soon put to rout the Provençal division. The king's standard fell, and Messer Arrigo was slain. Don Arrigo deemed that it was the king himself who had fallen, because he wore the royal robes. The Provençals being routed, Conradin next defeated the French and the Italians, because his men were fierce fighters and double in numbers to the foe. The troops of Charles, when they saw this disaster, took to flight, and the Germans, deeming the day won, and witting not the craft of Charles, began to spread over the field for plunder. The king, with Alardo dei Valori and Guy de Montfort, stood on the hill above the valley where lay his division to watch the battle, and when he saw his forces routed one after the other, he was like to die of grief, and desired to move his division to the rescue; but Messer Alardo, a practised leader, restrained him with temperate counsel, saying, 'For God's sake endure a while longer if you would win the day,' for he knew the greed of the Germans and their lust for spoil, and he was fain to wait till more of them should go plundering. Then, when he saw they were all scattered, he said to the king, 'Now advance, for the time has come.' When this division issued from the valley, Conradin and the others believed it to be one of their own, and kept no guard; but when the king and his well-set force moved against Conradin's squadron, a fierce fight ensued, which, however, did not last long, since Conradin's men were weary with fighting, and he had not so many well-found horsemen as the king, and his ranks were broken by the dispersal of his soldiers in the hunt for prisoners and spoil. Conradin's forces waned fast under this unexpected assault, while those of Charles increased, forasmuch as the soldiers who had fled at first rejoined his divisions as soon as they beheld the king's standard. Conradin soon saw that the fortune of war was against him, and, under the advice of his chief barons, he and the Duke of Austria, and Count Gualferano, and Count Calvagno, and Count Gherardo da Pisa, and many others, took to flight. Messer Alardo dei Valori, when he saw the foe in flight, cried aloud to the king and the leaders of the divisions that they should not follow the enemy, fearing lest Conradin's soldiers should take them in an ambush, but should stand close ranked on the field; and it was done as he counselled.

It happened that Don Arrigo, who with his Spaniards and Germans had followed into a valley the Provençals and Italians who had first been routed, observed not the company of King Charles nor the rout of

Conradin ; thus, when he returned to the field and beheld the king, he deemed he saw Conradin and his following ; but having descended the hill he recognized the standard of the French, and was overcome with confusion. Being a leader of parts, he drew his men together to a halt ; whereupon Charles held off from the attack for divers reasons, because his troop was weary with fighting, and because he was not minded to push his advantage to excess ; thus they stood facing one another some time. Messer Alardo then said to the king that they must needs break up the squadron opposed to them in order to work its overthrow, and the king let him go his way ; whereupon he, with thirty or forty of the stoutest of his barons, left the ranks as if for flight, as he had instructed them. When the Spaniards saw this they cried out full of hope, ‘ They fly ! ’ and began to separate for pursuit ; while Charles, marking how the Spanish ranks were broken, charged briskly into their midst. Messer Alardo with his barons turned back warily, and a stubborn fight began, which lasted long, for the Spaniards were so well armoured that sword strokes failed to fell them, and they reassembled again and again, according to their wont. The Frenchmen with great daring seized them in their arms to hurl them from their horses, as in a tournament, and thus in a short time they were broken and in flight, many being slain. Don Arrigo fled with some others to Monte Cassino, proclaiming the defeat of King Charles, but the abbot, who was lord of those parts, knew Don Arrigo, and perceived clearly that he was a beaten fugitive, so he made prisoners of him and his following. King Charles kept on the field fully armed all through the night to collect stragglers and to make the victory sure. This battle was on the vigil of Saint Bartholomew in the year 1268. Charles built a rich abbey for the sake of the souls of those of his troops who had fallen, which abbey was called Santa Maria della Vittoria.

A wonderful thing happened concerning this battle fought upon the vigil of Saint Bartholomew—for by reason of the many rallies and changes it was night before it was known who had won. When, on the saint’s day, Pope Clement was preaching at Viterbo, a thought entered his mind, and all the people marked how he was sunk in contemplation for some time. Then, having roused himself, he quitted the subject of his sermon, and cried, ‘ Run into the streets, and seize the foes of the Church, who are overthrown.’ Now no news could have come to him in so short a time, for only one night had passed, and that battlefield was more than a hundred miles distant ; indeed, a whole day elapsed before tidings came, and many held for certain that the pope was informed of

the victory by divine inspiration. Conradin, and the Duke of Austria and others, after their flight came to a seaport on the Roman shore called Asturi, which was under the Frangiapani, nobles of Rome. Here they let prepare a light bark for flight to Sicily, deeming they might thus escape King Charles, as Sicily was wellnigh in revolt from him; but, being recognized by one of the Frangiapani, this man took them prisoners to Charles, who for this service gave to the Frangiapani the lordship of Pilosa between Naples and Benevento. Charles, having his foes in hold, took counsel what he should do with them, and resolved to put them to death, which he did by judicial inquiry as to their acts, condemning them as traitors to the crown and foes of the Church. Thus Conradin, the Duke of Austria, Counts Calvagno, Gualferano, and Gherardo, and Count Bartolomeo and his two sons, were beheaded at Naples in the market-place, beside the brook running by the church of the Carmine. And the king forbade their burial in hallowed earth, since they were excommunicated persons, but dug graves for them in the sandpits above the market-place. Thus with Conradin ended the race of Swabia, which aforetime produced such mighty kings and emperors. Certes, reason and experience as well teach us that whosoever goes against the Church must suffer, besides excommunication, an evil end both of soul and body. Although the commune of Florence may have had differences with the Church, such differences have been the work of evil rulers, by which unseemly things have been brought to pass, and little by little great changes have occurred, as all men know.

Charles was strongly blamed by the pope and cardinals, and by all men of understanding, for putting Conradin to death, seeing that he was a prisoner of war and not a traitor, and that it would have been wiser to keep him in hold than to slay him. Some, indeed, affirm that the pope was privy to his death, but this cannot be true, as he was a holy man. Again, by reason of the innocence of Conradin, who was in his youth sentenced to death, God began to work in marvellous wise against King Charles, letting divers troubles come upon him soon afterwards, what time he deemed himself at the height of his fortunes. Robert, son of the Count of Flanders and son-in-law of Charles, having read the doom of Conradin, smote with a dagger the judge who had given the same, and slew him, saying that it was unlawful to sentence to death so great and noble a gentleman. The judge's death was unpunished, because Robert was in high favour with the king, and all the barons deemed that he had acted rightly. The abbot of Monte Cassino, who had taken Don Arrigo, gave him up to Charles under promise that his life should

be spared, so that he as a churchman might not be guilty of aught that was irregular. Wherefore the king, to keep faith with the abbot and because Don Arrigo was his cousin, slew him not, but doomed him to perpetual captivity in the castle of Monte Santa Maria in Apulia, but many of his rebel barons he killed by divers tortures. After Conradin's defeat all parts of the kingdom which had revolted surrendered without opposition, and the king dealt out evil fate to many of the rebel leaders. He sent Guy de Montfort and his brother Philippe, and Guillaume de Belmont, to Sicily, with a great fleet and a strong force of French horsemen, to subdue the revolted places of the island, the rebel leader being Corrado Capaccie, of the stock of the Emperor Frederic, who with his band held the country against Charles. After the aforesaid leaders had landed they conquered the rebel provinces, and captured Corrado, whom they blinded and hanged, and many others fared the same. When these were dead all the island returned to the sway of Charles, who reorganized the kingdom of Sicily and Apulia, rewarding his barons who had done him service with land and lordship.

It chanced that Louis, King of France, brother of Charles, sailed to Tunis against the Saracens, where he and many other Christians died; whereupon King Charles went thither with a great fleet and made terms with the King of Tunis, to wit, that all the Christian prisoners in Tunis should be set free; that churches and monasteries in which the holy office might be said should be built; that Christ's gospel should be proclaimed by minor and preaching friars, and that any Saracen who might wish to be baptized a Christian should have free leave therefor, and that the King of Tunis should pay every year to King Charles twenty thousand golden doubloons. But some say that Charles made the best terms he could, having fear of the bad air of Tunis, and departed at once for Italy. In the year 1269 this Charles was the most potent and famous king in arms and counsel of all Christendom, and, at the prayer of the Emperor Baldwin, his son-in-law, whom Palæologus had driven out of Constantinople, he undertook a famous expedition for the conquest of the realm aforesaid, so that with this city in his possession he might more easily regain the Holy Land; wherefore he prepared a hundred light galleys, and twenty great ships, and two hundred transports for horses, and divers other barks, by his own abundant wealth and that of the Church, and by the aid of the King of France, and called upon the French and Italians and Venetians to join him. With this fleet and upwards of forty counts and ten thousand horsemen he prepared to set forth, and next year this expedition would certes have met with no opposition, seeing that

Palæologus had no sea or land force capable of withstanding it, and much of Greece was in revolt, but by God's pleasure this project was marred through the insolence of the French, who were so elated by the victory of Charles that they treated the Sicilians and Apulians as slaves, wherefore divers of the nobles rebelled, and amongst them was Messer Giovanni da Procida, a gentleman of great wisdom and parts.

He carefully and diligently set to work to nullify the preparations of Charles, and met with no small success. He went privily to Constantinople to Palæologus, who had now regained the throne, and pointed out to him in what great peril he stood by reason of the forces of King Charles and Baldwin and the Church. Messer Giovanni went on to declare how, if the emperor would trust him and open his purse, he would mar this project, and stir up a revolt in Sicily by means of the nobles thereof, who disliked the rule of the French, and by the help of the King of Aragon, declaring to Palæologus that the king aforesaid would certes undertake the task of reclaiming the heritage of his wife, Manfred's daughter. Palæologus followed this advice, albeit he nursed but small hopes of success, for he knew the great power of Charles, and sent to Sicily envoys with money and rich presents. These forthwith began to discuss the matter with Messer Alamo da Lentino, and Messer Palmiere Abati, and Messer Gualtiero di Catalogna, the chief nobles of the island hostile to King Charles. These gentlemen gave to the envoys letters to the King of Aragon, begging him to come and deliver them from slavery, and offering him their allegiance. This done, Messer Giovanni repaired to Rome disguised as a minor friar, and contrived to get speech with Pope Nicolas III. at the castle of Soriana; there he explained the matter in hand, and, having saluted the pope on behalf of Palæologus, gave him a rich gift, and, as some say, secretly incited him against King Charles by means of this present of money.¹ Another reason for the pope's hostility was that Charles had already refused to allow matrimonial alliance between the pope's family and his own, wherefore the pope, as long as he lived, opposed the king both privily and openly. Then Messer Giovanni departed, bearing letters under the pope's secret seal, and went with the ambassadors to the King of Aragon in Catalonia in the year 1280, and when the king had read the letters of the pope promising aid, and of the Sicilian barons

¹ "chè tu se' ben punito :
E guarda ben la mal tolta moneta,
Ch'esser ti fece contra Carlo ardito."

DANTE, *Inferno*, xix.

promising revolt, and of Palæologus, he privily accepted the task, and sent back Messer Giovanni and the envoys that they might occupy themselves in organizing the campaign, and remit to him money to pay for the equipment of the fleet.

At this point progress was arrested by the death of Pope Nicolas, who died in the month of August, and the next year Messer Giovanni with the envoys went once more to Catalonia, with prayers to King Pedro to ally himself with Palæologus, to accept the lordship of Sicily, and to begin war against Charles. Moreover, they handed to him a vast sum of money in order that he might prepare his fleet and the promised expedition, and presented fresh letters from Palæologus and from the barons of Sicily. King Pedro waited some time to deliberate on account of the death of Pope Nicolas, the foe of Charles, which event had disturbed him greatly, but he was at last brought to a decision by the wise and persuasive words of Messer Giovanni, who showed what great injury it was to him that the French had slain his great grandfather, and that Charles had slain Manfred and Conradin, Manfred's nephew; that he himself, both by law and inheritance, could claim the lordship of Apulia through his wife Costanza, Manfred's daughter, pointing out to him how the Sicilians were fain of him as sovereign, and promising to raise the island in rebellion against Charles.

When the King of Aragon saw the great treasure sent by Palæologus, he, being ambitious of winning new lands, swore afresh like a bold and valiant gentleman that he would forward this project secretly by the hands of the ambassadors and of Messer Giovanni, charging the last-named to return to Sicily and set his plans in order, and promising to let his fleet be on the seas in due time, and this he did. When Pedro had thus sworn and taken the money, thirty thousand ounces of gold, independent of the sum which Palæologus had promised him as soon as he should be landed in Sicily, he equipped his fleet and took many knights and mariners into his pay, reporting that he was bound to fight against the Saracens.

Rumours of these preparations having been noised abroad, Philip, King of France, the brother-in-law of the King of Aragon, sent envoys to inquire in what land and against what Saracens they were to be used, promising aid of men and money. King Pedro would not disclose his plans, replying that he was surely going to war against the Saracens, but in what place he could not yet reveal. This, however, would soon be known to all the world, and meantime the King of France might send him forty thousand *tornesi*, which thing was straightway done; but the

King of France suspected some Catalan villainy in Pedro, albeit he knew him to be eager and courageous, and sent word to Charles, his uncle, to have a care of his lands; whereupon Charles let Pope Martin know of the King of Aragon's preparations and of the message of the King of France. Then Martin sent Fra Jacopo, a learned friar, to Pedro to inquire where he proposed to fight the Saracens, and to say that the pope desired to know this, so that he might lend his aid to an enterprise very dear to the Church, adding a command that Pedro should not attack any Christian power. The king charged the friar to thank the pope for his generous offer. He could not, however, give any hint as to whither he was bound; and further declared that, if one of his hands knew what the other was fain to do, he would cut it off; whereupon the friar, having failed to learn more, took back these words to King Charles and the pope, who were mightily displeased therewith. But King Charles, being very haughty and conscious of his power, said scornfully to the pope, 'Did I not tell you that Pedro of Aragon was a rogue and a thief?' forgetting the proverb, 'If you have lost your nose, put your hand over the place.' Furthermore, he took no care to inquire as to what was being done in Sicily.

In 1282, on Easter Monday, the 30th of March, all the barons who were agreed with Messer Giovanni da Procida came, as he had given direction, to keep Easter at Palermo; and when the citizens, male and female, as was their wont, went on foot and on horseback to the festival of Monreale, some three miles from the city, the French and the commandant of King Charles went likewise. It happened by the working of God's adversary that an insolent Frenchman made as if to deal dishonourably with a Palermitan lady, who began to cry aloud; whereupon the people rose against the French, and a great fight took place, in which many on both sides were wounded. The Palermitans being worsted fled to the city, and then all the citizens assembled in arms on the piazza, crying, 'Death to the French!' as it had been arranged by the leaders of the revolt. After they had attacked the castle they slew the judge sent by King Charles, and a like fate befell all the French in the houses or churches within the city or without, all being killed without mercy. Then the barons aforesaid quitted Palermo, and each did the like in his own place, so that all the French in the island were slain, save in Messina, where the populace delayed their rebellion some days; but, being stirred up by a letter of the people of Palermo, telling of their wrongs and exhorting the men of Messina to strike for liberty, they rose and outdid the Palermitans in their rage against the French,

of whom they killed more than four hundred, while in the whole island more than four thousand were slain. This trouble spread through the island, and caused to King Charles the greatest loss of men and money.

The Archbishop of Monreale quickly sent to the pope and to King Charles news of this disaster, and when King Charles heard the same he was mightily disturbed, both in mind and seeming, and cried out : ‘ Lord God, since it has pleased Thee to send upon me this ill fortune, take away my life as well.’ Then he sought aid and counsel of Pope Martin and the cardinals, who condoled with him and heartened him to recover what he had lost, first by peace, and, failing this, by arms, and promised him all aid in their power, spiritual as well as temporal, as to a son and champion of the Church. The pope sent a legate into Sicily with divers letters and protests to treat for peace, while the Cardinal of Parma, a wise and virtuous churchman, went with King Charles into Apulia. Likewise King Charles made his plaint to the King of France, and sent his son to beg help from him, and the Count of Artois, and the other barons of France. This prince met with gracious reception, and the King of France spake thus : ‘ I am greatly afearred that this evil may have come about through the seeking of the King of Aragon ; for when he began to arm I lent him forty thousand *tornesi*, begging him to inform me whither he was bound, but this he refused to do. But I will forswear my crown rather than let so great treason to the house of France go unavenged.’ Then he bade the prince return to Apulia, and with him he despatched the Count of Lauzun of the royal house, and many other counts and barons and horsemen to help King Charles. At this juncture it seemed to the Palermitans and to others of the island that their affairs were going amiss, for they had heard of King Charles’s preparations against them ; wherefore they sent an embassy of friars and priests to beg pardon of Pope Martin, and these, in delivering their message, said only, ‘ *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis,*’ and the pope in full consistory answered them simply by the words, ‘ *Ave, rex Judeorum, et dabant ei alapam,*’ whereupon they departed greatly troubled in mind.

Charles, having assembled his army to attack Messina, received aid from all his friends, and above all from the commune of Florence, which sent fifty knights fully equipped and fifty noble youths of the best houses of the city who desired to win knighthood. Besides these were five hundred well-furnished men-at-arms, and all were under Count Guido da Batifole. They arrived at Catona in Calabria, where they met

King Charles with his forces on the way to attack Messina. When he saw the company sent to him by the Florentines, he thanked them, feeling that they were supporting him nobly, and he received them graciously and gave knighthood to divers of them. The king with his army and more than a hundred and thirty great ships and galleys set forth from Brindisi, and arrived before Messina on the 6th of July, 1282. Having taken the field between Vermena and Santa Maria di Rocca Maggiore, he advanced to Paleari near to Messina, while the fleet anchored at Faro opposite the port. He attacked the foe with more than five thousand men-at-arms and a countless mass of fighting men, and surrounded the place. Then the people of Messina began to fear sorely, seeing themselves abandoned, for the succour of the King of Aragon seemed vain and remote; wherefore they sent envoys to King Charles, begging him to pardon them for God's sake, and to send them out of the land. The disdainful king willed not to show mercy on them, but defied them to death as traitors to Church and crown, and bade them defend themselves, since he would come to no terms with them; so, when they heard this hostile reply they knew not what to do, and for four days held debate whether they should resist or no.

Just then the king ordered the Counts of Brienne and Belfort to advance upon Faro with eight hundred horse and many more foot soldiers, and he likewise laid waste the country on the other side of the city; whereupon certain of the Messinans with some of the people of Melazzo sallied forth in defence, but when they met the foe some fled back to Messina and some to Melazzo. Charles's soldiers in pursuit entered Melazzo likewise, and took the place; and, when the Messinans knew this, they sent to the legate begging him to come and make the peace for them. He went and gave to the commune the pope's letter, which rebuked their folly in rising against King Charles in these terms: 'Cruel and treacherous Sicilians, Pope Martin III. sends due greeting to you, as breakers of the peace, slayers of Christians, and shedders of our brothers' blood. We command you, on reading this letter, to restore your city to our son and champion, Charles, King of Sicily, and to obey us and him as lawful sovereigns. In default you will be interdicted and excommunicated, according to the divine law, by the announcement of our spiritual doom.' Having read the letter the cardinal ordered them to come to terms with the pope and king under pain of spiritual penalties. Whereupon the Messinans chose for conference with the legate thirty good citizens, with power to treat, and they proposed these terms: that the king should forgive all their offences, that they should restore to him

the city, paying him annually the tribute paid by their forefathers to King William, that they desired to be under Latin and not French rule, and that they would give him their obedience.

These terms the legate sent to the king, begging him to accept them and accord his pardon, for the rebels would perhaps stiffen their demand, and the longer he delayed the worse terms he might have to make. He sent also the letters of the citizens themselves. The king having read the same was angered, and cried savagely, 'These subjects and adversaries of ours ask for accommodation, and to enjoy such rule as pleases them; but, since the legate will have it so, I will pardon them in this wise. They must hand me eight hundred hostages upon whom I may work my will. I will rule the city as I wish, and they shall pay me due tribute. If they like these terms they can have peace; if not, let them look to themselves.' But because the king refused the terms offered when the blockade began—terms at the time very liberal and honourable—he fell into a twofold error, not considering the accidents possible in a siege, such as befell him, and such as may serve as a warning to others in like case. In sooth, he who is cursed with a violent and haughty temper can never bring his affairs to a good issue. When the delegates received the king's reply they called the people together, and let them know the same; whereupon all cried out as in despair, 'Rather would we eat our own children than agree to these terms; for any one of us might be in that eight hundred. Death rather than such surrender.' The legate, perceiving the hostility of the Messinans, was greatly angered, and laid them under excommunication and interdict before he left, ordering all priests to quit the place within three days, which thing was done. Then he announced to the commune that, within fifty days, they must let appear before the pope some competent officer to hear and to promise to obey the judgment, and then he departed, greatly troubled in spirit.

On his return to the camp the majority of the chiefs when they heard his report were greatly angered, deeming that it would have been better to get possession of the land on any terms, but so greatly was Charles dreaded that no man dare say aught but what pleased him. And when Charles held debate as to what was to be done, the chiefs advised him that, since he would not have the city on the terms offered, he should attack it on the side where it was unwall'd and only protected with casks. In sooth, it would be easy to capture in fight; and the Florentines in a skirmish overthrew the barriers, and some made their way in, and had the rest followed the city would have been theirs. But Charles bade sound the retreat, saying that he willed not to hurt this city of his, which yielded

him such rich revenue, nor to slay the innocent children, but to capture it by siege and by the pressure of want, taking no account of the accidents of a long blockade. After he had been for two months before Messina—divers attacks having been made on the weak places—the Messinans, women, children, and masons working together, completed the city walls to resist the French attack, according to the song, which runs :

In sooth it was a noble sight
 Messina's loyal dames to view,
 In robes disordered all bedight,
 Bear stone and lime the walls unto.
 Now may Christ work His wrathful will
 On him who does Messina ill !

In July in the same year the King of Aragon sailed from Catalonia with fifty galleys, bearing eight hundred knights, and other ships of burden also. Messer Ruggiero di Loria, a valiant knight of Calabria, was admiral, and the fleet sailed for Tunis, where the army laid siege to a town called Calle. Several fights took place, but the object was to gather news from Sicily. After the lapse of fifteen days, as it had been settled, Messer Giovanni da Procida and the envoys and officers of Messina arrived with full authority from all parts of the island to beg the King of Aragon to accept the sovereignty of the island and hasten to succour the city of Messina, now hard pressed by King Charles. King Pedro, when he considered how great was the power of Charles, and that his own equipment was but meagre, was somewhat afeared, but Messer Giovanni heartened and persuaded him. He saw, moreover, how all Sicily was ready to obey him, having suffered such ill handling from Charles, and that he might reckon on all the people ; so he replied that he was ready to relieve Messina. He gave over his campaign, and, having embarked his force, put to sea and came to Trapani at the entrance of the gulf. On his arrival Giovanni da Procida and all the Sicilian barons advised him to take the road to Palermo at once, and to despatch his ships thither. Then, when they should have tidings of the army of Charles and of the condition of Messina, they might make further plans. On the 10th of August King Pedro arrived at Palermo, and was received by the people as their sovereign with much honour and rejoicing ; only he was not crowned like their other kings by the Archbishop of Monreale, who had gone to the pope's court, but by the Bishop of Cefauduna, a small place which had revolted from Charles. After his coronation King Pedro let assemble a great meeting of all the nobles of Sicily to deliberate as to what should next be done. When these saw

how small was the king's force compared with the army of Charles, they were greatly affeared, and ordered Messer Palmiere Abati to speak their mind. He gave the king thanks for his coming, declaring that, if he had come with greater force, his promises of help would have been most welcome, for King Charles had at his back more than five thousand men-at-arms and vast numbers of others. They feared lest Messina should surrender through lack of victual, and they advised him to seek farther alliances in order to retain the other parts of the island. As soon as King Pedro learned their views he was greatly affronted, and resolved to quit the island if Charles should advance towards Palermo; and while the debate was going on there came from Messina an armed bark with letters, telling how the place must need surrender in eight days' time through lack of food, and begging succour, without which it must submit to King Charles. On hearing this news King Pedro asked the advice of the barons; whereupon Messer Gualtiero di Catalogna stood up and said they must relieve Messina; for, were this place lost, the whole island would be in sore peril; that it behoved King Pedro to advance on Messina, and then King Charles would perhaps raise the siege. Giovanni da Procida answered that Charles was not the man to be easily driven away, but that with the powerful cavalry he had with him he would surely await their attack. 'It seems better,' he said, 'that our king should send a message bidding him depart from these lands, the inheritance of the Queen of Aragon, confirmed by the Church and by Pope Nicolas. If Charles should refuse, let us get ready our light galleys and send them to Faro, where they can prey upon the vessels which bring provision for the French army. Thus with small risk and trouble we may besiege the army of King Charles, and make him retreat, for, should he remain, he and his army will die of hunger.'

The king and the barons approved of this counsel, and two Catalan barons were sent to King Charles with letters written in these insulting terms: 'To Charles, King of Jerusalem and Count of Provence. We announce our coming into this island assigned to us by the goodwill of the Church, and of the pope and worshipful cardinals, and we command you after reading these letters to depart therefrom with all your power and following. If you disobey, our trusty knights will fall upon you forthwith, and smite you and your host.' When the envoys had delivered these letters, the king and his barons took counsel over the same. It seemed to them a most presumptuous insult, this letter writ by the King of Aragon, a man of small account, to the greatest sovereign in Christendom. The Count de Montfort desired to

wreak sharp vengeance upon him, and the Count de Bretagne was for answering the letter by commanding him to quit the island forthwith, dubbing him traitor and liar, and this counsel was adopted, the reply being couched in these terms : ‘ Charles, by the grace of God King of Jerusalem and Sicily, Prince of Capua and Anjou, and Count of Provence, to Pedro, King of Aragon and Count of Valencia. We marvel greatly that you have dared to enter Sicily, assigned to us as our kingdom by the authority of the Church of Rome, and we command you, on receipt of this letter, to depart forthwith as an evil traitor to God and the Church. If you should refuse, we challenge you as a foe and a traitor, and you to your cost will meet us face to face, for we desire to behold what your following and force may be.’ When this reply was brought to King Pedro he held a council, and Giovanni da Procida said, ‘ My lord, I bid you now as before to send your galleys forthwith to Faro, to seize the victualling ships of the French army; then the day will be yours, for should King Charles stand his ground he and all his host will be captured or slain.’

This advice was taken, and the admiral, Messer Ruggiero di Loria, a man of daring and valour beyond all other, got ready sixty light Catalan and Sicilian galleys; but a spy of Messer Arrighetto da Genoa, Charles’s admiral, saw what was being done, and sailed forthwith in a light bark to Messina, and told the admiral how the fleet of the King of Aragon was anear; whereupon Messer Arrighetto went to King Charles in council and cried, ‘ In God’s name let us cross over into Calabria, for I hear tidings that the King of Aragon’s admiral is sailing hither with an armed fleet. Now, as our own strong ships are disarmed, he will take and burn all our fleet without help if we do not retreat, and you, O king, and all your men will perish for lack of supplies. Judging by the report of my messenger this blow will fall in three days’ time, wherefore delay not a moment, as the winter is at hand. We have with us no winter provision, and all your ships and men will perish on the shore if bad weather comes.’ When King Charles heard these words he was greatly afeared, what though neither danger of battle nor any other mischance could have terrified him, and he said with a sigh, ‘ Would to God that I were dead, now fortune has been so adverse to me, now that I have lost my kingdom; albeit I wield a strong force both by sea and by land. I know not why it has been reft from me by people whom I have never harmed. Now I grieve that I did not take Messina on the terms I could once have made. But, since I can do nought else, draw off the army and let us cross over.

And upon him who is guilty of this treason, let him be priest or layman, I will have heavy vengeance.' On the first day the queen and all the craftsmen and part of the equipment crossed over. On the second the king crossed and all his host, save two leaders and two thousand horsemen whom he had left in ambush outside Messina, so that if, after the raising of the siege, the Messinans should sally forth to forage, these horsemen might fall upon them and enter the place; this being done, he and his army would return. The plan was good, but so was the counterplan; for the Messinans got news thereof and forbade anyone to leave the town under pain of death. So the French in ambush, seeing they were discovered, left on the third day, and told the king how his stratagem had failed. Then Charles, who hoped somewhat thereanent, was doubly grieved, and all his force quitted Messina, which place was at its last strait, seeing that it held provisions for only three days. This was in the year 1282, on the 27th day of September.

On the following day the admiral of the King of Aragon fiercely attacked Faro and took twenty-nine great galleys and other ships, amongst which were five from Pisa in King Charles's service. Next he sailed to Catona and to Reggio in Calabria, where he burned eighty of King Charles's transports, with the crews thereof. When he heard these tidings, King Charles, in his excessive grief and rage, gnawed the staff which he carried in his hand, and exclaimed, 'Ah, God! neither human wisdom nor the force of armies are of any avail against Thy judgments.' As soon as he landed in Calabria he bade farewell to all his barons and friends, and returned full of sorrow to Naples. On learning that Charles had quitted Sicily Pedro was overjoyed, and marched with his forces from Palermo to Messina, where he was greeted as the new sovereign, the deliverer from the hands of Charles. Now King Charles hastened to Rome and lodged a complaint before Pope Martin and the cardinals against Pedro, King of Aragon, who had taken Sicily from him, and declared himself ready to prove his claim by his sword. Pedro also sent envoys to the pope, contradicting this charge, and disclaiming all treachery. He declared that he had just title to all he had taken, and that he was ready to fight with Charles, man to man, on some neutral ground. It was agreed by oath, in the presence of the pope, that the two kings should fight with a hundred knights on each side, the most valiant that could be chosen, at Bordeaux in Gascony, the combat to be controlled by the seneschal of the King of England, the sovereign thereof; that the victor should possess Sicily with the consent of the

Church; that the vanquished should be recognized by all Christians as recreant and traitor; that the name of king should be barred to him, and that he should be stripped of all his honours.

King Charles was greatly pleased, and deemed that great honour had been done him, for he was keen for battle and assured of his rights. Each one sought the best knights for the combat. More than five hundred French knights offered themselves to King Charles, together with divers bachelors of note from Germany and Italy, and many from Florence. Many Aragonese barons made offer to King Pedro, Spaniards, and Italian Ghibellines, and Germans of the Swabian line as well, and the son of the Saracen King of Morocco, who promised to become a Christian at once. King Pedro left Sicily for Catalonia so as to reach Bordeaux by the day fixed for the combat, and King Charles quitted Rome for the same place, travelling through Tuscany and embarking at Mutrone for Marseilles. It was said and proved afterwards that the King of Aragon from his sagacity and knowledge of warfare proposed this combat in order to induce King Charles to leave Italy, and so that he might not again send his forces against Sicily; Pedro being in want of money, and not strong enough to defend Sicily against Charles and the Church. Moreover, he was apprehensive lest the Sicilians, through fear or some other reason, might turn against him, for he rated them as unstable, and therefore he bethought him of this prudent device. Having arrived in France, Charles furnished his knights with arms and horses meet for such a noble enterprise; then he set forth from Paris with his nephew King Philip and many barons, and went to Bordeaux. When they were a day's journey therefrom, the King of France halted, and Charles with his hundred knights repaired to Bordeaux on the day appointed, which was in June, 1283. With his hundred well-armed knights he duly entered the field, where he waited all day for the coming of King Pedro, who did not appear. But it is said that towards evening Pedro went privily to the seneschal of the King of England to save his oath, and declared how he had gotten himself in readiness for the fight, but that when he had heard how the King of France was waiting with his force a day's journey distant, he had determined to withdraw, being seized with fear of foul play. Pedro then returned to Aragon, riding ninety miles the first day. Thus Charles found himself tricked, and returned with King Philip to France.

When King Pedro's default was made known, the pope and cardinals gave sentence upon him as one excommunicated and a usurper of the goods of the Church. He was deprived of the kingdom of Aragon

and all his honours, and all who obeyed him or called him king were excommunicated. But in a jesting mood he was wont to style himself, 'Pedro of Aragon, knight, father of two kings, and lord of the sea.' After his proclamation Pope Martin gave Aragon to Charles, Count of Valois, second son of King Philip of France, and sent a legate to France to confirm this and to preach a crusade against the King of Aragon. And King Charles by dispensation gave his granddaughter, the child of Charles his son, to this Charles of Valois, and with her the county of Anjou as dowry, because both he and her father were keenly set on war with the King of Aragon. In the year 1284, on the 5th of June, Messer Ruggiero di Loria, admiral of the King of Aragon, sailed from Sicily with forty-five galleys and armed barks for Naples, casting insult and defiance upon King Charles and his host, and challenging them to fight. Because he knew that King Charles was already on the sea somewhere near to Pisa, on his way back from Provence, he was anxious either to engage the fleet assembled at Naples, or to return to Sicily before King Charles should come up with him. By God's will it happened that the prince, King Charles's son, who was then in Naples, when he heard of the insults hurled against him by the Sicilians, manned his galleys with a mixed crew of horse soldiers and seamen, thus disobeying the commands of his father, who had forbidden him to make war in his absence. With thirty-six galleys and other light barks he sailed out of Naples to give battle. Messer Ruggiero di Loria, as a master of war, attacked vigorously, charging his sailors to take no heed of pursuit, to let all flee who would, and to strive chiefly to capture the galley with the standard, which carried the prince and divers barons, which command they obeyed. When his fleet was set in line, certain of the prince's galleys sailed out of port to meet it, but they turned to retreat because they were severely handled. Ruggiero let his fleet tack in the same fashion; wherefore the prince was left with only that part of his ships on which were his barons and knights, who knew little of sea-fighting. Thus his ships were soon destroyed and captured, and he himself and many of his barons were made prisoners. They were taken to Messina, and put into the castle of Marta.

After the defeat and capture of the prince, the people of Sorrento sent a galley with messengers to Ruggiero di Loria bearing four baskets full of early figs, of the kind they called *Palombole*, and two hundred gold *agostari*¹ as a gift to the admiral. When these came to the ship

¹ A coin first struck by Frederic II.

where the prince was a captive, and beheld him nobly accoutred in the midst of his company, they believed that this must be Messer Ruggiero, so they knelt to him and made their offering, saying, 'Messere, we bring these figs as the gift of your town of Sorrento, and beg you take these *agostari* as the price of a pair of cut hose, and may it please God that, as you have caught the son, you may likewise catch the father.' Then the prince began to laugh, in spite of his evil case, and said to the admiral, 'By the good God these men are indeed faithful to their lord.' The day after the battle King Charles came to Gaeta with fifty-five galleys and three great ships, and all his knights and barons and equipment, and when he heard of his son's capture he was mightily angered and said, 'I had rather he were dead, seeing that he has disobeyed my commands.' He trusted little to the people of the land; in sooth, already some of the Neapolitans were going about the streets singing and shouting, 'Death to King Charles, and long live Ruggiero di Loria!' Charles left Gaeta for Naples on the 8th of June, and he would not land at the port, but he landed at Carmeno with the intention of setting fire to the place on account of the cry which the people had raised against him. But Messer Gherardo da Parma, the cardinal-legate, and certain worthy citizens met him and begged for mercy, declaring that the people were mad. Whereupon the king reproached them, saying, 'And why did you suffer these madmen to act thus?' At the prayer of the legate he spared the city, but he caused a hundred and fifty of the people to be hanged. Then he began to set his kingdom in order, and to arm the galleys he had brought with him to the number of seventy-five, and he quitted Naples on the 23rd of June, having despatched his fleet to Messina, while he went to Brindisi by land to bring together his Apulian forces and those of the principality, by way of preparing for the invasion of Sicily. He set sail with one fleet from Brindisi on the 7th of July, and met the other at Cotrone in Calabria, the two combined numbering a hundred and ten armed galleys, with many barks and light transports. At that time there arrived in Sicily two legates sent by the pope to arrange a peace and to redeem Prince Charles; and, while waiting for news of the legates, the afore-mentioned host began to suffer want, the legates having been kept in debate craftily by King Pedro without coming to any agreement, in order to prevent the invasion of Sicily by King Charles's force. On this account the king was advised to return to Brindisi, because the autumn was near and the season bad for naval warfare; besides this, he found he needs must dismantle his fleet because of its vast size, and give rest to his sailors till the spring.

King Charles gave full course to his grief, both because of the capture of his son and of the ill-starred turn of fortune ; which grief, indeed, caused his death. He returned with his fleets to Brindisi, and, having disarmed them, he went to Naples to raise more men and money for service in Sicily next spring. In the latter part of December he went into Apulia to hasten on his preparations, and there, having been seized with severe sickness, he died on the 7th of January, 1284. Before his death he received devoutly the body of Christ, and spake thus : ‘ Lord God, I believe Thou art my help ; that Thou wilt have mercy on my soul, and give me a mightier kingdom than Sicily, and forgive all my sins.’ Shortly after he died, and his body, having been taken to Naples, was buried by the archbishop with great pomp and lamentation. This king was more famous and more dreaded, more richly endowed with valour and understanding, than any one of the house of France from the days of Charles the Great to his own, and the greatest support of the Church of Rome. And he would have wrought still greater deeds if fortune had not at last played him false. Robert, Count of Artois, the king’s cousin, came to defend the kingdom, bringing with him many gentlemen of France, and likewise Charles Martel, son of Prince Charles and grandson of the late king, a youth of great promise, aged thirteen years. King Charles left no heir except Charles, Prince of Salerno, of whom mention has been made. This Charles was of fair and gracious presence, and begat many sons by his wife, the daughter and heiress of the King of Hungary, the eldest of whom was Charles Martel, afterwards King of Hungary ; the second, Louis, who became a minor friar and Bishop of Toulouse ; the third, Robert, Duke of Calabria ; the fourth, Philip, Prince of Taranto ; the fifth, Raymond, Count of Provence ; the sixth, Jean, Prince of Morea, and the seventh, Pierre, Count of Boli.

The cardinals afore-mentioned having left Sicily without coming to terms, the people and the King of Aragon were greatly angered by the sentence of excommunication ; wherefore, after the death of Charles, the enraged Messinans ran to the prison where lay the French, and set fire thereto, and all those within perished most miserably. And it was God’s justice which sent this exceedingly wrathful penalty upon the overbearing pride of the French. After this all the states of Sicily agreed that Prince Charles, who was in prison, should be beheaded, as Conradin was beheaded by King Charles ; and this would have been done, if by God’s will Queen Costanza, wife of Pedro, who was then in Sicily, had not taken heed of the peril which might befall her husband and children

through the prince's death, and adopted a wise course. She informed the various syndics that it was not meet to carry out their sentence without the sanction of King Pedro, their ruler, and that the prince ought to be sent to the king in Catalonia; then he, as lord, might do with him as he list, and this was duly done. Philip, King of France, was greatly angered against King Pedro on account of Pedro's hostility towards Charles, and of the petition sent by the pope, wherefore he collected at Toulouse a great army of twenty thousand horse and more than thirty thousand foot, bearing the cross. He left France with his sons Philip and Charles, and Messer Cervagio, called Giancoletto, the pope's legate, and went to Narbonne on the way to invade Catalonia and take the kingdom of Aragon which had been promised by the Church to Charles his son. He equipped a fleet of a hundred and twenty armed galleys, and had for ally James, King of Majorca, the brother and the foe of Pedro of Aragon, who had taken the island from him, and made his own eldest son the king thereof.

In May, 1285, the army marched to Perpignan; and, having come before the town of Jaci in Roussillon, which had revolted to Pedro from the King of Majorca, the French laid siege to the same and took it, slaying all the men, women, and children, save the bastard of Roussillon, who made terms for his safety. After its capture the town was completely destroyed, and then the army advanced to the foot of the Pyrenees, very high mountains on the confines of Catalonia. When King Pedro perceived that this great host was upon him, he was careful to avoid battle in the open, because his force was as nought compared with that of the French king, but took care to guard the passes, which he had caused to be strongly fortified in such places as armed men could pass over, and he himself saw that watch was kept and that tents and litter were provided to bar the passage of the foe. The French were stopped, for they could find no pass; so at the last the king, advised by the bastard of Roussillon, armed the whole of his force and made feint of assaulting the pass with a part of the same, and, guided by the bastard, he led the rest by another path over the mountains. He left the greater part of his force and equipment on the other side, marching by divers ways barred by thorns and hard to be traversed by men. King Pedro had not blocked these; wherefore the French with great labour made their way over. Pedro of Aragon, when he saw how the King of France had forced the mountains, gave up this plan of defence, and retreated with all his force, abandoning his camp and equipment, and retreating upon his own country. Then all the French host crossed

with trains and armament without mishap, and joined themselves to the king.

The army remained for three days upon the mountains in sore want of food ; then it descended upon Catalonia, and took Pietra Latta and Fichera, and other towns, the fleet laden with stores and arms being at Aigues Mortes in Provence. This was ordered to sail to Rosas, and the French then laid siege to Girona, a strong and well-stored town defended by Ramondo di Cardona with a numerous company. When he saw the hostile force Ramondo burnt the suburbs of the town, and made it all the stronger, working thus great damage to the French king, who swore he would not leave the town uncaptured. While the French tarried there, through the great heat and the quantity of carrion, there came all sorts of flies and hornets, which seemed to be poisonous, for both men and beasts died from the stings thereof. This sickness increased so much that the air was infected and many soldiers died ; whereupon the King of France, seeing how grave was the state of the army, wished heartily that he had not sworn his oath. During the siege of Girona the provisions were brought to the army from the fleet some four miles distance, and King Pedro and his troops intercepted, as often as they could, the escort guarding the victuals, wherefore the escort of the same cost the French much loss and labour. On the vigil of Santa Maria d'Agosto the King of Aragon lay in ambush with five hundred of his choicest horsemen and two thousand foot to intercept the French convoy, since he had been informed that this convoy was bringing the pay of the troops ; wherefore the king himself went with the expedition. News of this was brought by a spy to Messer Raoul de Nesle and to Messer Jean d'Harcourt, the constable and marshal of the French army, who took counsel with the principal knights how best they might deal with this ambush, and said, ' If we send an escort in strong force King Pedro will not show himself for the fight, as he has done heretofore.' Then said Messer Raoul de Nesle, ' Gentlemen, if we would show ourselves men of mettle, and win this battle, let us go a small company, so that the foe may deem us an easy conquest.' They did as he counselled, and sent the Count de la Marck with three hundred other knights against the ambushed force of the King of Aragon, who, as soon as he saw how scant their number was compared with his force, left his foot soldiers in the rear, and hastened to the attack. The battle was a sharp one, as it was bound to be with such valiant and well-tried champions, and in the end the French overthrew the King of Aragon, who was severely wounded in the face with a lance and detained a prisoner by the reins

of his bridle, wounded as he was. But he cut the reins with his sword, and spurred his horse, and escaped to his following.

Many fell in this battle, some two hundred stout horsemen of Aragon and Catalonia, and many were wounded. King Pedro returned to Villafranca, and through the ill tending of his wound, or, as some say, through having lain with an unclean woman, died on the 9th of November, 1285, and was buried with great pomp at Barcelona. And before he died he restored by testament the island of Majorca to his brother, and made Manfred, his first-born son, King of Aragon, leaving Sicily to James, the younger; but Manfred died early, and his brother got his kingdom. King Pedro was a worthy ruler, skilled in arms and very daring; wise, and more highly esteemed both by Christian and Saracen than any other sovereign of his time. The King of Aragon being thus defeated, the King of France rejoiced again, and pressed more closely the city of Girona; and the people thereof, hearing how the King of Aragon had been defeated and mortally wounded, and being in sore straits for food, surrendered to the French, each man going free with whatsoever goods he could carry.

The King of France, having garrisoned Girona, determined to winter at Tolosa, and a part of the fleet sailed from the port of Rosas back to Provence, when Ruggiero di Loria came from Sicily to Catalonia with forty-five armed galleys, to succour his sovereign's affairs. As soon as he heard that the French fleet, in lessened number and somewhat injured, was lying at Rosas, he attacked them with his galleys, and, with the aid of certain landsmen who had revolted from the French, the French were defeated and taken, and a great part of their fleet burnt or captured; also their admiral, whose name was Enguerrand, was taken. The marshal of the French, with a large force of his horse and foot, advanced to strike a blow for the King of France, but they could do but little to succour the ships, and, having seen all of them taken, they set fire to Rosas, and returned to the French army. King Philip, seeing how evil was the turn of fortune, fell into deep melancholy, and sore sickness came upon him, so that the barons held a parley as to striking camp, and this they did. The King of France was borne in a litter; and when they came to the pass of the Pyrenees they found the same barred to them, and were forced to engage in a long and stubborn fight, forasmuch as the Catalans were on the alert to capture the king's litter. After great slaughter and loss of prisoners the French forced their way through, and, having come to Perpignan, King Philip by God's will passed from this life on the 6th of October, 1285, and his body was

taken to Paris. This attempt against Aragon led to the greatest loss of men and horses and treasure that had ever befallen the house of France; and Philip the Fair succeeded to the throne.

The Count de Montfort, who was the guardian of Charles Martel, the young king, the son of Charles II., invaded Sicily and took the city of Agosta, but soon afterwards was defeated at sea by Ruggiero di Loria. At this time Prince Charles was released from prison at the instance of Edward, King of England, on giving a promise to the King of Aragon that he would use his best persuasion to induce Charles of Valois, the brother of the French king, to renounce, with the pope's permission, the right to the kingdom of Aragon which the Church in Pope Martin's time had granted to him. He swore likewise that he would return to his prison within three years from that day, and in confirmation of his promise he left as hostages his three sons, Robert, Raymond, and Jean, and fifty of his best trusted knights, and paid also three thousand gold marks. This done, he went to France to procure the renunciation aforesaid, but he found no means of bringing about his desire, and in the same year, on the 2nd of May, on his way from France, he went to Orvieto, where the pope then was. At Florence he was received with high honours and rejoicing, and with a gift of much money; and having departed from Florence he went to Siena. Soon after his departure news was brought to Florence how a company from Arezzo was preparing to fall upon the Sieneſe in order to put an affront upon the prince, who had but a slender escort; whereupon the Florentines forthwith assembled the flower of their citizens, to the number of eight hundred horse and three thousand foot, to serve as a guard to him on his way. The prince took in very good part this service in his honour, this ready and unsought assistance given by these excellent citizens; and his adversaries, when they heard that he was escorted by the Florentines, did not dare to put this insult upon him. The Florentines marched with the prince beyond Bricola, on the confines of Siena and Orvieto, and there they asked the prince to assign to them a captain for their forces and to allow them to bear the royal ensign, which they were then carrying in their ranks. The prince granted both these requests, and assigned to them Amerigo di Narbonne, a gentleman of great parts, to be their captain, who rode back to Florence with the cavalry.

The prince went on to meet Pope Nicolas IV., being graciously received by him and the cardinals at Rome on the day of Pentecost. He was crowned with great state King of Sicily and Apulia, and the Church granted to him many gifts and assistance by subsidy and tithes

in aid of the Sicilian war, and this done he went to his kingdom. Now the Count of Artois, the seneschal of King Charles's army in Calabria, led his force against the castle of Catanzante, which had revolted to James, who called himself King of Sicily. This James and Ruggiero di Loria disembarked from the fleet with five hundred knights to raise the siege, and fought a stubborn battle with the French. The French were victors, and Ruggiero di Loria retreated to his galleys with the remnant of his force. It is to be noted that Ruggiero di Loria was never worsted before or after, save in this one battle."

Saturnina having brought her novel to an end, Aurette said, "My Saturnina, you have indeed carried off the honours in this day's story-telling, forasmuch as this last story of yours outdoes in worth all those which I myself have told. So as to win full credit for the same you have kept it to the last. Now I will sing you a canzonet," and thus he began :

Love, thou hast stayed that yearning in my breast,
With which it hath been long time sore distrest.

I thank thee for that gentle courtesy,
Which thou to me hast diligently paid.
Now may my heart be set to honour thee,
And thy command be ever more obeyed,
For thou in all thy gracious might arrayed
Hast ever given me of thy store the best.

I bless the toil, the weariness, the sighs,
And all the bitter tears that I have shed ;
The woeful thoughts, the pains, and piteous cries
Which in my verses o'er these sheets I spread.
I bless the lovesome art which me hath led,
Which stills my longing in fulfilment blest.

A thousand miles of gratitude sincere
I give thee, lord, for this thy grace to me,
Which thou in purest faith hast made me share.
Thine, as I am and have been, will I be.
If I should fail, I'll beg thy clemency,
Thou who dost stand my bosom's lord confest.

My song, thou shalt to lovers celebrate
The favour which my lord hath done to me,
That lovers all may deem them fortunate,
And each one follow love in his degree,
As I have done, and plucked its blossom free,
And housed love in my heart, a biding guest.

When the song had come to an end the two lovers embraced one another again and again, feeling delight even beyond their wont, and exchanging many sweet and lovesome words. To this I can testify, as a witness of the same, forasmuch as many and many a time I myself was present during the delightful and pleasant exchanges aforesaid, concerning which I have written, and can affirm that nought of unseemliness was ever there.¹ Thus Frate Aurette received from the conversation of Saturnina all the delight that an honest lover could desire. Then they made an end of their colloquies and pleasant conversations, and each one departed, God speeding.

¹ In the Proem the author promises that the reader shall learn something of his fortunes during the perusal of the book, but he never speaks a word of himself till he comes to this concluding sentence, and the allusion here made is a curious one. Aurette and Saturnina have always been represented as being by themselves during the story-telling, and now Ser Giovanni declares that he was often present—a remark which lends weight to a theory that the setting of the stories was in a way autobiographic, and that the writer and Frate Aurette were one and the same person.





Three Novels, taken from a manuscript of the
“Decorone” of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino,
which are not found in the book as first printed.

DAY XX., NOVEL II.



IN the year 1333 Pope John was at Avignon, and he there published an opinion, which, in sooth, he had formed more than two years before, concerning the vision of those souls which have passed out of this present life ; that is, he preached on divers occasions in public consistory, before the cardinals and chief prelates, the doctrine that no single saint, save and except the Blessed Mary, would have power to behold the beatific hope, to wit, God, the Trinity, the very Deity. He declared that they would be able only to discern the human nature of Christ, that which He took from the Virgin Mary, and that they would have no more distinct vision than this till the sounding of the archangel's trump, when God would come to judge the world, saying, “*Venite, benedicti patris mei, percipite regnum,*” and to the damned, “*Ite, maledicti, in ignem æternum.*” From thenceforth the perfect saints would see clearly the vision of the infinite Deity, and the punishment of the damned would be in contrary wise. For as with the saints the happiness consequent on their well-doing will not be complete until after the day of judgment ; so, according to the pope's utterance, the punishment of the damned would not be fully felt till the same time. Wherefore it is to be remarked that, in the pope's opinion, hell would not begin till there should be spoken the words, “*Ite, maledicti, etc.*” This opinion he supported by proofs and arguments, and by weighty authority and the sayings of the saints. This inquiry was displeasing to the

greater part of the cardinals ; nevertheless the pope directed them and all the doctors and prelates of the court that, under pain of excommunication, they should all study this question of the vision of the saints, and should report to him what their opinion, whether adverse or favourable, concerning the same might be. He protested that he spake not with any bias towards this side or that, but that what he said and put forward concerning the tenet aforesaid was by way of godly disputation and practice in the endeavour to find out the truth. But in spite of all his protests men said and perceived by his doings that he held to the opinion he preached, forasmuch as, if any doctor or prelate should bring forward authority or word of the saints in favour of the pope's opinion, he would listen willingly, and thank the speaker.

It chanced that the general of the minor friars, who was a creature of the pope and from the same country, preached this doctrine at Paris; whereupon he was taken to task by all the Parisian doctors of divinity, the preaching friars, the Eremites and Carmelites, and by King Philip himself. The king reprovèd him sharply, saying that he was a heretic, and that if he did not withdraw from such erroneous doctrine he would be burnt as if he were a Paterin, forasmuch as he tolerated no heresy in his kingdom, not even from the pope himself; but since the preacher had stirred up this false doctrine, the king wished him to maintain the same, the king undertaking to prove him to be a heretic, and declaring freely as a faithful Christian that it was vain labour for men to pray to the saints, and nourish hopes of salvation through their merits, and to invoke our Blessed Lady Mary and Saint John, if Saint Peter and Saint Paul were not to behold this vision till the day of judgment, nor to enjoy perfect bliss in life eternal. Moreover, that if every indulgence given by the Church on account of this doctrine, aforesaid or in these days, were now to be annulled, a mighty error would arise and grave injury to the Catholic faith. But in the end this doctor preached opinions exactly opposite, declaring that whatever opinions he had advanced had been advanced for the sake of argument, and that what he held as his own opinion was the doctrine held and pronounced by Holy Church. Concerning this matter the King of France and King Robert wrote to Pope John, reprovèd him courteously for that in argument he had favoured the doctrine aforesaid as an aid to truth; moreover, that it was not seemly on the part of the pope to stir up those questions which were deemed hostile to the Catholic faith, but rather to give judgment on the same and suppress them. With these utterances the greater part of the cardinals, those who were adverse to the pope's opinion, were well

pleased. And for this reason the King of France dealt haughtily with Pope John, and no more sought from him anything which he felt might be refused. And this was the chief reason why Pope John showed to the King of France such condescension as to give him information concerning the lordship of Italy and the Empire, by means of negotiations initiated by the pope himself. The question aforesaid continued to be a subject of debate in the papal court as long as Pope John lived, and for more than a year afterwards. Then it was declared as an established tenet that anyone who held the doctrines of Pope John was not to be looked upon as a true believer.

DAY XXI., NOVEL II.



AT a certain time it chanced that the college of cardinals elected as pope a cardinal of the house of Orsini, who, albeit he was but a youth when he became a priest and then a cardinal, carried himself most righteously and led a cleanly life and virgin. But after he became Pope Nicolas he grew high-minded, and, stirred up by the ambition of his intimate associates, he took in hand divers projects to advance them to high place. He was the first pope who let simony be practised openly in his court for the sake of his kinsfolk; wherefore he got great wealth of possessions, of castles, of money, and of men in his service, beyond every other Roman, and his kinsfolk waxed even stronger. Amongst other things, at the prayer of Messer Gianni, his cousin, the head of the house of Colonna, he made a cardinal of Messer Jacopo della Colonna, so that the Colonnas might not lend their aid to the Aniballechi, the pope's enemies, but join their forces with his own. This was reckoned to be a great stroke, inasmuch as the Church had prohibited to the Colonnas and all their descendants the enjoyment of any ecclesiastical benefice ever since the days of Pope Alexander III., because the Colonnas had then supported the Emperor Frederic against the Church.


About this time Pope Nicolas began to build the great and noble papal palaces which are now at St. Peter's in Rome. And he took offence at King Charles because, when he sought to form an alliance with the king by uniting his own niece in marriage with Charles's nephew, the king was not minded to assent, saying, "Though the pope does wear red stockings, his blood is not good enough to mix with ours,

and his lordship is not hereditary." The pope, being affronted thereby, withdrew his friendship from the king, and secretly worked against his interests. Likewise he openly procured the denial to Charles of the senatorship of Rome and the imperial vicarship, which he held as head of the Church during the vacancy in the empire, and offered strenuous opposition to all King Charles's undertakings. And through his avarice he leagued himself with Palæologus to bring about the treason and rebellion against Charles which arose in Sicily. He also took from the Church the castle of Sant' Angelo in Rome, and granted the same to Messer Orso, his nephew. Then this pope obtained the grant of the county of Romagna and the city of Bologna from Rudolf, King of the Romans, who was still under obligation to the Church with regard to the promise he had given to Pope Gregory at the council of Lyons on the Rhone, what time the pope had incited him to come into Italy and set in order his expedition over seas, which he had never done by reason of his other undertakings and wars in Germany. He could not legally procure the reversion of this grant to the Church for many reasons, amongst others because Rudolf had not come to receive the blessing as emperor; but the clergy are slow to resign what once comes into their hands.

As soon as the pope obtained the grant of Romagna he used the power of the Church to make his nephew, Bertoldo Orsini, count thereof, and despatched him thither with a force of men-at-arms, sending with him as legate Messer Fra Latino da Roma, the cardinal of Ostia, also his nephew, the son of his sister, and Brancaloni, who held as an hereditary post the chancellorship of Rome. This project he undertook so as to lay hands upon the dominions of Count Guido da Monte Feltro, who ruled the same tyrannically; and it came to pass that in a short time the whole of Romagna fell under the sway of the Church. Moreover, the legate aforesaid by his judicious dealing was able to bring into accord the Guelfs and Ghibellines of Tuscany and Romagna, achieving the greatest success in the city of Florence, and in May, 1281, Pope Nicolas III. of the house of Orsini passed out of this life at Viterbo, whereupon King Charles rejoiced amain. He did not indeed find out the treacherous design framed by Messer Giovanni da Procida and Palæologus with the pope aforesaid, but he was well assured that the pope had been set to thwart him in every enterprise, and had brought confusion upon the design he had framed to attack Constantinople. Therefore, finding himself in Tuscany at the time of the pope's death, Charles went straightway to Viterbo to procure the election of a pope

who should be in his interests. He found the college of cardinals greatly divided, one party composed of the Orsini cardinals and their friends, who desired a pope to their own liking, and the others, who held with King Charles, wanted the opposite. After the chair had been empty more than five months, the cardinals came out of conclave without having come to agreement; whereupon the people of Viterbo, at the request of King Charles, haled off to prison in shameful wise Messer Matteo Rosso and Messer Giordano, the Orsini cardinals, the leaders of their party. Then the other cardinals elected as pope Messer Simon de Tours, cardinal of France, who took the title of Martin IV. He was a man of lowly birth, but he proved a generous and intrepid ruler of the Church, and showed no greed either for himself or for his kinsfolk; indeed, when his brother came to see him, he sent him back to France straightway with some trifling gift, saying that whatever goods he held were held for the Holy Church, and not for himself. This pope was a firm friend to King Charles, and reigned three years, one month, and twenty-seven days. As soon as he was elected, he made Count of Romagna Messer Jean d'Apia, a Frenchman, in order to remove therefrom Count Bertoldo Orsini, and excommunicated Palæologus and all the Greeks because they obeyed not the Church of Rome. This pope built the fortress and the great palace of Monte Fiascone, and there he often resided while he was pope, by reason of the seizure aforementioned of the Orsini cardinals by the people of Viterbo. After this the Orsini were friends neither of Viterbo nor of the Church, and it came to pass that they were obliged to restore many of the gifts which Pope Nicolas III. had conferred upon them.

DAY XXV.,¹ NOVEL II.

T Forli there once lived a gentleman who was enamoured of a certain nun, named Caterina, who had the most lovely face and the brightest eyes of any lady living at that time in Forli. Therefore, as this gentleman, who was called Ruberto, sought the lady's company, and perceived how fair she was and how

¹ Signor de Gubernatis says this was the *penultima novella* of the original MS. He also hints that "*Domenichi naturalmente soppressa la novella stessa, che deve invece diventare fondamento cornice e preteso romantico di tutto il libro per sostituirla con la novella di Democrate.*" But all the editions which contain these last stories give this one as a substitute for Day XXV., Novel II. (Charles of Anjou), and not Novel I. (Democrate).

virtuous her carriage, how angelic and delicate was the face under the white veil, how her two wicked eyes outshone the brightness of the sun, how her nose was finely formed, her little mouth delightful with its delicate red lips, her chin rounded and slightly double, and her throat tender and lithe, he confessed he had never before seen aught so fair or precious. And whenever she might chance to smile the dimples which showed themselves on her rosy cheeks would have moved a heart of marble to love. In sooth the oftener Ruberto saw her the more he loved her.

Thus it fell out that the more seemly the carriage of the lady, the more fair and delightful did she appear in the eyes of her lover, who became greatly enamoured of her, but he could find no opportunity to converse with her because he could not visit her dwelling. The lady took no heed of this, and perchance would never have known thereof, for she herself felt not the heat of passion within her fair bosom; but Ruberto was possessed beyond measure with love, and, witting not how he might get speech with her, he pined away, and in his heart was engendered a grief which could not find solace. On this account he almost ceased to eat or to drink; and, as he lay in bed, physicians came often to visit him, and could not say what was amiss with him, while he for shame would not let them know. One day his sister came to him and said, "I desire that you tell me what ails you;" whereupon he answered, "Nothing is the matter with me. In God's name go, and leave me alone." Then said his sister, "Certes, I will not leave you till you tell me this thing, for my heart assures me I may be able to help you, and you may with reason trust to me." And she spake with such persuasion that Ruberto disclosed to her his secret, weeping the while. He said, "I am afire with love for this nun you know of, and verily I am being burnt up for her sake." Then said his sister, "Let not this melancholy trouble you. Leave all to me, for she is a dear friend of mine. I promise you so much, to wit, that I will go to her, and will not leave her till she shall have promised to do what you desire." And she did as she had proposed to do.

She went straightway to Sister Caterina, and after much subtle persuasion she induced her to do as Ruberto desired. Caterina said, "I am willing that he should find opportunity to come hither, either by day or night, to visit me, but he must have a care not to say or do aught which may displease me;" whereto the other made answer, "Thus it shall be understood, for in sooth he has no other desire than to see you, and to work your pleasure. If I had suspicion that his mood ran otherwise, I would not have come hither. I am assured that your honour

is dearer to him than aught else in the world." In the end they parted with the understanding that Ruberto should betake himself to visit the nun, and the sister went away highly pleased, and returned to her brother, who was anxiously awaiting her with inquiries as to how the matter stood. The sister replied, "All is well, forasmuch as I have agreed with her that you shall go to visit her at your convenience; wherefore take heart and make haste to get well, so that you may go do as you desire."

Ruberto was overjoyed, and quickly sprang out of bed, saying, "Ah, my sister, you have worked my cure." The sister took in hand the bringing of the two together; and when night came, and the lover repaired to the place where Sister Caterina was awaiting him, they joyfully embraced and conversed one with another, and made plans how Ruberto might go and come for the future. They continued their meetings so warily that for some long time they enjoyed fulfilment of their love with the utmost delight, the nun giving to Ruberto her unbounded love; but at last by God's pleasure Ruberto fell sick and died. When his body, according to custom, was taken into the chamber where divers ladies were lamenting, and wrapped in a shroud with a cover of silken stuff over the same, *sicche per lo peccato commesso colla monaca il baldovino stava ritto. Essendo questa sua sorella iscapigliata intorno, ovvero allato a lui, vide il baldovino che teneva sollevato la coltre; di che sapendo ella il fatto come era ito, perchè ne fu mezzana, disse piangendo queste parole: "O fratel mio, or vi fussi tu entrato tutto; che saresti vivo come quello che tu vi mettesti."* And she spake so loud that all the ladies heard the words. And if this be true, perhaps the lady spake not amiss, but it seems impossible to express a belief whether this saying be true or no. As for me, I am one of those who incline first to have proof of a thing in order to give afterwards a more valid judgment thereanent.





Notes.

THE FIRST DAY.

NOVEL I. *Imitations and Parallels*. Masuccio, Novel XXI. In this the scene is also laid at Siena. Masuccio assigns 1266 as the date of the event.—“*Les Comptes du Monde Adventureux*” (Lyon, 1595), No. 37.

NOVEL II. *Imitations*. Straparola, Night IV., Fable 4.—Doni, “*Novelle*,” 38.—Molière, “*L’Ecole des Femmes*.”—La Fontaine, “*Contes*,” “*Le Maître en droit*.” Shakespeare probably drew upon an English version of Ser Giovanni’s tale for those scenes in which Falstaff describes the progress of his intrigue with Mrs. Ford. As this story does not occur in Painter, Shakespeare must have gone to Tarleton’s “*Newes out of Purgatorie*,” where the tale is told as that of the “*Two Lovers of Pisa*,” or to the collection, “*The Fortunate, Deceived, and Unfortunate Lovers*,” the first story of which, “*Lucius and Camillus*,” is a translation from Ser Giovanni.

THE SECOND DAY.

NOVEL II. *Source*. “*Les deux Changeurs*,” Fabliau Montaignon, i., p. 245. *Imitations*. “*Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*,” I.—Straparola, Night II., Fable 2.—Bandello, Part I., Novel 3.

THE THIRD DAY.

NOVEL II. *Source*. Boccaccio, Day VII., Novel 7.

THE FOURTH DAY.

NOVEL I. The episode of the bond is apparently of Eastern origin. A similar one occurs in Gladwin’s “*Persian Moonshee*,” No. 13, and also in the “*Bibliothèque des Romans*,” i., 112. The story of Selestinus given by Douce (“*Illustrations of Shakespeare*,” vol. i., 281) from the Harleian collection is almost the same as this novel, and probably both stories come from this same source, *i.e.*, the version in “*Dolopathos*.” Ser Giovanni makes Belmont the residence of the lady, and is the first to picture a Jew as the extortionate creditor; indeed, in the parallel story told by Gregorio Leti in his life of Sixtus V., the debtor is a Jew, and the creditor a Christian. In vol. i., p. 279, Douce gives a long list of parallels.

NOVEL II. *Parallels*. Sacchetti, Novel XV.—Poggio, “*Excusatio Sterilitatis*.”

THE FIFTH DAY.

NOVEL I. This story is akin to an episode in "The Seven Wise Masters."

NOVEL II. *Source.* Boccaccio, "Decameron," Day IX., Novel 9.

THE SIXTH DAY.

NOVEL I. Messer Alano is probably the French theologian, Alain de L'Isle, a celebrated Parisian doctor of the thirteenth century, and his adversary may have been Peter Waldo of Lyons.

THE SEVENTH DAY.

NOVEL I. Parallels to this story may be found in the "Heptameron," 32, and in Bandello, II., 8.

NOVEL II. Landau, "Beiträge," finds a parallel to this novel in the Spanish story of Count Alarcos, but the main incident is substantially different.

THE EIGHTH DAY.

NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, V., 38, 39. The incident of the quarrel of the German nobles is taken from some other source.

NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, VI., 78-83.

THE NINTH DAY.

NOVEL I. *Sources.* Herodotus.—"Seven Wise Masters."—"L'Histoire du Chevalier Berinus," an old French romance. *Imitations.* Bandello, I., 23.—"Apologie pour Herodote," H. Estienne, ch. xv. A translation is given in Painter.

NOVEL II. *Imitations.* Straparola, Night III., Fable 4.—"L'Oiseau bleu" of Madame D'Aulnoy is partially derived from the same story.

THE TENTH DAY.

NOVEL I. *Sources.* "Gesta Romanorum."—"Legend of S. Uliva" ("Sacre Rappresentazioni," ed. D'Ancona, iii. 235). *Parallels and Imitations.* Gower, "Confessio Amantis," Book II.—Philippe de Beaumanoir, "Roman de la Mannelline."—Matthew Paris, "Legend of Offa, King of the West Angles."—Chaucer, "The Man of Lawes Tale."—Straparola, Night I., Fable 4.—Basile, "Pentamerone," II., 6.—Pitre, "Fiabe, Novelle e Racconti," No. 43.—Grimm, No. 65, "Household Tales."—In Crane's "Italian Popular Tales," p. 337, references to many parallel stories are given. Ser Giovanni's novel is mainly the same as the legend of S. Uliva.

NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, I., 25, 26.

THE ELEVENTH DAY.

NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, I., 5, 7, 30-38.

NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, II., 1.

THE TWELFTH DAY.

- NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, II., 13-15.
 NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, IV., 30; VI., 2, 3.

THE THIRTEENTH DAY.

- NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, VIII., 37.
 NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, VIII., 5.

THE FOURTEENTH DAY.

- NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, VIII., 6, 62-64.
 NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, VIII., 80, 81.

THE FIFTEENTH DAY.

- NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, I., 2-5.
 NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, I., 7-20.

THE SIXTEENTH DAY.

- NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, I., 21, 26.
 NOVEL II. Livy.—Giov. Villani, I., 27, 28.

THE SEVENTEENTH DAY.

- NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, I., 43-56.
 NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, I., 57-60. Villani (II., 1) says that the famous statue of Mars revered by the Florentines after they became Christians was thrown into the Arno during the destruction of the city by Attila in 440.

THE EIGHTEENTH DAY.

- NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, II., 17; III., 2, 4, 5. The story of Gualdrada is also told by Francesco Sansovino, Day VII., Novel 6.
 NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, IV., 20.

THE NINETEENTH DAY.

- NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, V., 1-3.

THE TWENTIETH DAY.

- NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, V., 29.
 NOVEL II. Livy.

THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

- NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, VII., 31.
 NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, VI., 33.

THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, VI., 30.

NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, VIII., 70, 71.

THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, V., 24, 25.

NOVEL II. *Origin.* Apuleius, "Metamorphosis," ch. xliv.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

NOVEL I. Giov. Villani, VIII., 8.

NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, VIII., 96.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, VII., 10, 23-30, 38, 57-75, 84, 86, 87, 93-96, 102-105,
125-130.

ADDITIONAL NOVELS.

THE TWENTIETH DAY.

NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, X., 229.

THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

NOVEL II. Giov. Villani, VII., 54.



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